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THE ROMAN ELEMENT IN CIVILIZATION.

THE history of Rome has in a peculiar sense universal interest. Rome is the bridge between the ancient and modern world, the vessel in which the treasure of ancient civilization was preserved, till the nations of modern Europe were ready to receive it. The limit of ancient history is when all the various peoples who played a part in the first act of the great drama are dissolved and lost in the universality of Rome. The beginning of modern history is when a new order of peoples seek to sever themselves from the unity of the Roman Empire, and to ac-

quire independence. Further: Roman history holds the middle place, not only in time, but in character. It combines the progressive continuity of modern, with something of the unity and simplicity of ancient political life. Through all the perplexing conflict and infinite variety of modern politics, Rome still seems to prolong the same monotone that awed the ancient world into silence.

Hence we do not wonder that Roman history has been made the battle-field of so many controversies. On this subject Niebuhr gave the first example of that species of historical criticism which has been called the peculiar gift and characteristic of modern thought; that criticism which enables us, in a far higher degree than ever before, to give vividness and meaning to the past, without turning it into an exaggerated image of the present. Niebuhr's work was indeed imperfect, and the power of "historical divination" which he supposed himself to possess often led him to attempt to make bricks without straw; yet he cannot be denied the merit of having first taught us how to make

* *Tableau de L'Empire Romain depuis la Fondation de Rome jusqu'à la fin du Gouvernement Impérial en Occident.* Par M. AMÉDÉE THIERRY. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1862.

Mommsen's History of Rome. Translated by Rev. W. P. DICKSON, D.D. London: Bentley. 1862.

Römische Geschichte von Dr. A. Schwegler. Laupp'sche Buchhandlung. Tübingen. 1853.

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criticism constructive as well as destructive; how to use aright the dangerous weapon of historical analogy; how to search for the higher interest of national life, even while we cast aside the lower interest of legend and romance. This Niebuhr was the first to do; and that he did it imperfectly is only a consequence of the fact that he did it first.

It is not now too much to say that since Niebuhr we have attained a far juster conception of Roman history as a whole than was possessed by the native historians. And the reason is, that this new criticism has taught us to ask questions which they did not ask, though they afford us sufficient data for the answers. It has taught us also to take full advantage of our position, and view Roman history as a continuous whole, in a sense in which no native historian could so regard it. To a certain degree, the continuity of the national life forced itself upon the observation of the Roman historians, who in this one point rise above their far greater Greek rivals. Livy has a far clearer notion of the relation of the present to the past than Thucydides: "*Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*" He sees how a nation makes and moulds itself by its own acts; yet he sees this only in part, and in its most obvious aspects. He was too much carried away by the passions of the time to understand the deeper unity of a progress of which the Empire was the necessary and legitimate end. And this was equally the case with all the writers on whom we have to depend for the image of Roman history.

"Livy, Cicero, and Sallust," says M. Thierry, "wrote at a period when the reaction of the conquered peoples upon Rome was only beginning to show its strength, and they could not sufficiently separate themselves from the imperial city to judge of it with fairness. They could look at it only as Romans, or even as Roman partisans. Tacitus, perhaps, might have seen farther, but he did not wish to see. Dominated by the religion of the past, enamored of the ancient political forms which the progress of the world had by a beneficent necessity destroyed, unjust to the conquered races, Tacitus turned away his eyes from a revolution made to their advantage. He

would not see anything in the birth of a new Rome except the corruption of the national morality and the crime of the Cæsars. But he had this excuse, that he was not a witness of the great events which were to impress upon the Roman Empire a final and universal character. He did not live to see the construction of that code of Roman law, so justly called "written reason;" nor the triumph of a political equality among all freemen; nor the victory of Christianity, which gave one God to that community of nations, and proclaimed all men equal before Him."—(p. 3.)

This quotation sums up the whole matter. The historians from whom we have our main accounts of Roman history lived during the troubles of the early Empire, when the Romans seemed to be ruined by their own success, and to have lost their nationality amid a heterogeneous mixture of all nations, all religions, and all languages. Amid this chaos, where anarchy was only kept down by despotism, we find them reverting with longing eyes to a past in which Rome was still true to herself; in which the name of Roman was not yet given to a mixed crowd of Gauls and Greeks and Asiatics; in which the simple national worship was not yet refined away by the nobler influences of Greek art, or corrupted by the sensuous fanaticisms of Asia. They were, besides, greatly influenced by the traditions of the Roman aristocracy, who held with tenacity to the idea of the supremacy of the pure Roman blood, or even of the city of Rome, over all the world without its walls, and could not forgive the Empire for lowering that city into a capital, only distinguished as the residence of the sovereign. They inherit, in fact, the tradition of the Roman city in opposition to the Roman Empire, and their sympathies were with those who stubbornly maintained its isolated and privileged position, and against those who sought to reduce it to its due place in the whole. The interests of the provinces, the maintenance of peace through the Roman world, seemed to them nothing, when the Roman liberties—that is, the liberty of Rome to tyrannize over the world—were lost. In the picture of Tiberius given us by Tacitus, page after

page is filled with his ill-treatment of the miserable nobility that disgraced the names of Cato, Scipio, and Fabius; while we hear of his good government of the world only as a slight palliation. And Livy, in his Preface, declares that the only result of the Roman conquest of the world was to destroy the liberty and corrupt the virtue by which it was attained.

Even apart from Roman prejudices, however, there was something in the state of the world which justified the dark pictures of Livy and Tacitus. This was not the most wretched period of history, but probably it was the period when men felt their wretchedness most. All national life had been crushed out by the armies of Rome, and with the extinction of the nations, had passed away all real belief in the national religions. Even Rome herself, conquered in turn by her subjects, was unable to preserve her national beliefs and her national morality. But while all limited and national principles had lost their binding force, no higher principle had yet appeared amid the confusing and conflicting elements. The mere external force of the Empire, holding them together in spite of themselves, seemed only to tend to their mutual extinction, and to help on the decay of what remaining spiritual life there was. The Empire was peace—peace, for the first time, over the civilized world; but this peace only gave men time to feel their misery. The struggle was over. Revolt against Rome was as impossible as revolt against fate. The only beliefs that had held men together in spiritual bonds had been destroyed, or lived on only in the half belief of superstition. Material force seemed the only power on earth. There was nothing left to live for or to hope. And so again the thoughts of men turned back, with that kind of longing that wishes it could believe, to the faith and morality of ancestors who lived before nationalities had ceased to be.

Yet the Roman Empire was the legitimate result of the very tendencies most characteristic of Roman genius, and cannot be viewed as a melancholy accident; and the whole meaning of Roman history is distorted if we do not recognize this. We may indeed refuse to follow

Comte on the one hand and Louis Napoleon on the other, when they deify the imperial power, or attribute supernatural wisdom to the Cæsars. And we may laugh at Mr. Congreve when he almost attempts to whitewash the character of Nero. We shall endeavor, before the close of this paper, to show that to believe in the necessity and usefulness of the Roman Empire is a very different thing from believing in the perpetual usefulness of emperors. But this does not hinder us from acknowledging the justice of that view of Roman history maintained by such writers as Mommsen* and Thierry, whose guidance we shall mainly follow in this article. After all, the cause of Cato did not please the gods, and the cause of Cæsar did; and this remains true whether we think better or worse of Cato for being pleased with the losing cause.

The modern world owes what it is greatly to the community which the Roman Empire was the means of establishing among European nations. In view of this result, we may ask what there was in the character and tendencies of Rome that made it above all other nations the instrument of this transition from the old world of isolation to the new world of community. "*Urbs fecisti quod prius orbis erat*," says a poet of the sixth century: "You have made the world into one city." These words describe, perhaps more accurately than the poet was aware, the transition from the municipal civilization of ancient times to a more comprehensive unity of mankind, which, at first, as is usual in such cases, veiled itself under municipal forms. Before this "patriotism without a country" could grow up, it is true, Christianity had to fill the dry bones of the Roman with new life, and teach men to rejoice in the destruction of the barriers that divided them from each other. Rome only gave the form, Christianity gave the spirit. Yet even to give the form, the Roman nation must have had a power transcending its own limits, of

* Dr. Dickson's translation of Mommsen is a solid and careful piece of work. It does not, indeed, reproduce the vividness and energy of Mommsen's style, but it reaches a far higher measure of accuracy than is often attained in translations from the German.

dying in order to live, such as is found in none other of the narrow nationalities of the ancient world.

Now, the one distinguishing characteristic of Rome among the nations was its power of assimilation and incorporating with itself the subjects whom it had conquered. The empires of the East were loose aggregates of discordant tribes, bound together for a time by the force of individual genius, but crumbling and disintegrating the moment that force was withdrawn. A Greek State was an isolated and exclusive political unit, without power of assimilating new elements. It might aggrandize itself at the expense of others, but it could not absorb them. The Greek States often made conquests, but they never willingly opened their gates to the conquered. They kept the subject populations in hard vassalage outside their gates, and if they had not enough of Helots to do their servile work, they got others from the slave-market. Citizenship is a gift so rarely conferred in historic times upon an alien, that we need not take the case into account. Thus the Greek city runs through its commonly short course without ever receiving a recruit, and its conquests soon reach the utmost limits which it is practicable for a small State to administer and hold in subjection. On the other hand, the history of Rome is, Mommsen expresses it, a continually progressing *συννομια*, by which each conquered nation is absorbed in the conquering State, and furnishes it an arm wherewith to reach those who are still farther off, till all the nations of the Mediterranean are successfully drawn into the Empire. Thus new life-blood is again and again poured into the State as it is becoming exhausted, and the torch of its life is handed on to new runners. Instead of the alternate anarchy and despotism of the East, and the wavering and shifting balance of power which characterize the history of Greece, we have at Rome a regular progressive continuity of advance, in which each step is made secure ere another is taken. Her campaigns seem to go on year after year, century after century, upon one settled and inherited plan. Her political development is so much of a piece, that we can trace without difficulty the affiliation

of the constitution of the Empire from that of the early Monarchy. And the same is the case with its law, and every department of its activity. There is nothing episodic or broken, nothing revolutionary at Rome; but always unshaking, unrelenting advance, which holds firmly to the past, while it gains the future. And the one secret of this stability amid all changes is assimilation. "What else," said the Emperor Claudius, "brought ruin to the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, in spite of their success in war, except that they treated the conquered as aliens? But our founder, Romulus, was so wise that in one day he turned enemies into citizens." Rome lived on amid the fall of all the powers of the ancient world, not because it was the strongest, but because it was not like them, exclusive. "It was," as Mr. Bryce well expresses it, "by Rome's self-abnegation that she Romanized the world."

Rome, if we follow the legend, begins as its ends, with a *colluvies*. This at least would not have been an inappropriate beginning for that State in which, in the end, all special colors of nationality were to be lost. During all the regal period we find on record a series of additions of new citizens transferred into the city from her first conquests, and it was probably this absorbing policy which enabled Rome so early to outstrip all the other Latin cities. There is something analogous in that early measure of comprehension, whereby all Attica was absorbed in the city of Athens. But Athens never repeated the experiment; her widening empire and lessening population never tempted her to strengthen herself with new citizens. Still less did Athens ever contemplate the possibility of communicating the privileges of citizenship to those who remained without her walls. But Rome discovered a new method of growth, when the old method was no longer applicable. When she could no longer transfer her conquered subjects within the walls of the city, she invented a way whereby the city might be, in the language of M. Thierry, "spiritualized and transferred beyond its own walls." She forged new bonds to bind to herself those whom she subdued, and make their resources available for the sovereign city.

The first and most violent of these bonds was the colonization system; a Roman colony was at once an outpost against the foe and a means of repressing imperfectly subdued populations. It differed from a Greek colony in many ways, but above all in this, that it had no independence; it was merely a suburb of Rome, and was, till the time of Sulla, governed by deputies of the Roman magistracy. The next bond was the communication of different degrees of Roman citizenship. The gift became in time too precious to be conferred at once, even if it had been safe to confer it on those who had just ceased to be open enemies. Hence it was doled out in separate portions (under such names as *Jus Latii*, or *Jus Italicum*), according as it became necessary to conciliate or reward new allies, or to bring the forces of the State into a more compact unity. First came the plebeian, possessing from very early times all the rights of a patrician burgess, except the right of holding a magistracy. Next the Latin ally, who was the equal of the citizen so far as regarded private rights, and might even acquire the full franchise by filling a magistracy in his own city. After those we have the other Italian tribes, who stood to Rome in very various and fluctuating relations, according to the manner of their subjugation and the degree of their fidelity. Some, for example, had only the private rights of Romans, and were governed by a prefect appointed by the Roman prætor; others were allied municipalists, regulating their internal affairs without interference from Rome. Finally, beyond Italy we have an outmost circle of provinces, which were treated worst of all. In the first instance, they were used simply as a means of aggrandizing the sovereign city; their taxes were confiscated and increased; much of their land was appropriated by Roman citizens, and they themselves, when allowed to retain it, had only an usufruct, subject to heavy dues. The laws and rules by which they were governed were prescribed by an edict of the Roman governor, who was all but irresponsible, and could use the rod or the axe without the possibility of resistance or revenge.

Thus the Roman Empire becomes a vast hierarchy, in which the provinces

form the base, and on them are successively built Italy, Latium, and Rome. And even within the city there is the division of patrician and plebeian, or in later times, of the ruling aristocracy of noble families of both orders, and the simple freemen. This is the spectacle that the Roman Empire presents to us when its career of conquest is drawing to a close. It had crushed all nations beneath it, but only to rear an immense throne for privilege; and it is this immense system of inequality and exclusion on which the sympathies of the Roman historians are spent. But it was impossible that the work of Rome should stop here. Her genius tended to equality, and all her greatest men were levelers. Her work was not to set the nationality of Rome or of Latium above all the world, but to bring all nations under one equal law. She had subdued the nations by assimilation, by partially adopting other nations into her family. She was urged by inevitable necessity to complete what she had begun. She had sacrificed her exclusive prejudices to overcome the world; she was obliged to sacrifice herself, her nationality, and even her liberty, to maintain the conquest.

Roman history presents to us a higher unity of meaning and purpose, if we regard the Latin war, the Social war, and the last wars of the Roman Republic, as, in a certain sense, continuations of the struggle of the plebeians for equal rights; that is, if we regard them, not as the insurrections of conquered subjects, but rather as one long political struggle between the privileged and the unprivileged members of the same State. For Rome could not regard any longer as foreigners those whose blood and treasure she had used so freely, and whose rights she had already partially acknowledged. Plato said that all fighting between Greek and Greek was to be regarded as civil dissension and not as war. And so we may say that the contests between the many and the few, between the city and the empire, are but the fights of opposing factions, though the Forum is changed for the battle-field.

The great struggle for equality begins, as has been said, with the plebeians, who consisted mainly of those conquered pop-

ulations transferred within the walls by the policy of the kings. There is some reason to believe that the later kings were attempting to emancipate themselves from the aristocracy by becoming leaders of the people. They were tyrants in the Greek sense, and perhaps on the Greek model. By the expulsion of the kings the aristocracy regained their early predominance, and were enabled to exclude the commonalty. Yet the commons soon began to make head against them. They could not be prevented from doing so, for it was they who provided, in the most literal sense, the sinews of war. They were aided to this success by the fact that the oligarchy were not united. There were ever from time to time arising among them individuals superior to the prejudices of their order, and desirous of continuing the liberal policy of the kings; and these individuals always counselled concession, or even, in some instances, put themselves at the head of the plebeians to win it. Such were Cassius, Manlius, Mælius, and at one time the powerful gens of the Fabii. These men had to die martyrs for the unity of the State; their order could not forgive them a patriotism larger than its own: yet they at least succeeded in presenting a powerful protest against a selfish policy, and the concessions they forced often outlived them. Finally, after a long struggle, the attack of the commons from without, combined with the authority of many of its own best members within, forced the patricians to open their citadel, the *jus honorum* to the unprivileged many, and the work of levelling had passed through its first stage.

Meantime a new class had come within the pale of the Roman State, who bore all the burdens but had few of the privileges of citizens, and to whom even the plebeians stood in the relation of an aristocracy. These were the Latin allies, the main strength of the Roman armies for centuries. The debate between privilege and numbers had again to be repeated. Here too there seem to have been men among those in actual possession wise enough to plead the cause of the oppressed, and here too the question could not be decided without a sharp struggle; though in this case, as we have already stated, it was a struggle the

scene of which lay not in the Forum, but in the battle-field. The result was in appearance, but only in appearance, unfavorable to the Latins, for the Romans had learned such a lesson from the contest that they were glad to enroll many of the most important Latin towns in their tribe. This is the second victory of the levelling tendencies of Rome over the exclusive tendencies of the minority.

The admission of the Latins was thus really a popular measure, but it had an effect the reverse of popular; it threw the powers which had been slowly won by the assembly back into the hands of the aristocracy. The senate again became, as in early times, the controlling power at Rome, and the *comitia* merely the means whereby it transacted business. The cause of this change was that the popular assembly had ceased to be the assembly of the people. The citizens were now scattered at great distances from Rome, and could not come up every market-day for State business. At intervals a great question might draw the farmers to the Forum to record their votes, but in general the mob of the capital, and not the real mass of burgesses, were the only attendance at the assemblies, and the mob of the capital could never be permitted to govern the State. It was natural, therefore, that though the assembly remained nominally supreme, the senate should draw to itself all the real functions of government. The popular body was paralyzed by its own bulk, and the oligarchy again assumed the helm of affairs.

And this explains the peculiar bitterness of the third great political struggle, that began when the Italians began to demand a share in the rights and privileges of Romans. The oligarchy, in whom was concentrated in its utmost intensity the narrow national pride of Rome, set their faces against admitting such a *colluvies* of nations to efface the national character of the State: and even the populace, who might be willing to follow their leaders against the aristocracy in other points, felt like aristocrats when they were asked to lower the value of their burgess rights. Again and again great statesmen arose, who saw the nature of the crisis, and urged the dominant party to give way, but the policy of sel-

fishness and exclusion prevailed. The aristocracy thwarted, the populace abandoned, those who sought to do justice to Italy. Tiberius Gracchus, Caius Gracchus, Livius Drusus, successively fell from the height of popularity to ruin and death, when they proposed to extend the suffrage beyond the limits it had reached. But the murder of the last of these political martyrs set all Italy on fire, and one year's unsuccessful war was sufficient to teach the Romans what reason had not been able to teach them, and the nominal victory was only won by conceding the subject of dispute. A law of the Consul, of the year 89 B.C., gave citizenship to all who had domicile and burgess rights anywhere in Italy, provided he presented himself before a Roman magistrate to claim it within two months. This was practically to make citizenship a reward for desertion to Rome. And even Sulla, the aristocratic leader, confirmed a measure, now a political necessity, which included all Italy within the limits of the city.

By this great concession the original Roman population were completely submerged in a flood of new citizens who did not inherit the traditions of Rome, and were only partially imbued with its spirit. Rome had already passed beyond the limits of a city when it admitted the Latins; but the Latins were kindred in blood to the Romans, and therefore their admission still left the Roman people in some sense one nation. But when the boundary of the State was advanced to the Rubicon, including not only the kindred Latins and the more distantly related Sabellian tribes, but a crowd of Greeks, Etruscans, and Celts, Rome had got far beyond the limits of any national feeling; its nationality was now merely a name, and it might even have drifted away altogether from its traditions, if it had not been for the permanence and conservation of its aristocracy: for notwithstanding their numbers and influence the new citizens seldom rose to the highest honors of the State, and only man by man when they did. The aristocracy was, therefore, the centre of the old national traditions, the representative of the past; and the disorganization of the body of new citizens just admitted into the State, enabled them to protract their

resistance long after the outer barrier of citizenship had fallen.

But the municipal constitution of Rome was utterly inadequate to the new circumstances, and its formulas broke down under their weight. It presents the strangest anomalies, the strangest conflict of fact and law. The popular party had been strengthened so immensely that its voice was absolutely decisive where that voice could be heard. The aristocracy, which was scarcely able to maintain its supremacy before, was now utterly powerless before a burgess body that comprised all Italy. Its power lay only in this, that the burgesses had no sufficient organ to express their will. The assemblies ceased even to appear to represent the citizens; for it was obviously impossible at any time to bring together even a respectable portion of those who had a right to vote. The true Romans were scattered over the land, unable to communicate with each other or with the capital; and what assumed the style of the sovereign people, and voted on proposals that determined the fate of the world, was the degraded mob of the streets — ever ready to applaud the highest bidder for their suffrages. The result of all this was that, in ordinary cases, the substantial power was cast into the hands of the senate, who ruled in the interest of their order; but that this power was uncertain and precarious, and liable to sudden invasion from any one who could gain a momentary popularity. For the assembly was the legal sovereign, and the senate was a usurper, who stepped in simply because the legal sovereign was paralyzed. Thus any political adventurer who could outbid the senate in bribing the mob, and get a rogation passed in his favor, might at once, and with the most perfect legal justification, wrest their authority from their hands.

The great want of the State, we might feel at first disposed to say, was a *representative system*. Those who had the right to rule, had, from their numbers and dispersion, no means of actualizing this right. The aristocracy, as has been shown, were usurpers, and the representatives of an exclusive policy, against which the genius of Rome, as well as the whole tendencies of the time, revolted — a policy, moreover, which had already

been defeated. The assemblies of the city, the only regular channels of authority, were representatives of nothing, except the will of those who, for the time being, could bribe or cajole them. If the theory of representative government had occurred to any one, we might fancy that the difficulty would have been solved; the citizens of Rome would have found in it a means of expressing their will, and liberty would have been saved. So we might fancy. But representative government implies far more than the election of representatives. It implies a certain community of feeling between all the citizens: it implies that intercourse should be much more frequent, and that intelligence should spread more easily than in those times was possible—for how else could any relation be kept up between the representative and those he represents?—it implies habits of acting together, and we might almost say it implies the unity of a nation. All these things were wanting here; in fact, we may say that there was no one condition of representative government present, except a body of citizens too large to govern themselves in any other way.

If the victory over the reactionary party was to be won, and the invidious distinction which enabled a few noble families to absorb the advantages of the Roman State was to be taken away; if the divisions between the various classes and sections of Rome were to be erased, and the Empire to be made a unity; if the Roman citizens, and still more the provincials who were aspiring to citizenship, were really to be made equal partakers in the benefits of the State, this could only be by war. Already, as early as the time of the Gracchi, it had been felt that the shifting tumultuous mob of the assemblies could give no consistent support to a popular leader. In one way only could he make the numbers who followed him felt in their full weight—by putting arms in their hands, and making himself their general. Cæsar first clearly discerned this, and used his knowledge to found the Roman Empire.

The army was, in one sense, the most progressive and democratic institution of Rome. Soldiers at Rome were as natural democrats as lawyers were natural conservatives. The popular leader Marius

had most of all contributed to this result. Even before Marius indeed, the principle of the Servian constitution, by which the levy was limited to citizens possessed of landed property, and the distinctions in equipment and position were regulated by property considerations, had been considerably modified. Such a principle of arrangement was suited only to a small State, where wars, though frequent, were never long enough to disturb seriously the organization of peace. But it was totally unsuited for the distant campaigns and long terms of service that call forth the professional soldier. Consequently property considerations had been thrust more and more into the background, and the arrangement of the army had come to depend more on length of service, or qualities shown in the field, than on the possessions or rank of the citizens at home. The minimum rating that subjected a citizen to enrolment had been lowered nearly to a third, and the six classes of Servius had changed into three ranks, whose arrangement was determined not by property, but by length of service. The burgess cavalry had ceased to serve, and became merely a second order of aristocracy, while their place was supplied by Thracian, African, and Ligurian auxiliaries. Marius carried out a still more sweeping change, and erased the last traces of the old civic organization. He recruited his foot-soldiers from all classes of free-born citizens, and his cavalry from all subject nations; and, at the same time, he finally abolished all distinctions between infantry of the line, and made the place of each soldier depend on the discretion of his officer. This exclusive regard to military considerations in the formation of armies could not but be carried on still after him, and assist materially in levelling the differences yet existing between the citizen and the provincial or subject ally. When Marius unconstitutionally gave citizenship on the field of battle to a company of Italian allies who had behaved themselves bravely, he showed that the principle of Rome's political organization was becoming inverted. Formerly place in the army had depended on place in the State, now place in the State was coming to depend on place in the army. The real power of Rome had passed into its camps, and

when these camps ceased to be aristocratic, when they ceased to regard the distinction between noble and commoner, between Roman and Italian, between citizen and provincial, these distinctions could not long maintain themselves in the political order of the State. It was not likely that political intrigue could avert this result long, or deceive those who possessed the power into refraining from its exercise. The senatorial party might for a little go on plundering the world on the strength of their prestige, and their knowledge of the forms of a constitution which they alone could make a show of working. But in the general decay of the binding forces of society, only the discipline of the armies remained firm and vigorous, and these armies could not long be expected to follow leaders like Sulla, who used them to confirm the tyranny of the aristocracy over the countries from which they were levied. The prize of the Empire of the world was hanging suspended to tempt and to reward the first great general who should also be a leader of the people.

The Empire was a necessity, though the necessity of an unhappy time. Nor are we attributing supernatural wisdom to the Cæsars, when we say that by the force of circumstances, the needs of their position, and their personal ambition, they were urged on to confer a great benefit on mankind. They followed the path that opened before them, seeing but a little way, as mortals do; but their obvious interest and glory led them to do that which was demanded by the spirit of a time in which Christianity was born. The organization of the Empire was so evident and direct a development of the organization of the Republic, the one arose so naturally out of the other, that it only needed the genius of Cæsar to comprehend the situation and sketch out the plan of operations which all his successors had to follow. His first aim was to dethrone the Roman aristocracy, and change it into a court which derived all its dignity from its nearness to the sovereign, and all its power from being used as his instrument. An empire, and especially an empire sprung out of a republic, needs a nobility to conceal its lonely eminence. Authority must not seem to rest immediately upon bare force.

It was not desirable that the armies should know that their general was necessarily emperor. This was one of the "*arcana Imperii*," and it was an evil day for the Roman world when it was discovered. But a nobility with the necessary associations could not be created on a sudden, even if Cæsar, or any of his immediate successors, could have ventured to cast aside the claims of that aristocracy whose names were connected with every great deed of Rome. Cæsar could mix new members with the old ones; he could introduce provincials into the senate, and so lower the position of the great families, and so neutralize the intense national spirit of the Scipios and the Catos. But still he had no easy task before him, when he set himself to make the aristocracy accept *his* idea of their functions in place of their own. They clung with passionate eagerness to the remnants of a nationality that had passed away, and which was identified at once with their interests and their liberties. And the Emperors had for more than a century to combat with deadly foes, whom yet they were obliged to use as friends and servants. The unshaken temper and cool judgment of Cæsar met them with a policy of calculated generosity, and tried to reconcile them to the Empire, by making it as profitable to them as the weal of its subjects would permit. And no doubt this policy was most likely to attain the end proposed, if, in the mean time, he could have secured his own person against the dagger. The history of the civil war which followed Cæsar's death only showed how inevitably all things tended to the dominion of one, even when the aristocracy had the most favorable opportunity of reasserting its power; but the aristocracy was not induced by its defeat either "to learn anything or to forget anything." They were decimated and exhausted by war when Augustus began to reign, yet even Augustus, notwithstanding his skill in veiling the Empire under republican forms, was in frequent danger from their plots, and towards the end of his reign, there was, as is noticed by M. Thierry, a revival of republican feeling that might easily have led to fresh assassinations and civil wars. Even members of the imperial family, such as Drusus and Germanicus,

shared in this feeling; or at least it was attributed to them by the wishes of the senators. This may partly afford an explanation of the cruelty of Tiberius towards the senate, which contrasts so strongly with his firm and beneficial government of the provinces. "It was a war between the executioner and the assassin, the axe and the dagger," in which we are apt to lose sight of the true nature of the conflict in our admiration for the inflexibility of the losing side, and our horror at the ruthlessness with which the emperors used their victory. For the morals of the Roman nobles were in many cases purified by defeat and restored to their first sternness. Stoicism had taught them how to die; while the constant dangers of the imperial position could not but tell on the temper of the weaker emperors, and force them ever deeper in the sea of blood, till the names of some of them have become bywords for tyranny and cruelty. Besides, as has been already remarked, we see Tiberius and Claudius with the eyes of their mortal enemies. The execrations of those upon whom the Empire set its heel drown to our ears the blessings of the provincials, to whom the Emperor seemed an earthly god and providence. Yet even the best emperor, in the position of Tiberius, would have been forced, by regard to the weal of the State, to acts which the Roman historians would call tyrannical. The real spirit of this pseudo-patriotism that opposed the Empire is shown in the words of Tacitus, when he tells us how carefully Tiberius watched over the administration of justice in the Roman courts of law, and then adds the remark, that while "justice was thus secured, liberty suffered." Could anything be more unreal, or blind to the signs of the times, than the feeling thus expressed? Tacitus firmly believed in the "right divine" of the Roman nobles "to govern wrong." What would have become of the world, if the Romans had in this sense preserved their liberty?

The work of subduing the Roman aristocracy into a mere instrument of government, was, however, subsidiary to a much higher and more important one. It was the great vocation of Rome, and above all, of the Empire, as the last product of Roman civilization, to level all

inequalities of right, and by an impartial government and law, to fuse all the races of the Empire into one. The whole meaning and compass of such a plan cannot have been revealed to Cæsar; yet the bold and rapid steps which he took towards comprehension, prove that he had at least some foresight of the end. In a few short years he had sketched out by his laws the main outlines of a policy which the successive emperors had only to fill up and complete. His error was rather that he went too fast for the world. There is a haste and impatience in genius that would anticipate the slow course of time, and compress centuries into a short lifetime. But "the world wanders its own wise way," and will not submit to the wishes of the eager reformer, who sees the future as if it were already present. Therefore we see a kind of justice in Cæsar's fall. His thoughts remained to guide those who came after him. The work was taken up by the slow perseverance of Augustus, a man who never hasted and never rested, who did not hurry men's minds by rapid change, but who quietly and gradually undermined the old, and stone by stone built up the new in its place, till at the end of his life the Empire stood forth in its bare strength and majesty, and only a single touch of his successor was necessary to make the republican forms that had concealed it crumble away.

The first care of Augustus was to bring the problem to be solved within attainable limits. The insatiable ambition of Cæsar had dreamed of new conquests; Augustus saw that the Empire was in danger of outgrowing itself and perishing by its own weight, and he fixed on certain boundaries which he counselled his successors not to attempt to pass—a counsel which was only in a few cases disobeyed: on the west, the ocean; on the south, Mount Atlas and the African desert, the Cataracts of the Nile, and the confines of Arabia Felix; on the east, the Euphrates, Armenia, and the Black sea, on the north, the Rhine, the Danube, and the ocean again. Beyond these limits the power of the Empire was felt only by a few outlying nations, like the tribes of Armenia and Caucasus, whom the Romans kept in a sort of doubtful dependence, and used as a first fence or break-

water against the tide of barbarian invasion that continued from time to time to break, as it were, in successive waves on the immovable line of the Roman stations and garrisons, till finally, after a resistance of centuries, the discipline of Rome gave way before efforts of those who copied it, and animated it with a fiercer spirit.

Within these chosen limits Augustus proceeded steadily with the work of levelling. Compared with the indiscriminate liberality of Cæsar, he bestowed the gift of citizenship with a somewhat grudging hand. Still he did not cease to bestow it. He adopted the policy of continuous enfranchisement, and carried it out in his slow and sure way. His successors never ceased to move in the same direction, till Caracalla put the crown to the work by admitting the whole Roman world to the city of Rome. But though this communication of equal rights took a long time to complete, in principle everything had been already conceded when Augustus and Tiberius began to administer the provinces, not for the good of the sovereign city, but for their own; and to treat them, not as aliens, out of whom as much as possible was to be got, but as members of the State, to whom as much as possible was to be given. This change was greatly favored by the development of that immense system of jurisprudence, which may be called, in a special sense, Rome's gift to the world. The levelling tendencies of the Roman genius, and the exigencies of her ever-widening empire, had early led her to invent or adopt, in addition to her own national customs and laws, simpler rules for the administration of justice to those who were in the State, yet not of it. Mr. Maine has well shown how universal law freed from all national peculiarities, gained ground every day upon the national law of Rome. The Stoic philosophy, with its theories of natural right, hastened the emancipation of the Roman lawyers from the conservative prejudices of their order, and led them continually to seek for simplicity and universality in their legal formulas. In fine, the Roman law separated from itself all that was local and incapable of general application in the customs of the city, and became a purely rational system—a system of rules from which all

privileges were removed, and by which all men might be governed.

It is this, above all, that forms the great distinctive feature of the Roman Empire as contrasted with other despotisms—that the emperor is merely the centre and administrator of a vast system of law and justice. He is himself above law, but he never really separates himself from it. Indeed, it is only by using this instrument that he can wield effectually the powers in his hand. The empires of the East were empires of caprice: their sovereigns had no such instrument of government put into their hands as the Roman law, and hence their will never really penetrated the discordant masses whom they pretended to dominate. They might plunder their subjects, but they could not govern them. But in Rome the machine of government was so excellent, and interest so obviously led to its use, that even under a very bad Cæsar the provinces probably enjoyed a measure of security and justice such as the best native sovereigns had seldom been able to bestow. Furthermore, the steady application of the same general principles of law to men of all nations could not but tend to suggest at least the idea of universal morality. History shows that the morality of a nation usually takes the external form of law before it sinks into the feelings and habits of the people, and produces among them a special type of moral character. And so now the universal morality—the morality that should transcend all national peculiarities—had the way prepared for it by a universal law, that displaced the partial codes and customs of different races.

We may sum up, then, in a few words, the work and character of Rome. She was the great leveller—the great organizer of the world. She was the political fate of the ancients, that awed into silence the vagaries of individual and national freedom. To fulfil this her work she had herself to cease to be a nation. The people among whom the mighty tradition of Rome began, who first dwelt within the walls of the city, had, long before the Empire, ceased to be of much account among the millions of new citizens: their peculiarities were forgotten, or preserved only in a few fragments

of early law. But the *great name* lives on, animating new citizens gathered from all nations—from Latins, Samnites, Greeks, Asiatics, and Germans. The purity of blood may be lost, but the tradition of discipline and organization remains, when scarcely a single family is left of those who founded the Eternal City. Rome had become an idea—we might almost say, a legal fiction—which had no existence except in the tradition of government, handed down through successive generations of lawyers and statesmen, and the tradition of discipline inherited by its armies. When we name Greece, we call up the idea of a national character, individual and unique, expressing in the most energetic play of social and political life, and in the most varied forms of art and literature. Rome, on the other hand, suggests to us little but the universal principles on which men may be conquered, and the universal principles on which they may be governed. A monotonous energy of will, acting not for self but for the State, is the characteristic that repeats itself, almost unchanged, in every generation of her great men. Yet Rome, with the two great and only products of her genius—the arts of war and law—did a service to the world only less than Greece, with her universal culture, her art, and her philosophy. By the former of these two Roman arts, Rome broke down the material barriers that had separated nation from nation, and made all the civilized world one. By the latter she did something to break down the more obstinate spiritual barriers of custom and belief, which often keep up national divisions long after outward unity has been established. It was at Rome, and among Roman lawyers, that Stoicism found most acceptance for its great doctrine that all the isolated States on earth are but houses and streets in the *πολιτεία τοῦ κόσμου*, the great state of the universe; and that there is no distinction between Greek and Barbarian, bond and free, except virtue.

But here we have reached the limit of the good that can be attributed to Rome. She was, as we have said, the great leveller and organizer of the world, but again and again, in modern as in ancient times, she has shown that the energy, the

spirit, the life to animate her organization must come from others. The Empire was not civilization, but peace—the necessary husk or shell of civilization. Establishing an outward and forcible order without, it did little to diminish the chaos of man's spiritual life within. The establishment of outward unity indeed might do something to awake a thirst for a more catholic truth than was presented by the varying traditions or religions of the nations of the ancient world. And we do not wonder, though we smile, when we see the Cæsars, who organized everything, trying to organize religion. But a pantheon of deities, such as Augustus got together, was a very feeble and artificial substance for a universal religion. Such a belief, if we could suppose it to have any hold on the thoughts of men, would have deserved the censure of Goethe on the religion of India. It would have added to the confusion of life, instead of affording to mankind a guiding clew through that confusion. This attempt to *make a religion*, is perhaps one of the facts that makes us feel more clearly that, with all her greatness, there was something unspiritual, something barbarian, and almost brutal, in the genius of Rome. The greatest blessings which she was the means of bestowing on the world were not the gift of Rome herself. Urged on by a kind of demoniac energy, she broke down the walls of the cities, and erased the frontiers of nations. But in place of the national life which she destroyed, what had she to give? Her own national life and religion she crushed, as she did that of other nations, by the very impulse of her advance. She could not therefore communicate that. All national beliefs had passed away, and left a void filled only by confused superstitions, which in all their intensity expressed rather the desire to believe than actual belief; and even those superstitions that still retained a semblance of life, came not from Rome, but from Asia. Rome was a form without a spirit, into which any spirit might be poured. It gave opportunity for Asiatic religion and Greek culture to spread into the West, but itself had neither culture nor religion to bestow. Had it not been for the fact that the germ of a higher civilization was

about to be cast into the world, the Roman Empire would perhaps have been the greatest curse that ever befell mankind. When the greatness of Cæsars and of Cæsarism is preached, it is well to remember that the Cæsar is great mainly to destroy, and that the benefit he does to mankind is mainly to prepare the way for a higher spirit than that which animates himself. If the emperor was a "political Messiah," as some have called him, he was worshipped in the despair of the world; and it is well for mankind that the era of these Messiahs of brute force is ended. Rome made room for Christianity, but she was herself often animated by a spirit directly opposed to that of Christ. She knew as little of the future she was serving as the grass knows of the animal destined to feed on it. She went her own way, in obedience to her own impulses; but the Christian teacher, or even the Stoic philosopher, discerned the signs of the times better than the Cæsars, and it was they that first taught Rome the meaning of all it had been allowed to do.

Rome crushed and levelled all. The only powers left standing in the world were the majesty of the emperor and the imperial government, on the one hand, and on the other, the individuals of the subject population. The free life of the city, which had absorbed the energies of an earlier time, was gone. Men were, as we may say, isolated and *individualized*. In place of the lost patriotisms and the religions on which these had rested, there was needed a principle of belief at once more universal and more personal, which should give inspiration and strength to the individual in his solitary life, and at the same time make the bond of common humanity an efficient substitute for the decaying bond of race and country. For if this were not done, the Roman Empire would only have brought men together in a common slavery, that they might be repelled by a mutual hate.

Hence we need not wonder that in spite of the blessings of peace and security, a cloud of sadness and despair fell upon mankind under the early Empire. Under the shadow of the "*immensa pacis Romanæ majestas*," life and property were protected as they had never been protected before; but man cannot

live by bread alone, and now there was nothing else left to live by. Hence springs that longing for a purer past, so often expressed in the Roman writers, which is usually the proof of an unworthy present. Hence that artificial praise of the simple life of peasants, "*O fortunati nimium, sua si bona nôrint.*" Hence that feverish seeking for new religions in which to hide from themselves, that brought the Greeks and Romans under the dominion of Asiatic superstitions they would at an earlier time have despised. A kind of hopelessness takes possession of the world, as its cherished beliefs fall in ruins around it. The imperial power seemed the only thing left to worship, and for a time men idealized and worshipped even that. We are not to impute to flattery the constantly renewed demand of the provinces to be allowed to build temples and set up images to Cæsar, for who else was there to fill the place of the dethroned gods of the nations? Cæsar was the representative of that organization that had proved too strong for the national religions, of the only order that still maintained itself on earth. Slavery was justified to itself, as submission to a god and not to a man.

There were, however, two philosophies or systems of thought that attempted to furnish a better satisfaction to the desire of all nations. For at this time we find philosophy, deserting the "quiet woodland ways" of speculation, coming forward as a preacher and a reformer, and trying to be popular and practical. These two systems of thought were Stoicism, and that Alexandrian philosophy or theosophy which, for want of a better name, we may call Neoplatonic. In Alexandria, the East and the West met together, and for the first time tried to understand each other. Indeed, we may say that in that city all literatures, religions, and philosophies were poured together. The result was a sort of confusion of tongues, a chaos of the spiritual world, in which all definiteness and distinction of thought was lost. The Platonic dialectic was confused, by those who called themselves followers of Plato, with the mystic ecstasy of an Eastern prophet, and Jews forgot their intense exclusiveness, to discover that Plato was

only Moses speaking in the Greek language. Mythology began to be interpreted as a direct and conscious allegory of philosophic truth, and the gods of Olympus were identified with the Platonic ideas. Thus religion was petrified by abstractions, and philosophy was made impure by superstition. And the indirect influence of Christianity, when it began to make itself felt, at first only added another element of discord. Never perhaps in the history of the world had mankind been oppressed by such a burden of "thoughts beyond the reaches of their souls." Never had they been less able to cope with and master their thoughts. Hence, we may say that the Alexandrian philosophy exhibits to us not so much a solution as a full expression of the problem to be solved. Philo and his school are comprehensible in the light of Christian philosophy, and the phantasmagoria of a wonderful dream becomes intelligible when its forms are traced back to what we have seen in daylight. But here the dream is a prophecy as well as a recollection. The human spirit is at work upon the material before it, shaping and organizing; but it is as yet unable to penetrate the crude mass with intelligible meanings.

The Stoic, on the other hand, retires from a world which he can imperfectly comprehend, and which he cannot alter, into his own soul. He is not absorbed and satisfied by the State, nor can he, like Plato, build an ideal republic for his spirit to dwell in. The old bottles are too completely worn out for even a philosopher to put new wine into them. Under the heavy hand of the Empire all that was noble and beautiful in the spiritual individuality of nations has been crushed. A cold abstract rule of force has taken the place of the spontaneous energy of citizens. Nothing in public life flows fresh from the will of the people, all from an alien and indifferent authority. The political life of free States, in the intense meaning it had for the ancients, is gone, no other life is yet begun. What remains for man but to withdraw into himself and defy the world? Self-centred, self-dependent strength (*ἀρραγή*), is the aim all philosophers of the time set before them; it is the aim of the Epicurean, of the Skeptic,

but above all of the Stoic school. Stoicism would make the individual as indifferent to the Roman Empire, as the Roman Empire is to him. The purely spiritual might of the individual soul defies and bears up against the purely material force that rules the world. This is the greatness of Stoicism. It withdrew a few heroic souls from a world lying in wickedness, and concentrated them in an attitude of stern and invincible resistance. Hence its denial of pain. To be independent of the external world we must conquer that by which it has a hold upon us, our own sensitive nature. Pain must be denied to be an evil. The one thing which alone is good can be maintained in spite of pain. I am free from it if I can deny it.

Stoicism was natural. It was natural that the individual should seek within himself for that moral power which had vanished from the outward institutions and the general life of man. Yet such a negative attitude towards the world was necessarily one of constant effort and pain. Man is social, as the earlier Greek philosophers had maintained, and his life when driven back upon itself becomes barren and unprofitable. We can say very little of the wise man, the ideal of the Stoics, except that he is free from the world. We must describe him by negatives. In fact, positive elements can be given to morality in so far as we contemplate the individual, not merely in his isolated life, but in his relations to his family, his nation, or all mankind. Contemplate him apart from his fellows, and you find in him nothing but the caprice of desire, the principle of the Epicureans, or the mere negative assertion of freedom, the principle of the Stoics. It is true that when we regard man as the Stoics did, merely as a spiritual individual, we go far to level all the distinctions between man and man. Our common humanity becomes the great thing, and outward differences of rank, and intellectual capacity and race, sink into the background. And so far Stoicism might be said to reveal the deeper unity of mankind. The cosmopolitanism which was not altogether absent from the teaching of the earliest Stoics, becomes more and more distinct in the later philosophers of this school, with whom we may suspect some

indirect influence of Christianity. Epicuretus, for instance, says that he who looks upon himself as citizen of the world, must consider any special State too small for him. And Marcus Aurelius, the Imperial philosopher, tells us, in words which read almost like a verse of the New Testament, that the wise man must regard himself as a citizen of the city of Zeus, which is made up of gods and men. Yet Stoicism was rather a command to seek community with the world than a power to do so, and Marcus Aurelius did not comprehend his own principle of human brotherhood, when he saw it animating the unlettered masses.

Christianity alone was able to turn into a passion that which Stoicism had vainly and imperfectly preached as a duty, and to make the mere tie of common humanity stronger than ever had been the love of kindred or of country. Like Stoicism, Christianity met material force with altogether spiritual weapons; but it did not, like Stoicism, merely resign and endure. It not only defended the individual against the world, it enabled him to invade it in his turn. The Stoics had shown that force could not injure spirit; the Christians showed that spirit can conquer force. Its invasive charity blessed and converted the persecutors. The most spiritual of the ancient philosophies, Platonism, had presented as the ideal of human excellence one in whom self had died out, and whose action was become the impersonal utterance of reason. But the unselfishness of the ideal Platonic philosopher is negative, and ends in justice; the unselfishness of the Christian saint was positive, and ends in love. How difficult is it now, when Christianity has become familiar, to realize the revolutionary power of her utterances, when in the first freshness of her wonderful faith in God and man, she went forth into the highways and byways, and compelled the outcasts of ancient civilization, the slaves and the publicans, to come in! One thing is clear, that but for Christianity, the work of fusing all races into one, which the Empire had undertaken, could never have been accomplished.

How the Church and the Roman Empire learned to adjust themselves to each other, we cannot here describe. It has

lately, indeed, been well described in the brilliant Essay of Mr. Bryce. The Roman Empire at first treated the Church with tolerant indifference, then learned to dread it, and finally committed itself to a long struggle against it. And the Church, in its first purity, as we gather from the New Testament, often looked upon Rome as her mortal enemy. For though both Rome and the Church aimed at the same end, unity, they used opposite means and methods. Rome sought to subdue and mould the spirit through the outward organization of life, Christianity to remodel the outward life by a new spiritual influence. There was natural war between the kingdom of material force and the kingdom of truth. In later times there came a reconciliation. The New Jerusalem, that had descended pure as a bride out of heaven, became encircled by the walls of Babylon the great. The Church gave vitality to the Empire; the Empire became the protector of the Church. It was natural and necessary that it should be so. Christianity had to be brought safe to the modern world through ages of barbarism, and it was to the discipline or the tradition of the Empire that the task of protecting it was committed. Yet the earthen vessel could not but corrupt in some degree the heavenly treasure which it preserved. Forms of government and rules of earthly policy alien to the spirit of Christianity tainted its discipline and its doctrines; and even to this day the influence of that materialistic despotism, to which for a time it had to ally itself, has not passed away from the Christian Church.

Saturday Review.

ACROSS MEXICO IN 1864-5.*

MR. BULLOCK appears to have spent four months of the winter of 1864-5 on the whole very pleasantly, if sometimes very uncomfortably, in knocking about the dominions of the Emperor Maximilian. Now inside or outside of a crazy diligence, now mounted on a good horse and now

* *Across Mexico in 1864-5.* By W. H. BULLOCK. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

on a bad one, here entertained with graceful and luxurious hospitality by English residents, there obliged to shift for himself among the very narrow stock of conveniences which Mexico provides for the unfrequent foreign voyager, he contrived between the beginning of December and the end of March to collect along the road from Vera Cruz to the Pacific a sufficient stock of impressions of Mexican travel to freight a goodly and readable volume. Only on one occasion did Mr. Bullock come across any of the Liberal party, and his appreciation of the Juarists is therefore likely to be mainly founded upon whatever *ex parte* statements the Imperialists who conversed with him may have made against them. But, fortunately for its readers, the book does not profess to be in any sense a political one, or anything beyond the simple story of an intelligent and spirited tourist, who has found the customs and landscape of Mexico sufficiently interesting to make him wish to delineate them for the benefit of his friends at home.

There can be no doubt that Cortez and his followers found the Mexico of their day very different from Castile and Aragon; and we may certainly say that the readers of Mr. Bullock's book will still find Mexico very different from either the country or the cities of England. The Tierra Caliente, a flowery wilderness of acacia, convolvulus, cactus, oleander, and other shrubs, destitute of human interest except a few squalid Indian villages, with the mighty peak of Orizaba frowning over it from the inland distance, is probably even now not much changed in its general features from the scene which met the eyes of the great Spanish conqueror. Its Arcadian landscape has, however, succumbed to the dominion of the latest invader, the railway from Vera Cruz towards Mexico, which at present deposits its passengers at a temporary terminus some fifty miles from the sea, at the threshold of the Tierra Templada, or temperate region. From this point Mr. Bullock started for his first equestrian adventure, on a sorry Mexican pony, equipped with every variety of excellently constructed and needless furniture that the ingenuity of a London saddler can devise. Notwithstanding the natural temptations to brigandage afforded by

the deep-wooded gullies which intersect the road, the solitary horseman and his bran-new saddlery reached Orizaba safely after a four days' ride; a fact which might seem to show some improvement in the highway morals of Mexico under its present régime, if we were not told that the driver of the regular diligence had been shot dead upon his box a few weeks before Mr. Bullock passed by that road.

Thackeray says somewhere that the best way to enjoy the East is to go to Smyrna in a steamer direct from England, walk about its bazaars for an hour or two, return on board your vessel, and steam straight back again. No more searching process of investigation will leave so fresh and forcible a reflex of the strange romance of the *Arabian Nights* stamped upon the Western tourist's memory. The East is spoiled by going behind the scenes. Mr. Bullock holds a similar doctrine with respect to the enjoyment of Mexican landscape. He tells us that no one whose main object is fine scenery should attempt to penetrate beyond Orizaba. Were the traveller, "instead of climbing the Cumbres, which lead to the bare unsightly table-land, to turn to the right, and keep in the green zone along the slope of the hills till he reached Jalapa, and return hence *via* Tampico or Vera Cruz to Europe, he would declare, when he got home, that Mexico was the most enchanting country in the world." If he goes further in search of the much-vaunted charms that captivated the Spanish conquerors, he will fare worse. "The beautiful approach to the Mexican table-land through the Tierra Caliente and the Tierra Templada is as deceptive as the magnificent façades to their poor cathedrals, or the handsome stone gateways leading absolutely to nothing, on which you often stumble in different parts of the country." The answer is, that no educated traveller would go to Mexico entirely and purely for the sake of fine scenery. To turn back to Europe without seeing the scene of the most wonderful death-struggle ever fought out in the history of the American continent, because the actual picturesqueness of the site was inferior to that of the surrounding region, would be like going to see *Hamlet* with a determination to shut your

eyes to everything but the beauty of the fair Ophelia. Even Mr. Bullock allows that the influence of historical associations renders it difficult to look upon the valley of Mexico for the first time without some kind of emotion. But he strenuously asserts that he sought in vain for those elements of intrinsic beauty which the consent of ages has attributed to the "valley of Anahuac," and he takes every opportunity of putting on record a solemn protest against the opinion which he has no doubt people will conspire to hold till the end of the world. Perhaps Mr. Bullock and his adversaries have managed to look at the different sides of the shield, for he observes, fairly enough, that the finest feature of the view does not show itself to the voyager going towards Mexico from Orizaba:

"It must be borne in mind that the traveller approaching from the east has his back turned upon the snow-capped volcanoes Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl, which lend whatever of grandeur it possesses to the valley of Mexico. Constantly at morning and evening to behold these two mountains lighted up by the rays of the rising and setting sun is the most beautiful sight in the world. Take them away, and, in spite of the deep blue sky, it would not be easy to match the rest of the picture in ugliness."

With equally laudable plainness of speech, Mr. Bullock proceeds to demolish the popular belief in the beauty of the city of Mexico:

"During my whole residence in Mexico, I made a constant effort to find the city as beautiful as travellers, from Humboldt downwards, describe it as being. Under one aspect alone could I find anything at all to admire about it. When seen by moonlight, it was impossible not to be struck by the faultless symmetry of the streets. But by the broad light of day, I could find nothing more to admire about Mexico than about Mannheim, or any other city built at right angles with itself."

And again:

"Much has been written of the striking effect of the Plaza Mayor, or great square of Mexico; but, like the rest of the city, it seemed to me that only when viewed by moonlight was there anything at all attractive about it. What charity is in the moral, that is the moon in the material world, and as charity is said to cover a multitude of sins, so does the moon shed her light so tenderly over the deformities which by day are so offensive to the sojourner in the

capital of Montezuma, that she even makes things of beauty out of hideous objects. The open black drains, for instance, which are so uninviting by daylight, by moonlight positively assume an attractive appearance, and their unsavory odor alone betrays their disguise."

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this drain!

has certainly a twang of the anticlimax of romance, which is not pleasant to the imagination even of those who, year after year, have been used to see her light sleeping upon the dubious waters of the Thames. Mr. Bullock is not more enthusiastic, in speaking of the public buildings of the city severally, than in his general view of the Plaza Mayor. The University is morally and architecturally "insignificant to the last degree." The National (now Imperial) Palace, usually called by American writers "the halls of Montezuma," is "more like a long range than a royal residence." The huge cathedral is "uninteresting." The one strikingly fine building in the whole city is the Minería, or School of Mines, the last legacy left by the Spanish Government to the Mexican nation.

We said that the readers of this volume would find Mexico different from an English city. Imagine the following substitute for that emblem of busy curtness, the postman's double-knock:

"I presume that the postman is mounted with a view to a more expeditious delivery of letters, but I could hardly fancy an arrangement less likely to answer the end in view. For in the first place the nature of the Mexican streets is such as to render riding over them a highly dangerous operation at all times, and in the second place it is exceedingly rare for any one to be at the door to receive letters, so that the postman, who has never been known to dismount, may be seen waiting any length of time at the entrance till somebody should either go in or go out, when he will feebly stretch out his hand, and request any casual visitor to take charge of the letters for the whole house."

Foreign critics of English peculiarities are apt to talk of our national stiffness of demeanor. Perhaps we can hardly deny the truth of the impeachment; but we may feel some satisfaction in reflecting with Mr. Bullock that, if we are stiff, we cannot simultaneously be "limp," as the Mexicans are. Nothing, says he, strikes a stranger (that is, of course, a stiff Eng-

lish stranger) so much in Mexico as the limpness of the natives. "You feel an irresistible longing to put a little starch into them, but it is not to be done. Their limpness is apparent in their whole behavior, whether engaged in business or pleasure. The only thing the Mexicans are not limp about is their gambling." Even Anglo-Saxon stiffness and energy would in time relax themselves under the Mexican atmosphere into congenial limpness, but for the regular use of the two best preventives, British cricket and British beer. The English mercantile community of Mexico has played cricket regularly on Sundays at the village of Napoles during at least the last forty years; and Mr. Bullock was assured by the cricketers that "political events" (the fighting of opposing factions upon the surrounding hills) had never been allowed by them to interfere with the regular observance of their Sunday game. Where cricket has reigned, croquet follows. Mr. Bullock for a moment verges on a limited enthusiasm in speaking of the lawns of Tacubaya, where he believes himself to have had the honor of taking part in the first game of croquet ever played in the land of Montezuma.

If the Mexicans are "limp" (a term which we take to be intended to illustrate and explain all the economical and moral peculiarities which have hitherto been lumped together by travellers as *cosas de Mejico*), they are characterized by a degree of politeness which is not to be found among less flaccid nations. Mr. Bullock gives an instance which it would be difficult to parallel in any European capital. In "doing" the convent of San Juan de la Penitencia, one of the few monastic establishments spared by Juarez, intelligent curiosity impelled the true Briton to ask of a chance bystander how many nuns it contained. The Mexican gentleman politely regretted that he could not tell. When Mr. Bullock had left the church, and gone a mile or more on his homeward road (and probably had forgotten the subject altogether), he was overtaken by the courteous stranger with the information, "Cien tantas monjas"—a hundred odd nuns. To be so treated in London would make an ordinary mortal rather ashamed of the habit of asking unprofitable questions; but probably the

Mexican had no earthly business which might better have occupied his mind and time.

One of the curious *cosas de Mejico* mentioned by Mr. Bullock is the fact that the earliest railway in the country was made to convey pilgrims two and a half miles from the capital to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Along the line are eight praying stations; but the locomotive, being of American construction (and therefore, we presume our author to mean, of heterodox principles), "has not been trained to stop at the stations," the utility of which appears questionable. Possible pilgrims of undoubted devotion alone are allowed to go through by express trains.

From the capital Mr. Bullock proceeded by Morelia, Guadalajara, and Tepic, to the shore of the Pacific at San Blas. Returning by another route, he finally left the inland plateau for Tampico and the Gulf of Mexico in March, 1865. Among his interesting memories will be found agreeably detailed the inevitable bull-fight, a carnival at Tepic, a ride round the Lake of Tezcucuo, trips to a cotton plantation near Santiago and to the high mining district at Real del Monte, and other topics of Mexican travel which would naturally come in the way of an independent English tourist blessed with good spirits and sufficient bodily strength and activity. Mr. Bullock met with no positively serious adventure of being shot at by the Juarists as an Imperialist, by the Imperialists as a Juarist, or by brigands unattached as an honest and well-to-do man; but his recollections of Mexico, now that the excitement of the moment is over, are probably just as pleasant as if he had incidentally been made a target of, or bid to stand and deliver.

Cornhill Magazine.

THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

PART III.

WE have seen how philology carries us towards ideas of affinity of race which are new to us. But it is evident that this affinity, even if proved, can be no very potent affair, unless it goes beyond the stage at which we have hitherto ob-

served it. Affinity between races still, so to speak, in their mother's womb, counts for something, indeed, but cannot count for very much. So long as Celt and Teuton are in their embryo rudimentary state, or, at least, no such great while out of their cradle, still engaged in their wanderings, changes of place and struggle for development, so long as they have not yet crystallized into solid nations, they may touch and mix in passing, and yet very little come of it. It is when the embryo has grown and solidified into a distinct nation, into the Gaul or German of history, when it has finally acquired the characters which make the Gaul of history what he is, the German of history what he is, that contact and mixture are important, and may leave a long train of effects; for Celt and Teuton by this time have their formed, marked, national, ineffaceable qualities to oppose or to communicate. The contact of the German of the Continent with the Celt was in the pre-historic times, and the definite German type, as we know it, was fixed later, and from the time when it became fixed was not influenced by the Celtic type. But here in our country, in historic times, long after the Celtic embryo had crystallized into the Celt proper, long after the Germanic embryo had crystallized into the German proper, there was an important contact between the two peoples; the Saxons invaded the Britons and settled themselves in the Britons' country. Well, then, here was a contact which one might expect would leave its traces; if the Saxons got the upper hand, as we all know they did, and made our country be England and us be English, there must yet, one would think, be some trace of the Saxon having met the Briton; there must be some Celtic vein or other running through us. Many people say there is nothing at all of the kind, absolutely nothing; the *Saturday Review* treats these matters of ethnology with great power and learning, and the *Saturday Review* says we are "a nation into which a Norman element, like a much smaller Celtic element, was so completely absorbed that it is vain to seek after Norman or Celtic elements in any modern Englishman." And the other day at Zurich I read a long essay on English literature by one of the pro-

fessors there, in which the writer observed, as a remarkable thing, that while other countries conquered by the Germans—France, for instance, and Italy—had ousted all German influence from their genius and literature, there were two countries, not originally Germanic, but conquered by the Germans, England and German Switzerland, of which the genius and the literature were purely and unmixedly German; and this he laid down as a position which nobody would dream of challenging.

I say it is strange that this should be so, and we in particular have reason for inquiring whether it really is so; because though, as I have said, even as a matter of science the Celt has a claim to be known, and we have an interest in knowing him, yet this interest is wonderfully enhanced if we find him to have actually a part in us. The question is to be tried by external and by internal evidence; the language and the physical type of our race afford certain data for trying it, and other data are afforded by our literature, genius, and spiritual production generally. Data of this second kind belong to the province of the literary critic; data of the first kind to the province of the philologist and of the physiologist.

The province of the philologist and of the physiologist is not mine; but this whole question as to the mixture of Celt with Saxon in us has been so little explored, people have been so prone to settle it off-hand according to their prepossessions, that even on the philological and physiological side of it I must say a few words in passing. Surely it must strike with surprise any one who thinks of it, to find that, without any immense inpouring of a whole people, that by mere expeditions of invaders having to come over the sea and in no greater numbers than the Saxons, so far as we can make out, actually came, the old occupants of this island, the Celtic Britons, should have been completely annihilated, or even so completely absorbed that it is vain to seek after Celtic elements in the existing English race. Of deliberate wholesale extermination of the Celtic race, all of them who could not fly to Wales or Scotland, we hear nothing; and without some such extermination one would sup-

pose that a great mass of them must have remained in the country, their lot the obscure and, so to speak, underground lot of a subject race, but yet insensibly getting mixed with their conquerors, and their blood entering into the composition of a new people, in which the stock of the conquerors counts for most, but the stock of the conquered, too, counts for something. How little the triumph of the conquerors' laws, manners, and language, proves the extinction of the old race, we may see by looking at France; Gaul was Latinized in language, manners, and laws, and yet her people remained essentially Celtic. The Germanization of Britain went far deeper than the Latinization of France, and not only laws, manners, and language, but the main current of the blood, became Germanic; but how, without some process of radical extirpation, of which, as I say, there is no evidence, can there have failed to subsist in Britain, as in Gaul, a Celtic current too? The indications of this in our language have never yet been thoroughly searched out; the Celtic names of places prove nothing, of course, as to the point here in question; they come from the pre-historic times, the times before the nations, Germanic or Celtic, had crystallized, and they are everywhere, as the impetuous Celt was formerly everywhere—in the Alps, the Apennines, the Cevennes, the Rhine, the Po, as well as in the Thames, the Humber, Cumberland, London. But it is said that words of Celtic origin for things having to do with every-day peaceful life—the life of a settled nation—words like *basket* (to take an instance which all the world knows), form a much larger body in our language than is commonly supposed; it is said that a number of our raciest, most idiomatic, popular words—for example, *bam*, *kick*, *whop*, *twaddle*, *fudge*, *hitch*, *muggy*—are Celtic. These assertions require to be carefully examined, and if by no means follows that because an English word is found in Celtic, therefore we get it from thence; but they have not yet had the attention which, as illustrating through language this matter of the subsistence and intermingling in our nation of a Celtic part, they merit.

Nor have the physiological data which

illustrate this matter had much more attention from us in England. But in France, a physician, half English by blood, though a Frenchman by home and language, Monsieur W. F. Edwards, brother to Monsieur Milne-Edwards, the well-known zoölogist, published in 1839 a letter to Monsieur Amédée Thierry with this title: *Des Caractères Physiologiques des Races Humaines considérés dans leurs Rapports avec l'Histoire*. The letter attracted great attention on the Continent; it fills not much more than a hundred pages, and they are a hundred pages which well deserve reading and re-reading. Monsieur Thierry in his *Histoire des Gaulois* had divided the population of Gaul into certain groups, and the object of Monsieur Edwards was to try this division by physiology. Groups of men have, he says, their physical type which distinguishes them, as well as their language; the traces of this physical type endure as the traces of language endure, and physiology is enabled to verify history by them. Accordingly, he determines the physical type of each of the two great Celtic families, the Gaels and the Cymris, who are said to have been distributed in a certain order through Gaul, and then he tracks these types in the population of France at the present day, and so verifies the alleged original order of distribution. In doing this, he makes excursions into neighboring countries where the Gaels and the Cymris have been, and he declares that in England he finds abundant traces of the physical type which he has established as the Cymric, still subsisting in our population, and having descended from the old British possessors of our soil before the Saxon conquest. But if we are to believe the current English opinion, says Monsieur Edwards, the stock of these old British possessors is clean gone. On this opinion he makes the following comment:

"In the territory occupied by the Saxons, the Britons were no longer an independent nation, nor even a people with any civil existence at all. For history, therefore, they were dead, above all for history as it was then written; but they had not perished; they still lived on, and undoubtedly in such numbers as the remains of a great nation, in spite of its disasters, might still be expected to keep. That the Britons were destroyed or

expelled from England, properly so called, is, as I have said, a popular opinion in that country. It is founded on the exaggeration of the writers of history; but in these very writers, when we come to look closely at what they say, we find the confession that the remains of this people were reduced to a state of strict servitude. Attached to the soil, they will have shared in that emancipation which during the course of the middle ages gradually restored to political life the mass of the population in the countries of Western Europe; recovering by slow degrees their rights without resuming their name, and rising gradually with the rise of industry, they will have got spread through all ranks of society. The gradualness of this movement, and the obscurity which enwrapped its beginnings, allowed the contempt of the conqueror and the shame of the conquered to become fixed feelings; and so it turns out that an Englishman who now thinks himself sprung from the Saxons or the Normans, is often in reality the descendant of the Britons."

So physiology, as well as language, incomplete through the application of their tests to this matter has hitherto been, may lead us to hesitate before accepting the round assertion that it is vain to search for Celtic elements in any modern Englishman. But it is not only by the tests of physiology and language that we can try this matter. As there are for physiology physical marks, such as the square head of the German, the round head of the Gael, the oval head of the Cymri, which determine the type of a people, so for criticism there are spiritual marks which determine the type, and make us speak of the Greek genius, the Teutonic genius, the Celtic genius, and so on. Here is another test at our service; and this test, too, has never yet been thoroughly employed. Foreign critics have indeed occasionally hazarded the idea that in English poetry there is a Celtic element traceable; and Mr. Morley, in his very readable as well as very useful book on the English writers before Chaucer, has a sentence which struck my attention when I read it, because it expresses an opinion which I, too, have long held. Mr. Morley says: "The main current of English literature cannot be disconnected from the lively Celtic wit in which it has one of its sources. The Celts do not form an utterly distinct part of our mixed population. But for early, frequent, and various con-

tact with the race that in its half-barbarous days invented Ossian's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the Northman's blood in France, Germanic England would not have produced a Shakespeare." But there Mr. Morley leaves the matter. He indicates this Celtic element and influence, but he does not show us—it did not come within the scope of his work to show us—how this influence has declared itself. Unlike the physiological test, or the linguistic test, this literary, spiritual test is one which I may perhaps be allowed to try my hand at applying. I say that there is a Celtic element in the English nature, as well as a Germanic element, and that this element manifests itself in our spirit and literature. But before I try to point out how it manifests itself, it may be as well to get a clear notion of what we mean by a Celtic element, a Germanic element; what characters, that is, determine for us the Celtic genius, the Germanic genius, as we commonly conceive the two.

Let me repeat what I have often said of the characteristics which mark the English spirit, the English genius. This spirit, this genius, judged, to be sure, rather from a friend's than an enemy's point of view, yet judged on the whole fairly, is characterized, I have repeatedly said, by *energy with honesty*. Take away some of the energy which comes to us, as I believe, in part from Celtic and Roman sources; instead of energy, say rather *steadiness*; and you have the Germanic genius: *steadiness with honesty*. It is evident how nearly the two characterizations approach one another; and yet they leave, as we shall see, a great deal of room for difference. Steadiness with honesty; the danger for a national spirit thus composed is the humdrum, the plain and ugly, the ignoble: in a word, *das Gemeine, die Gemeinheit*, that curse of Germany, against which Goethe was all his life fighting. The excellence of a national spirit thus composed is freedom from whim, flightiness, perverseness; patient fidelity to Nature—in a word, *science*—leading it at last, though slowly, and not by the most brilliant road, out of the bondage of the humdrum and common, into the better life. The universal dead-level of plainness and

homeliness, the lack of all beauty and distinction in form and feature, the slowness and clumsiness of the language, the eternal beer, sausages, and bad tobacco, the blank commonness everywhere, pressing at last like a weight on the spirits of the traveller in Northern Germany, and making him impatient to be gone—this is the weak side; the industry, the well-doing, the patient, steady elaboration of things, the idea of science governing all departments of human activity—this is the strong side; and through this side of her genius, Germany has already obtained excellent results, and is destined, we may depend upon it, however her pedantry, her slowness, her fumbling, her ineffectiveness, her bad government, may at times make us cry out, to an immense development.

For dulness, the creeping Saxons—says an old Irish poem, assigning the characteristics for which different nations are celebrated:

"For acuteness and valor, the Greeks;
For excessive pride, the Romans;
For dulness, the creeping Saxons;
For beauty and amorousness, the Gaedhils."

We have seen in what sense, and with what explanation, this characterization of the German may be allowed to stand; now let us come to the beautiful and amorous Gaedhil. Or rather, let us find a definition which may suit both branches of the Celtic family, the Cymri as well as the Gael. It is clear that special circumstances may have developed some one side in the national character of Cymri or Gael, Welshman or Irishman, so that the observer's notice shall be readily caught by this side, and yet it may be impossible to adopt it as characteristic of the Celtic nature generally. For instance, in his beautiful essay on the poetry of the Celtic races, M. Renan, with his eyes fixed on the Bretons and the Welsh, is struck with the timidity, the shyness, the delicacy of the Celtic nature, its preference for a retired life, its embarrassment at having to deal with the great world. He talks of his *douce petite race naturellement chrétienne*, his *race fière et timide, à l'extérieur gauche et embarrassée*. But it is evident that this description, however well it may do for the Cymri, will never do for the Gael, never do for

the typical Irishman of Donnybrook fair. Again, M. Renan's *infinie délicatesse de sentiment qui caractérise la race Celtique*, how little that accords with the popular conception of an Irishman who wants to borrow money! *Sentiment* is, however, the word which marks where the Celtic races really touched and are one; sentimental, if the Celtic nature is to be characterized by a single term, is the best term to take. An organization quick to feel impressions, and feeling them very strongly; a lively personality therefore, keenly sensitive to joy and to sorrow; this is the main point. If the downs of life too much outnumber the ups, this temperament, just because it is so quickly and nearly conscious of all impressions, may no doubt be seen shy and wounded; it may be seen in wistful regret, it may be seen in passionate, penetrating melancholy; but its essence is to aspire ardently after life, light, and emotion, to be expansive, adventurous, and gay. Our word *gay*, it is said, is itself Celtic. It is not from *gaudium*, but from the Celtic *gair*, to laugh; and the impressionable Celt, soon up and soon down, is the more down because it is so his nature to be up—to be sociable, hospitable, eloquent, admired, figuring away brilliantly. He loves bright colors, he easily becomes audacious, over-crowding, full of fanfare. The German, say the physiologists, has the larger volume of intestines (and who that has ever seen a German at a table-d'hôte will not readily believe this?), the Frenchman has the more developed organs of respiration. That is just the expansive, eager Celtic nature; the head in the air, snuffing and snorting; a proud look and a high stomach, as the Psalmist says, but without any such settled savage temper as the Psalmist seems to impute by those words. For good and for bad, the Celtic genius is more airy and unsubstantial, goes less near the ground, than the German. The Celt is often called sensual; but it is not so much the vulgar satisfactions of sense that attract him as emotion and excitement; he is truly, as I began by saying, sentimental.

Sentimental — always ready to react against the despotism of fact: that is the description a great friend of the Celt gives of him; and it is not a bad de-

scription of the sentimental temperament, it lets us into the secret of its dangers and of its habitual want of success. Balance, measure, and patience, these are the eternal conditions, even supposing the happiest temperament to start with, of high success; and balance, measure, and patience are just what the Celt has never had. Even in the world of spiritual creation, he has never, in spite of his admirable gifts of quick perception and warm emotion, succeeded perfectly, because he never has had steadiness, patience, sanity enough to comply with the conditions under which alone can expression be perfectly given to the finest perceptions and emotions. The Greek has the same perceptive, emotional temperament as the Celt; but he adds to this temperament the sense of *measure*; hence this admirable success in the plastic arts, in which the Celtic genius, with its chafing against the despotism of fact, its perpetual straining after mere emotion, has accomplished nothing. In the comparatively pretty art of ornamentation, in rings, brooches, croziers, relic-cases, and so on, he has done just enough to show his delicacy of taste, his happy temperament; but the grand difficulties of painting and sculpture, the prolonged dealings of spirit with matter, he has never had patience for. Take the more spiritual arts of music and poetry. All that emotion alone can do in music, the Celt has done; the very soul of emotion breathes in the Scotch and Irish airs; but with all this power of musical feeling, what has the Celt, so eager for emotion that he has not patience for science, effected in music, to be compared with what the less emotional German, steadily developing his musical feeling with the science of a Sebastian Bach or a Beethoven, has effected? In poetry, again, poetry which the Celt has so passionately, so nobly loved; poetry, where emotion counts for so much, but where reason too, reason, measure, sanity, also count for so much—the Celt has shown genius, indeed, splendid genius; but even here his faults have clung to him, and hindered him from producing great works, such as other nations with a genius for poetry—the Greeks, say, or the Italians—have produced. The Celt has not produced great poetical works;

he has only produced poetry with an air of greatness investing it all, and sometimes giving, moreover, to short pieces, or to passages, lines, and snatches of long pieces, singular beauty and power. And yet he loved poetry so much that he grudged no pains to it; but the true art, the *architectonicé* which shapes great works such as the *Agamemnon* or the *Divine Comedy*, comes only after a steady, deep-searching survey, a firm conception of the facts of human life, which the Celt has not patience for. So he runs off into technic, where he employs the utmost elaboration, and attains astonishing skill; but in the contents of his poetry you have only so much interpretation of the world as the first dash of a quick, strong perception, and then sentiment, infinite sentiment, can bring you. Here, too, his want of sanity and steadfastness has kept the Celt back from the highest success.

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics? The skilful and resolute appliance of means to end which is needed both to make progress in material civilization, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, as I have said, or at least sensuous; loves bright colors, company, and pleasure; and here he is like the Greek and Latin races; but compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinized) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilization sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baia, the sensuousness of the Latinized Frenchman makes Paris; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. Even in his ideal heroic times, his gay and sensuous nature cannot carry him, in the appliances of his favorite life of sociability and pleasure, beyond the gross and creeping Saxon whom he despises; the regent Breas, we are told in the *Battle of Moytura of the Fomorians*, became unpopular because "the knives of his people

were not greased at his table, nor did their breath smell of ale at the banquet." In its grossness and barbarousness is not that Saxon, as Saxon as it can be?—just what the Latinized Norman, sensuous and sociable like the Celt, but with the talent to make this bent of his serve to a practical embellishment of his mode of living, found so disgusting in the Saxon.

And as in material civilization he has been ineffectual, so has the Celt been ineffectual in politics. This colossal, impetuous, adventurous wanderer, the Titan of the early world, who in primitive times fills so large a place on earth's scene, dwindles and dwindles as history goes on, and at last is shrunk to what we now see him. For ages and ages the world has been constantly slipping, ever more and more, out of the Celt's grasp. "They went forth to the war," Ossian says most truly, "*but they always fell.*"

And yet, if one sets about constituting an ideal genius, what a great deal of the Celt does one find one's self drawn to put into it! Of an ideal genius one does not want the elements, any of them, to be in a state of weakness; on the contrary, one wants all of them to be in the highest state of power; but with a law of measure, of harmony, presiding over the whole. So the sensibility of the Celt, if everything else were not sacrificed to it, is a beautiful and admirable force. For sensibility, the power of quick and strong perception and emotion, is one of the very prime constituents of genius, perhaps its most positive constituent; it is to the soul what good senses are to the body, the grand natural condition of successful activity. Sensibility gives genius its materials; one cannot have too much of it, if one can but keep its master and not be its slave. Do not let us wish that the Celt had had less sensibility, but that he had been more master of it. Even as it is, if his sensibility has been a source of weakness to him, it has been a source of power too, and a source of happiness. Some people have found in the Celtic nature and its sensibility the main root out of which chivalry and romance and the glorification of a feminine ideal spring; this is a great question with which I cannot deal here. Let me notice in passing, however, that there is, in truth, a Celtic air about the ex-

travagance of chivalry, its reaction against the despotism of fact, its straining human nature further than it will stand. But putting all this question of chivalry and its origin on one side, no doubt the sensibility of the Celtic nature, its nervous exaltation, have something feminine in them, and the Celt is thus peculiarly disposed to feel the spell of the feminine idiosyncrasy—he has an affinity to it—he is not far from its secret. Again, his sensibility gives him a peculiarly near and intimate feeling of nature and the life of nature; here, too, he seems in a special way attracted by the secret before him, the secret of natural beauty and natural magic, and to be close to it, to half divine it. In the productions of the Celtic genius, nothing, perhaps, is so interesting as the evidences of this power: I shall have occasion to give specimens of them by and by. The same sensibility made the Celts full of reverence and enthusiasm for genius, learning, and the things of the mind; *to be a bard, freed a man*—that is a characteristic stroke of this generous and ennobling ardor of theirs, which no race has ever shown more strongly. Even the extravagance and exaggeration of the sentimental Celtic nature has often something romantic and attractive about it, something which has a sort of smack of misdirected good. The Celt undisciplinable, anarchical, and turbulent by nature, but out of affection and admiration giving himself body and soul to some leader, that is not a promising political temperament; it is just the opposite of the Anglo-Saxon temperament, disciplinable and steadily obedient within certain limits, but retaining an inalienable part of freedom and self-dependence; but it is a temperament for which one has a kind of sympathy notwithstanding. And very often for the gay, defiant reaction against fact of the lively Celtic nature one has more than sympathy; one feels, in spite of the extravagance, in spite of good sense disapproving, magnetized and exhilarated by it. The Gauls had a rule inflicting a fine on every warrior who, when he appeared on parade, was found to stick out too much in front—to be corpulent, in short. Such a rule is surely the maddest article of war ever framed, and to people to whom nature has assigned

a large volume of intestines, must appear, no doubt, horrible; but yet has it not an audacious, sparkling, immaterial manner with it, which lifts one out of routine, and sets one's spirits in a glow?

All tendencies of human nature are in themselves, then, vital and profitable; when they are blamed, they are only to be blamed relatively, not absolutely. This holds true of the Saxon's phlegm as well as of the Celt's sentiment. Out of the steady humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon, as the Celt calls him — out of his way of going near the ground — has come, no doubt, Philistinism, that plant of essentially Germanic growth, flourishing with its genuine marks only in the German fatherland, Great Britain and her colonies, and the United States of America; but what a soul of goodness there is in Philistinism itself! and this soul of goodness I, who am often supposed to be Philistinism's mortal enemy merely because I do not wish it to have things all its own way, cherish as much as anybody. This steady-going habit leads at last, as I have said, up to science, up to the comprehension and interpretation of the world. With us in Great Britain, it is true, it does not seem to lead so far as that; it is in Germany, where the habit is more unmixt, that it can lead to science. Here with us it seems at a certain point to meet with a conflicting force, which checks it and prevents its pushing on to science; but before reaching this point what conquests has it not won! and all the more, perhaps, for stopping short at this point, for spending its exertions within a bounded field, the field of plain sense, of direct practical utility. How it has augmented the comforts and conveniences of life for us! Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things, are the invention of the Philistines.

Here, then, if commingling there is in our race, are two very unlike elements to commingle; the steady-going Saxon temperament and the sentimental Celtic temperament. But before we go on to try and verify, in our life and literature, the alleged fact of this commingling, we have yet another element to take into account, the Norman element. The critic

in the *Saturday Review*, whom I have already quoted, says that in looking for traces of Normanism in our national genius, as in looking for traces of Celtism in it, we do but lose our labor; he says, indeed, that there went to the original making of our nation a very great deal more of a Norman element than of a Celtic element, but he asserts that both elements have now so completely disappeared, that it is vain to look for any trace of either of them in the modern Englishman. But this sort of assertion I do not like to admit without trying it a little. I want, therefore, to get some plain notion of the Norman habit and genius, as I have sought to get some plain notion of the Saxon and Celtic. Some people will say that the Normans are Teutonic, and that therefore the distinguishing characters of the German genius must be those of their genius also; but the matter cannot be settled in this speedy fashion. No doubt the basis of the Norman race is Teutonic; but the governing point in the history of the Norman race — so far, at least, as we English have to do with it — is not its Teutonic origin, but its Latin civilization. The French people have, as I have already remarked, an undoubtedly Celtic basis, yet so decisive in its effect upon a nation's habit and character can be the contact with a stronger civilization, that Gaul, without changing the basis of her blood, became, for all practical intents and purposes, a Latin country, France and not Ireland, through the Roman conquest. Latinism conquered Celtism in her, as it also conquered the Germanism imported by the Frankish and other invasions; Celtism is, however, I need not say, everywhere manifest still in the French nation; even Germanism is distinctly traceable in it, as any one who attentively compares the French with other Latin races will see. No one can look carefully at the French troops in Rome, among the Italian population, and not perceive this trace of Germanism; I do not mean in the Alsatian soldiers only, but in soldiers of genuine France. But the governing character of France, as a power in the world, is Latin; such was the force of Greek and Roman civilization upon a race whose whole mass remained Celtic, and where the Celtic language lingered

on, they say, among the common people, for some five or six centuries after the Roman conquest. But the Normans in Neustria lost their old Teutonic language in a wonderfully short time; when they conquered England they were already Latinized; with them were a number of Frenchmen by race, men from Anjou and Poitou, so they brought into England more non-Teutonic blood, besides what they had themselves got by intermarriage, than is commonly supposed; the great point, however, is, that by civilization this vigorous race—when it took possession of England—was Latin. These Normans, who in Neustria had lost their old Teutonic tongue so rapidly, kept in England their new Latin tongue for some three centuries. It is said to have been Edward the Third's reign before English came to be spoken at court. Why this difference? Both in Neustria and in England the Normans were a handful; but in Neustria, as Teutons, they were in contact with a more advanced civilization than their own; in England, as Latins, with a less advanced. The Latinized Normans in England had the sense for fact, which the Celts had not; and the love of strenuousness, clearness, and rapidity, the high Latin spirit, which the Saxons had not. They hated the slowness and dulness of the creeping Saxon; it offended their clear, strenuous talent for affairs, as it offended the Celt's quick and delicate perception. The Normans had the Roman talent for affairs, the Roman decisiveness in emergencies. They have been called prosaic, but this is not a right word for them; they were neither sentimental, nor, strictly speaking, poetical. They had more sense for rhetoric than for poetry, like the Romans; but, like the Romans, they had too high a spirit not to like a noble intellectual stimulus of some kind, and thus they were carried out of the region of the merely prosaic. Their foible—the bad excess of their characterizing quality of strenuousness—was not prosaic flatness, it was hardness and insolence.

I have been obliged to fetch a very wide circuit, but at last I have got what I went to seek. I have got a rough, but, I hope, clear notion of these three forces, the Germanic genius, the Celtic genius, the Norman genius. The Ger-

manic genius has steadiness as its main basis, with commonness and humdrum for its defect, fidelity to nature for its excellence. The Celtic genius, sentiment as its main basis, with love of beauty, charm, and spirituality for its excellence, ineffectualness and self-will for its defect. The Norman genius, talent for affairs as its main basis, with strenuousness and clear rapidity for its excellence, hardness and insolence for its defect. And now to try and trace these in the composite English genius.

To begin with what is more external. If we are so wholly Anglo-Saxon and Germanic as people say, how comes it that the habits and gait of the German language are so exceedingly unlike ours? Why, while the *Times* talks in this fashion—"At noon a long line of carriages extended from Pall Mall to the Peer's entrance of the Palace of Westminster"—does the *Cologne Gazette* talk in this other fashion—"Nachdem die Vorbereitungen zu dem auf dem Gürzenich-Saale zu Ehren der Abgeordneten Statt finden sollenden Bankette bereits vollständig getroffen worden waren, fand heute vormittag auf polizeiliche Anordnung die Schliessung sämtlicher Zugänge zum Gürzenich Statt"? Surely the mental habit of people who express their thoughts in so very different a manner—the one rapid, the other slow, the one plain, the other embarrassed, the one trailing, the other striding—cannot be essentially the same. The English language, strange compound as it is, with its want of inflections, and with all the difficulties which this want of inflections brings upon it, has yet made itself capable of being, in good hands, a business instrument as ready, direct, and clear, as French or Latin. Again: perhaps no nation, after the Greeks and Romans, has so clearly felt in what true rhetoric, rhetoric of the best kind, consists, and reached so high a pitch of excellence in this, as the English. Our sense for rhetoric has in some ways done harm to us in our cultivation of literature, harm to us still more in our cultivation of science; but in the true sphere of rhetoric, in public speaking, this sense has given orators whom I do think we may, without fear of being contradicted and accused of blind national vanity, assert to have inherited the great

Greek and Roman oratorical tradition more than the orators of any other country. Strafford, Bolingbroke, the two Pitts, Fox—to cite no other names—I imagine few would dispute that these call up the notion of an oratory in kind, in extent, in power, coming nearer than any other body of modern oratory to the oratory of Greece and Rome. And the affinity of spirit in our best public life and greatest public men to those of Rome, has often struck observers, foreign as well as English. Now, not only have the Germans shown no eminent aptitude for rhetoric such as the English have shown—that was not to be expected, since our public life has done so much to develop an aptitude of this kind, and the public life of the Germans has done so little—but they seem in a singular degree devoid of any aptitude at all for rhetoric. Take a speech from the throne in Prussia, and compare it with a speech from the throne in England. Assuredly it is not in speeches from the throne that English rhetoric or any rhetoric shows its best side—they are often cavilled at, often justly cavilled at—no wonder, for this form of composition is beset with very trying difficulties. But what is to be remarked is this—a speech from the throne falls essentially within the sphere of rhetoric; it is one's sense of rhetoric which has to fix its tone and style, so as to keep a certain note always sounding in it; in an English speech from the throne whatever its faults, this rhetorical note is always struck and kept to; in a Prussian speech from the throne, never. An English speech from the throne is rhetoric; a Prussian speech is half talk—heavy talk—and half effusion. This is one instance, it may be said; true, but in one instance of this kind the presence or the absence of an aptitude for rhetoric is decisively shown. Well, then, why am I not to say that we English get our rhetorical sense from the Norman element in us, our turn for this strenuous, direct, high-spirited talent of oratory, from the influence of the strenuous, direct, high-spirited Normans? Modes of life, institutions, government, and other such causes, are sufficient, I shall be told, to account for English oratory. Modes of life, institutions, government, climate, and so forth—let me say it once for all—

will further or hinder the development of an aptitude, but they will not by themselves create the aptitude or explain it. On the other hand, a people's habit and complexion of nature go far to determine its modes of life, institutions and government, and even to prescribe the limits within which the influence of climate shall tell upon it.

However, it is not my intention, in these remarks, to lay it down for certain that this or that part of our powers, shortcomings, and behavior, is due to a Celtic, German, or Norman element in us. To establish this I should need much wider limits, and a knowledge, too, far beyond what I possess; all I purpose is to point out certain correspondences, not yet perhaps sufficiently observed and attended to, which seem to lead towards certain conclusions. The following up the inquiry till full proof is reached—or perhaps full disproof—is what I want to suggest to more competent persons. Premising this, I now go on to a second matter, somewhat more delicate and inward than that with which I began. Every one knows how well the Greek and Latin races, with their direct sense for the visible, palpable world, have succeeded in the plastic arts. The sheer German races, too, with their honest love of fact and their steady pursuit of it—their fidelity to nature, in short—have attained a high degree of success in these arts; few people will deny that Albert Dürer and Rubens, for example, are to be called masters in painting, and in the high kind of painting. The Celtic races, on the other hand, have shown a singular inaptitude for the plastic arts; the abstract, severe character of the Druidical religion, its dealing with the eye of the mind rather than the eye of the body, its having no elaborate temples and beautiful idols, all point this way from the first; its sentiment cannot satisfy itself, cannot even find a resting place for itself, in color and form; it presses on to the impalpable, the ideal. The forest of trees and the forest of rocks, not hewn timber and carved stones, suit its aspirations for something not to be bounded or expressed. With this tendency, the Celtic races have, as I remarked before, been necessarily almost impotent in the higher branches of the plastic arts. Ireland,

that has produced so many powerful spirits, has produced no great sculptors or painters. Cross into England. The inaptitude for the plastic art strikingly diminishes, as soon as the German, not the Celtic element, preponderates in the race. And yet in England, too, in the English race, there is something which seems to prevent our reaching real mastership in the plastic arts, as the more unmixed German races have reached it. Reynolds and Turner are painters of genius—who can doubt it?—but take a European jury, the only competent jury in these cases, and see if you can get a verdict giving them the rank of masters, as this rank is given to Raphael and Correggio, or to Albert Dürer and Rubens. And observe in what points our English pair succeed, and in what they fall short. They fall short in *architectonicé*, in the highest power of composition by which painting accomplishes the very uttermost which it is given to painting to accomplish; the highest sort of composition the highest application of the art of painting, they either do not attempt, or they fail in it. Their defect, therefore, is on the side of art, of plastic art. And they succeed in magic, in beauty, in grace, in expressing almost the inexpressible: here is the charm of Reynolds's children and Turner's seas; the impulse to express the inexpressible carries Turner so far, that at last it carries him away, and even long before he is quite carried away, even in works that are justly extolled, one can see the corner, as the French say, of insanity. The excellence, therefore, the success, is on the side of spirit. Does not this look as if a Celtic stream met the main German current in us, and gave it a somewhat different course from that which it takes naturally? We have Germanism enough in us, enough patient love for fact and matter, to be led to attempt the plastic arts, and we make much more way in them than the pure Celtic races make; but at a certain point our Celtism comes in, with its love of emotion, sentiment, the inexpressible, and gives our best painters a bias. And the point at which it comes in is just that critical point where the flowering of art into its perfection commences; we have plenty of painters who never reach this point at all, but remain always mere journeymen, in

bondage to matter; but those who do reach it, instead of going on to the true consummation of the masters in painting, are a little overbalanced by soul and feeling, work too directly for these, and so do not get out of their art all that may be got out of it.

The same modification of our Germanism by another force which seems Celtic, is visible in our religion. Here, too, we may trace a gradation between Celt, Englishman, and German, the difference which distinguishes Englishmen from German appearing attributable to a Celtic element in us. Germany is the land of exegesis, England is the land of Puritanism. The religion of Wales is more emotional and sentimental than English Puritanism; Romanism has indeed given way to Calvinism among the Welsh, the one superstition has supplanted the other, but the Celtic sentiment which made the Welsh such devout Catholics, remains, and gives unction to their Methodism; theirs is not the controversial, rationalistic, intellectual side of Protestantism, but the devout, emotional, religious side. Among the Germans, Protestantism has been carried on into rationalism and science. The English hold a middle place between the Germans and the Welsh; their religion has the exterior forms and apparatus of a rationalism—so far their Germanic nature carries them; but long before they get to science, their feeling, their Celtic element catches them, and turns their religion all towards piety and unction. So English Protestantism has the outside appearance of an intellectual system, and the inside reality of an emotional system: this gives it its tenacity and force, for what is held with the ardent attachment of feeling is believed to have at the same time the scientific proof of reason. The English Puritan, therefore (and Puritanism is the characteristic form of English Protestantism), stands between the German Protestant and the Celtic Methodist; his real affinity, indeed, at present, being rather with his Welsh kinsman, if kinsman he may be called, than with his German.

Sometimes one is left in doubt from whence the check and limit to Germanism in us proceeds, whether from a Celtic source or from a Norman source. Of

the true, steady-going German nature the bane it, as I remarked, flat commonness: there seems no end to its capacity for platitude; it has neither the quick perception of the Celt to save it from platitude, nor the strenuousness of the Norman; it is only raised gradually out of it by science, but it jogs through almost interminable platitudes first. The English nature is not raised to science, but something in us, whether Celtic or Norman, seems to set a bound to our advance in platitude, to make us either shy of platitude, or impatient of it. I open an English reading-book for children, and I find these two characteristic stories in it, one of them of English growth, the other of German. Take the English story first:

"A little boy accompanied his elder sister while she busied herself with the labors of the farm, asking questions at every step, and learning the lessons of life without being aware of it.

"Why, dear Jane," he said, "do you scatter good grain on the ground; would it not be better to make good bread of it than to throw it to the greedy chickens."

"In time," replied Jane, "the chickens will grow big, and each of them will fetch money at the market. One must think on the end to be attained without counting trouble, and learn to wait."

"Perceiving a colt, which looked eagerly at him, the little boy cried out: 'Jane, why is the colt not in the fields with the laborers helping to draw the carts?'

"The colt is young," replied Jane, "and he must lie idle till he gets the necessary strength; one must not sacrifice the future to the present."

The reader will say that is most mean and trivial stuff, the vulgar English nature in full force; just such food as the Philistine would naturally provide for his young. He will say he can see the boy fed upon it growing up to be like his father, to be all for business, to despise culture, to go through his dull days, and to die without having ever lived. That may be so; but now take the German story (one of Krummacher's), and see the difference:

"There lived at the court of King Herod a rich man who was the king's

chamberlain. He clothed himself in purple and fine linen, and fared like the king himself.

"Once a friend of his youth, whom he had not seen for many years, came from a distant land to pay him a visit. Then the chamberlain invited all his friends and made a feast in honor of the stranger.

"The tables were covered with choice food placed on dishes of gold and silver, and the finest wines of all kinds. The rich man sate at the head of the table, glad to do the honors to his friend who was seated at his right hand. So they ate and drank, and were merry.

"Then the stranger said to the chamberlain of King Herod: 'Riches and splendor like thine are nowhere to be found in my country.' And he praised his greatness, and called him happy above all men on earth.

"Well, the rich man took an apple from a golden vessel. The apple was large, and red, and pleasant to the eye. Then said he: 'Behold, this apple hath rested on gold, and its form is very beautiful.' And he presented it to the stranger, the friend of his youth. The stranger cut the apple in two; and behold, in the middle of it there was a worm!

"Then the stranger looked at the chamberlain; and the chamberlain bent his eyes on the ground, and sighed."

There it ends. Now, I say, one sees there an abyss of platitude open, and the German nature swimming calmly about in it, which seems in some way or other to have its entry screened off for the English nature. The English story leads with a direct issue into practical life; a narrow and dry practical life, certainly, but yet enough to supply a plain motive for the story; the German story leads simply nowhere except into bathos. Shall we say that the Norman talent for affairs saves us here, or the Celtic perceptive instinct? One of them it must be surely. The Norman turn seems more germane to the matter here immediately in hand; on the other hand, the Celtic turn, or some degree of it, some degree of its quick perceptive instinct, seems necessary to account for the full difference between the German nature and ours. Even in Germans of genius or talent, the want of quick light tact, of in-

instinctive perception of the impropriety or impossibility of certain things, is singularly remarkable. Herr Gervinus's prodigious discovery about Handel being an Englishman and Shakespeare a German, the incredible mare's-nest Goethe finds in looking for the origin of Byron's *Manfred*—these are things from which no deliberate care or reflection can save a man—only an instinct can save him from them, an instinct that they are absurd; who can imagine Charles Lamb making Herr Gervinus's blunder, or Shakespeare making Goethe's? But from the sheer German nature this intuitive tact seems something so alien, that even genius fails to give it. And yet just what constitutes special power and genius in a man seems often to be his blending with the basis of his national temperament some additional gift or grace not proper to that temperament; Shakespeare's greatness is thus in his blending an openness and flexibility of spirit, not English, with the English basis; Addison's, in his blending a moderation and delicacy, not English, with the English basis; Burke's, in his blending a largeness of view and richness of thought, not English, with the English basis. In Germany itself, in the same way, the greatness of their great Frederic lies in his blending a rapidity and clearness, not German, with the German basis; the greatness of Goethe in his blending a love of form, nobility, and dignity—the grand style—with the German basis. But the quick, sure, instinctive perception of the incongruous and absurd, not even genius seems to give in Germany; at least, I can think of only one German of genius, Lessing (for Heine was a Jew, and the Jewish temperament is quite another thing from the German), who shows it in an eminent degree.

If we attend closely to the terms by which foreigners seek to his off the impression which we and the Germans make upon them, we shall detect in these terms a difference which makes, I think, in favor of the notion I am propounding. Nations in hitting off one another's characters are apt, we all know, to seize the unflattering side rather than the flattering; the mass of mankind always do this, and indeed they really see what is novel, and not their own, in a disfiguring light. Thus we ourselves, for in-

stance, popularly say "the phlegmatic Dutchman" rather than "the sensible Dutchman," or "the grimacing Frenchman" rather than "the polite Frenchman." Therefore neither we nor the Germans should exactly accept the description strangers give of us, but it is enough for my purpose that strangers, in characterizing us with a certain shade of difference, do at any rate make it clear that there appears this shade of difference, though the character itself, which they give us both, may be a caricature rather than a faithful picture of us. Now it is to be noticed that these sharp observers, the French—who have a double turn for sharp observation, for they have both the quick perception of the Celt and the Latin's gift for coming plump on the fact—it is to be noticed, I say, that the French put a curious distinction in their popular, depreciating, we will hope inadequate, way of hitting off us and the Germans. While they talk of the "*bête allemande*," they talk of the "*gaucherie anglaise*;" while they talk of the "*Allemand balourd*," they talk of the "*Anglais empêtré*;" while they call the German "*niais*," they call the English "*mélancolique*." The difference between the epithets *balourd* and *empêtré* exactly gives the difference in character I wish to seize; *balourd* means heavy and dull, *empêtré* means hampered and embarrassed. This points to a certain mixture and strife of elements in the Englishman—to the clashing of a Celtic quickness of perception with a Germanic instinct for going steadily along close to the ground. The Celt, as we have seen, has not at all, in spite of his quick perception, the Latin talent for dealing with the fact, dexterously managing it and making himself master of it; Latin or Latinized people have felt contempt for him on this account, have treated him as a poor creature, just as the German, who arrives at fact in a different way from the Latins, but who arrives at it, has treated him; the couplet of Chrestien of Troyes about the Welsh—

"Gallois sont tous, par nature,
Plus fous que bêtes en pâture"—

is well known, and expresses the genuine verdict of the Latin mind on the Celts. But the perceptive instinct of the Celt

feels and anticipates, though he has that in him which cuts him off from the command of the world of fact; he sees what is wanting to him well enough; his mere eye is not less sharp, nay, it is sharper than the Latin's. He is a quick genius, checkmated for want of strenuousness or else patience. The German has not the Latin's sharp precise glance on the world of fact, and dexterous behavior in it; he fumbles with it much and long, but his honesty and patience give him the rule of it in the long run—a surer rule, some of us think, than the Latin gets; still his behavior in it is not quick and dexterous. The Englishman, in so far as he is German—and he is mainly German—proceeds in the steady-going German fashion; if he were all German he would proceed thus for ever without self-consciousness or embarrassment; but, in so far as he is Celtic, he has snatches of quick instinct which often make him feel he is fumbling, show him visions of an easier, more dexterous behavior, disconcert him and fill him with misgiving. No people, therefore, are so shy, so self-conscious, so embarrassed as the English, because two natures are mixed in them, and natures which pull them such different ways. The Germanic part, indeed, triumphs in us—we are a Germanic people; but not so wholly as to exclude hauntings of Celtism, which clash with our Germanism, producing, as I believe, our *humor*, neither German nor Celtic, and so affect us that we strike people as odd and singular, not to be referred to any known type, and like nothing but ourselves. "Nearly every Englishman," says an excellent and by no means unfriendly observer, George Sand, "Nearly every Englishman, however good-looking he may be, has always something singular about him which easily comes to seem comic—a sort of typical awkwardness (*gaucherie typique*) in his looks or appearance, which hardly ever wears out." I say this strangeness is accounted for by the English nature being mixed as we have seen, while the Latin nature is all of a piece, and so is the German nature, and the Celtic nature.

It is impossible to go very fast when the matter with which one has to deal, besides being new and little explored, is also by its nature so subtle, eluding one's

grasp unless one handles it with all possible delicacy and care. It is in our poetry that the Celtic part in us has left its trace clearest, and in our poetry I must follow it before I have done. So much has had to be said by way of preparation, and of enabling ourselves to lay the finger, with some certainty, upon what is Celtic and what is not, that I have reached my limits without accomplishing all I intended, and shall have to return to the subject yet once more, in order at last to finish with it.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

London Society.

COFFEE-HOUSE AND TAVERN LIFE OF PARIS.

THE decline of the popularity of tavern life in London was put before the readers of *London Society* in a short article on "Clubs and Taverns" in our number for March last. The "at home" tendencies of settled Englishmen lead them to cultivate to the full the domestic advantage with which Providence has blessed them. But with a more mercurial temperament, and an atmosphere which must be confessed to be a little better and clearer than our own, the Parisians have not to the same extent forsaken the public haunt or the open-air restaurant. The Frenchman, as a national necessity, finds it inconvenient or unattractive to live at home; to think at home; to eat, drink, suffer, and die at home; and has a fondness for something more *spectacular* in his sayings, doings, and endurances. Publicity, the broad day, the throng, the street, are essential to his reckoning of things as good or evil, as happy or unfortunate, as amusing or deplorable. From this necessary tendency have sprung the cafés, the cabarets, the buvettes of Paris; the multiplicity of which forms a standing wonder to the stranger now as it did in the days of Parson Yorick. M. Jules Simon, in a recent work of his entitled *Le Travail*, would have us believe that this appetite for company and for refreshment in public places is, especially among the *ouvrière* class, of great and evil reflex influence. The frequenting of the cabaret denudes the home, and furnishes the

Mont de Piété; and the denuded home, with the clamor of dejected wife and starving children, drives again to the cabaret. "The cabaret," says M. Simon, "destroys at once the physical and the moral force of the workman. Close by the manufactories and workshops these alcohol dens abound—unless there be, as often happens, one which is beyond all competition, and this one is crowded on pay-days. The rooms, the gardens, the courtyards are crammed, and even in the cellars drinking is going on. A vast number of working men only cross the street from the pay-office, where they have received their wages, to the cabaret, where they spend them. They return to it the next day and the day after, till they have no longer money or credit. During all this time the wife and children are suffering from cold and hunger. They flit round the cabaret with the hopes of catching his eye, and thinking that, after all, a father is not utterly insensible to pity or remorse. But that man is no longer a father, nor even a man; he is merely ruined and drunk on issuing from the cabaret. If he has not beaten somebody, or himself been beaten, the family have reason to rejoice. A drunkard who enters a cabaret is never sure of not going to prison the next day. Many books of morality and medicine have been written on this ignoble vice; the latter are better, because they abound in irrefragable facts."

But the evil is not limited to the men or to the metropolis. "Even in France there are towns where women rival men in habits of intoxication. At Lille, at Rouen, there are some so saturated with it that their infants refuse to take the breast of a sober woman. In the mountains of the Vosges infants drink eau-de-vie. On Sunday, in the churches, the air is literally infected with the smell of eau-de-vie made from potatoes. In these mountains there are no more frequent causes of idiocy and imbecility; for in general the dwellings are healthy, and the water is excellent. The great misfortune is that the children of habitual drunkards are idiots, so that the punishment follows from generation to generation, from the guilty and degraded father to the innocent children. In the manufacturing towns the mayors are obliged to

take measures against the cabarets that supply eau-de-vie to children; for there are drunkards of fifteen, as there are laborers at eight; and, morally and physically, they present a melancholy spectacle. Can it be this precocious debauchery and the consequences of it which oblige the War Department to lower the regulation height for the service?"

Such facts, taken with the revelations of the extent to which absinthe drinking was lately stated to be carried on in Paris, go far to redeem our own country from a monopoly of the charge of drunkenness. Albeit, it is a sorry comfort, in the midst of a popular vice, to know that other nations are redeeming us from comparative degradation, by descending from the moral elevation which they flattered themselves they had a right to claim.

But it is not our present province to moralize. We rather incline to cull what is picturesque or entertaining in the more pleasant phase of the cabaret question. And materials for this are abundant. For it is the complaint of Parisian spinsters, whose chances of matrimony are already down nearly at zero, that "*la vie de café*" is lived in that jolly capital by all the world—by the grandee and by the mechanic, by the rich and the poor, by the artist and the artisan. So in visiting the cabarets and the cafés of Paris, we may perchance have to rub shoulders now with a Duke of the Empire, now with the faded gentry of the Palais Royal, now with the dark and unfrequent conspirator of what remains of the dismal and attenuated streets of the ancient cité.

M. Alfred Delvau, with whom we have obtained the privilege of sauntering through some of the haunts which he knows better than we do, pleasantly defends cabarets and cafés as against the ill-natured objections of those provincial fathers whose last caution it is to their sons, on going up to Paris, to beware of such "*places of perdition*." Diogenes the cynic and Socrates the sage, he happens to know, and we cannot gainsay him, frequented without reserve the taverns of Athens—even when the practice brought them into contact with the porters of the Piræus, the lounging demagogues of the Pnyx, and the Anonymas

of the Ceramicus. Dionysius the Younger, ex-tyrant of Syracuse, solaced his retirement from the kingly business with visits to the taverns of Corinth; as Virgil, with his friends Varius and Gallus, pleasantly and even flirtingly passed their leisure in outlandish restaurants. Ovid, Cicero, Marc Antony, in like manner countenanced by their example the amenities and pleasantries of tavern life.

In times more modern Shakespeare frequented the Swan, and wrote there the greater part of his "Henry IV.;" Luther visited the Cabaret de l'Ourse Noire, at Orlemonde; and the jovial Rabelais, serious at nothing but the reckoning, his backwardness to face which has made the time of settling to be known proverbially as "le quart d'heure de Rabelais," lounged in his easy chair at the Cave Peinte, at Chinon; Cromwell hobnobbed at the Red Lion, in the Strand, with Price and Harrison; Goethe wrote his ballad "To the Flea," and several of the scenes of "Faust," at the Auerbach Keller, at Leipzig; Voltaire sipped his wine at the Café Procope; the Abbé Prevost, at a cabaret in the Rue de la Hachette, where he composed "Manon Lescaut;" and Crebillon, Piron, and Marmontel, at the Cabaret de Landel, in the Rue de Buci.

Can our readers be shocked, after such a muster-roll of dignities and respectabilities, if we ask them to be of the company while we join M. Delvan in his peregrinations? If the precedents seem insufficient, they may rest assured that they are not a thousandth part of what might have been quoted to authorize such an excursion as we propose. And, after all, it will not be a long one; although the ground covered will be pretty extensive. On second thoughts, if they like it better, and their consciences and their long skirts are easier for the process, we will bring the tableaux to them as they lightly press the couch or the settee. The mountain shall be brought to Mohammed; for the houris, our readers, shall be accomplished a feat which could not have been performed for an Ishmaelish prophet.

Behold us, then, let us say rather more than a dozen years ago, at the entrance of the Andler-Keller, in the Rue Haute-feuille, which occupies the site of a by-

gone priory of the Prémontrés. The host is a Bavarian — hence the German designation of his house — and is a goodly man of very imposing proportions; round as a barrel, jolly as a tankard, merry with the men, gallant with the ladies — without prejudice, however, to his better-half, a buxom Suisse of Anvers, whose ancestors figure in the "Roi Boit" of Jacques Jordaens, which adorns the collections of the Louvre. We enter, and ensconce ourselves behind a liberal measure of beer; smoke dreamily, and watch the dreamy smoking of other people. Discourse begins, spreads, and becomes general — rather of the Babel order. German philosophy has come in like a flood; and, as Heinrich Heine said nearly twenty years ago, that, as the French had changed the color of their pantaloons from white to red, so had they engrafted Hengstenberg on Voltaire, and learned to chatter of Kant, Fichté, and Hegel.

It wants still two good hours of midnight, yet Madame Andler shows signs of drowsiness; while Mdle. Louise imitates her mistress in a corner apart, so far at least as she dares, for her head, as becomes her ancillary position, oscillates with less emphatic, but equally significant nods; the more wide-awake M. Andler meanwhile making, *suo more*, one of a party at piquet. Everybody is speaking, and the scene is animated, perhaps a little irregular and bewildering. Realism, of which M. Courbel is the sovereign pontiff, and M. Champfleury the officiating cardinal, is in the ascendant; and the public of drinkers, divided mainly, as to profession, into students and wood-engravers, are divided philosophically into Realists and non-Realists. It is impossible to follow the order of discourse and argument; but our ears must perforce take in the din of phrases that struggle forth from the lungs of enthusiasts, skeptics, and innovators of every order — apostles of ideas; missionaries of art; friends of progress, of liberty; theologians, metaphysicians, and men of letters; while arises above all the jargon, still more uncouth to laymen and outsiders, of the gentlemen of the long robe.

Hush, babblers! Courbel enters the Brasserie — a word literally signifying brewery, but lending itself, by an elegant

metonymy, to the place where beer is sold and consumed. Courbel, as Theophile Souvestre depicts him in his *Histoire des Peintres Vivants*, is a very fine and handsome man of some thirty-six years of age; whose very remarkable figure would appear to have been modelled on an Assyrian *basso-relievo*. His eyes are black and bright, toned down to tenderness by long silky lashes, and shining forth with the softened radiance of those of a gazelle. This is the pontiff of Realism, and all the company suspend their operations to gaze at him. The piquet players are dumb; the smoke stays in the mouths of the smokers; the billiard players bring their cues to the salute. He sits—talks awhile; while all listen. He retires; and all devote themselves to his anatomy. One wonders at his superb head; another, at his aquiline nose and his exquisite mouth; a third sets him down for an Assyrian; a fourth for a Spaniard; a fifth for a Venetian; a sixth for an Indian; a seventh for a Byzantian—and each for whatever appears to him most to savor of the noble and *distingué*.

But not play alone, or conversation alone, goes on at the Andler-Keller. It is famous also for its love of song. Staal, the artist, knows a bundle of Swiss and Tyrolese ditties, among others the “Ranz des Vaches,” and he sings them, much to the edification of the hostess. On other occasions, Courbel, in his “voix besontine, mais agréable,” chants forth the realism, about which he has just been seriously discoursing, in such pleasant forms as this:

“Tous les garçons chantaient,
Le soir au cabaret qu'ils étaient réunis
Tous les garçons chantaient,
Répétant ce refrain:
Tra la la la la, lou lou lou, la,
Tra la la la la, lou lou lou, la,
Trou lou lou lou lou lou,
Le premier qui chanta,
Raconte ses amours,” etc.

Of all the cafés of Paris, the Café de la Rotonde is, if not the most ancient, at any rate the best known. At first it was called the Café du Caveau, from its situation in a tastefully-arranged souterrain in a garden of the Palais Royal. It is frequented, from one hour of the day to another, by pleasant loungers, habit-

ués of the Opera, and by persons generally who have a sensitive taste in the matter of ices. Not a few literary people repair to it; and its decision, in matters of taste and criticism, is a tribute worth the having. From its verdicts, however, if we may believe the *Correspondance Secrète*, there lies an appeal to the tribunal of Common Sense. About the year 1812, the Café du Caveau became the Café du Perron, when it was raised from its underground position to the ordinary level, an event which followed as a consequence upon some alterations of the Palais Royal. Then it became the Café de la Rotonde—a name which it properly and persistently retains, in defiance of the alteration of title adopted in celebration of the Treaty of Amiens, and inscribed on its front—Pavilion de la Paix. Some of our readers may recognize it as the place where they were startled from their contemplative smoke, or their first sip of *café noir*, by the deep voice of its celebrated garçon—not the only waiter, they will remember, by a dozen—who gave a cavernous resonance to his enunciation of the *Bon*, which was his benighted way of signalling the more enlightened “All right” of the Britisher. The original *Bon*—of which the present one must pardon us for saying that he is a feeble imitator—called himself Lafont, but was called by everybody else, Lablache, on account of the depth of his voice, which shook the very foundations of the pavilion, as he, in the politest thunder imaginable, demanded “Pas d'crème, monsieur?” In order to economize his voice, of which he was justly proud, Lablache-Lafont exercised his vocation only during the summer half year, which was sufficiently profitable to justify him in laying up in ordinary during the winter. An old Marquis, struck by the stentorian ring and power of his organ, interested himself to get its owner entered at the Conservatoire, in order that he might be developed in a higher sphere of art. But at the Conservatoire, Lafont-Lablache either could not or would not do anything at all; and as he had a hankering after the snowy cloth and the table round, he returned to his occupation at the Café de la Rotonde. This ornament of his race survived his intellect, what-

ever that may have been in quality or quantity, and died demented.

When the wanderer would leave Old Paris, by the ancient barrier Montparnasse, to enter the New, he would find himself in a long, noisy, rambling street, fringed with *guinguettes* and *cabarets* of all sorts, called the Rue de la Galeté. The street is well named, moralizes M. Delvan, in so far that, from morn to dewy eve, people drink and keep holiday, sing, dance, and enjoy themselves; but not so well named if it be considered for a moment that just behind the clustering houses of entertainment there is the immense cemetery du Sud, where arrive every hour a pressing crowd of guests who never return, and who are, in fact, in a condition to enjoy only the last long rest of the dead.

What matter! civilized people are not supposed to be anxious about such trifling contrasts. The neighborhood of the dead gives an edge to the joys of the living—it is the sauce to their ragoûts. If they die, let us be lively; if they sleep, let us be wakeful; if they weep, it is all the more imperative that we should laugh.

Fond Bohemian memories cling to the very names of the Cabarets of the Rue de la Galeté: the Cabarets de Richelieu and des Deux Edmond, the Café des Mille Colonnes, the Californie; and chiefly and above all, to the Cabaret des Vrais Amis, kept by *la Mère Cadet*, the *personnel* of whose establishment consisted of herself, her husband, of a diminutive female help, and two enormous dogs of different sexes. The *cuisine* here is, or was, of the simplest order—*Bisteck aux pommes*, *potage*, *boeuf aux choux* *ragoût aux pommes*, are its *ne plus ultra* delicacies; and potatoes play a grand part in the rôle of Mère Cadet's culinary achievements. In the memory of man, such a thing as a partridge, a quail, a truffle, or an oyster, has not invaded its sacred precincts: and it is a tradition of the house that once, once only, a superb but unwitting wayfarer startled the establishment from roof to basement by ordering a slice of chicken and a bottle of Bourdeaux. To ask for a fowl here were to ask for a sphinx; and in fact the latter might be rather more easily supplied: and Bourdeaux might as well have been Lacryma-

Christi, so far as the cellars of the Vrais Amis are concerned.

Mère Cadet's is the great resort of the younger theatrical world, before public favor and high remuneration have called its members out of their chrysalis Bohemian state, to social dignity and responsibility. Ah! to what ecstasies have not these abodes of bliss, the gardens of the Vrais Amis, been witnesses! The air is still languid with the accumulated weight of vows and sighs, of promises and tears, of the eternal constancies of a moment.

Shutting our eyes to the gallantries and the pleasantries of the Vrais Amis, we open them upon the picturesque sordidness of the Californie, an immense eating-house, set apart to the refectory of MM. and Mesdames the tag-rag and bobtail of Paris, and situated between the Boulevard de Vanves and the Chaussée du Maine. The principal refectory is a long and spacious *salle* on the ground floor, and is celebrated rather for the robustness than the delicacy of its fare. Consumption here is pretty rapid, being at the rate of over five thousand *portions* of beef, veal, and mutton daily, washed down with eight *pieces* of wine—haricots and potatoes in proportion. The prime necessities at La Californie are an empty stomach, a craving appetite, and a stout digestion. With these, and a little money—not much, some eight sous—you have all that is necessary to open up the hospitality of La Californie to the extent of a copious dinner.

Assemble here the choicest ragamuffins of Paris—*malandrins*, *frances-mitoux*, *truands*, *mercelots*, *argotiers*, *sabouleux*, and other *pratiques* of the nineteenth century. Honest poverty jostles with the scoundrel; the hard-working laborer fraternizes with the vagabond pilferer; the soldier hob-a-nobs with the chiffonier, the invalid with the drummer of the National Guard, the petty rentier with the cadger, and the vagrant with the lodge-keeper. It is a perfect chaos which can not recognize itself—a hurly-burly and bluster which cannot hear itself—a vapor that cannot detect itself.

The countenances are as difficult to classify as the costumes; and the language that they speak is of the same level as the "fritot" which they swallow.

Here, among other picturesque eccentricities of speech, one may hear a dozen different ways in which the death of any one is announced—"Il a cassé sa pipe;" "il a claqué;" "il a fui;" "il a perdu le goût du pain;" "il a avalé sa langue;" "il s'est habillé de sapin;" "il a glissé;" "il a decollé le billard;" "il a craché son âme," and so on, *ad libitum*. Montaigne would have delighted in sounds and idioms so racy; liking, as he did, speech that was not too choice and refined, but vehement and brusque, irregular, bold, and soldier-like, rather than pedantic. Montaigne, we say, would have liked the unadorned simplicity of La Californie—or he would not; for ourselves, we see a deal of wisdom in the remark of M. Delvan, that the picturesque has its charms—at a distance.

Nearly allied to La Californie is the Cabaret de Chiffonniers, in the Rue Neuve Saint Médard, in the odoriferous Quartier Mauffetard, a street of the sixteenth century, winding, sordid, wretched, of which all the houses reek with damp and squalor, where all the doors are *borgnes*, and all the windows are stuffed with rags.

Le Café de Foy is one of the most ancient and most illustrious of the Palais Royal. It is historic in its associations and peculiar in its history. It was opened in 1749, by a retired officer named De Foy, on the first floor of one of the houses that abut upon the garden, next to the Rue Richelieu. The house, under M. de Foy, had been refused a license for the sale of refreshments; but the beauty of the wife of his successor, Jousereau, was sufficient to obtain what the interest of the *ancien officier* could not accomplish. The fame of this beauty was so great, that she was known all over Paris as "La Belle Limonadiere." This was about the year 1775; and Louis-Philippe-Joseph, Duke of Orleans, having heard of Madame Jousereau, was naturally inspired with the wish to behold her for himself. He repaired, accordingly to the Café de Foy, for the ostensible purpose of indulging in the luxury of an ice. Soon he contracted a habit of taking his ices there; not so much as an ultimate object, but as a means to give him the frequent sight of the Patronne and the opportunity of

conversing with her. The license which allowed her husband the sale of refreshments in the Grande Allée de Marronniers was not long in coming, and there-with the café descended from its more elevated quarters to the ground floor.

It is extremely modest, quite quiet, without show or parade. Yet from this pacific retreat stalked forth, armed at all points, like Pallas from the brain of Jove, the Revolution of 1789. This was the manner of it. On the 12th of July in that year, a young man of some seven-and-twenty years of age, a native of Guise, near Vervins, a fellow-pupil with Robespierre at the College Louis-le-Grand, set out from the Café de Foy, in order to harangue the mob which had for some days been assembled tumultuously in the garden planted by the Cardinal Richelieu. The young man's name was Camille Desmoulins. "It was half-past two o'clock," says Camille, recording the event, "and I had just been feeling the pulse of the people. My wrath had given way to despair; for I could not see that the crowds, deeply moved and alarmed as they were, were sufficiently ripe for action. But there were three young men who appeared animated with the most vehement courage; they held each other by the hand, and I divined that they had sought the Palais Royal for the same purpose as myself. A number of citizens followed them, but without demonstration. "Gentlemen," said I, addressing them, "this is the beginning of an insurrection: one of us must run the risk of mounting on a table to harangue the people." "Do you mount it." "Agreed." Immediately I was rather lifted on to the table than mounted it myself, and no sooner was I there than I was inclosed and surrounded by a dense crowd. I spoke to them, shortly, after this fashion: "Citizens! not a moment is to be lost! I am just arrived from Versailles: M. Neckar is dismissed. This dismissal is the tocsin of a St. Bartholomew of patriots. This very evening all the Swiss and German battalions will march out from the Champ de Mars to devour us! There remains but one resource—to fly to arms, and to adopt cockades by which we may recognize each other."

"I spoke with tears in my eyes, and

with an energy and action that it would be impossible for me either to describe or to recall. My motion was received with infinite tokens of applause. I went on. "What color do you adopt?" One cried, "Choose for us." "Will you have green, the color of hope; or blue, the color of American liberty and of democracy?" Voices arose: "Green, the color of hope." Thereupon I shouted, "Friends, the signal is given. Here are spies and emissaries of the police even now looking me in the face. At least I will not fall into their hands alive." With these words I drew a couple of pistols from my pocket, and with the words, "Let every citizen follow my example," I got down from the table, to be stifled with embraces. While some pressed me to their hearts, others bathed me with their tears. One citizen of Toulouse, fearful for my safety, would by no means have me out of his sight. They brought me a length of green ribbon; I took first a piece for my own hat, and then distributed it to the people who surrounded me."

Two days after the Bastille was taken.

La Brasserie des Martyrs is famous for its *Bier de la Baviere, et de Strasbourg*, and for the good taste of its appointments. It ruined its first occupant Schœn, and made the fortune of M. Bourgeois, his successor: not an unknown circumstance in commercial history for one to sow and another to reap. It is the common meeting ground of artists and authors, among whom there seems to exist a feud as bitter as between the Capulets and the Montagues. As there is nobody so thoroughly anthropophagous as your thoroughly civilized man, it is a blessing that, so far, these two classes have not devoured each other. The roll of the frequenters of the Brasserie, in both kinds, is long and illustrious. As M. Courbel was the great central figure at the Andler-Keller, so here the man who contrived, some seven or eight years ago, most to impress his individuality was M. Fernand Desnoyers, a critic who discovered that Lamartine was an idiot, Alfred de Musset a bungler, Auguste Barbier an epileptic, Victor Hugo a madman; and that in all France, in all Europe, in all the universe, the only poets were Pierre Dupont, G. Mathieu and himself. A fur-

ther and severer eclecticism would leave himself alone as the proper and unique contemporary representative of the Muses. He is entitled to give himself this prominence, being the author of a farce entitled "*Bras-noir*," and of two or three pieces in verse, upon which he has the happiness of being able to put a singular value.

The literary glories of La Brasserie des Martyrs have somewhat faded, and its splendor is now too much dependent upon certain female martyrs to the evil habits of a not too proper society. The full title of the Brasserie is that of *de la Rue des Martyrs*, a name which suffices also to indicate its locality.

Le Café de Bruxelles is situated at the corner of the Rue Molière and of the Place de l'Odéon, a situation which gives it favor in the eyes of the *habitues* of that theatre, and the bachelors of the neighboring *hôtels garnis*. Here used to come Jean Journet, an apostle of the Phalanstery, who died a few years ago, and had the happiness of receiving a generous eulogium in *Figaro*, from the pen of M. Nadar, novelist, photographer, and balloonist. When in the full swing of his philanthropic labors, Journet might be seen in the billiard room of the Café de Bruxelles with a bundle of *brochures* under his arm, which were destined to effect the salvation of the world. Even now he enters, places his bundle on a chair, stretches his hands towards us—very white hands, indeed, they are, and he knows it—and commences to preach. Had he lived at the time of St. John of Constantinople, this man would certainly have contested with the Patriarch the surname of Chrysostom. We are powerfully affected, and the orator, stopping his discourse, advances towards us. "Will we"—and he offers us a list of names—"will we kindly inscribe ourselves as *beinfaiteurs de l'humanité*?" We are overcome by his condescension and our own insignificance. "What good can we do, atoms lost in a world of atoms, without interest, without money?" No matter. "Only sign;" and his voice is unctuous and irresistible. Our signature is added to his roll; and thus it happens that, without wishing it, almost without knowing it, we become one of the fifty or sixty *beinfaiteurs de l'humanité* whose

names appear at the head of a *brochure* which advocates the doctrines of the venerable M. Fourier. We ask, with M. Delvan, pardon of an outraged world; and ask, besides, pardon for such an apology, of the illustrious M. Maurice Vigneur, whom we take to be the greatest living luminary and advocate of the Phalanstery. We shall not repeat either offence.

Among a dozen *cabarets des Halles* of inferior pretensions there used to be known, five or six years ago, till they attracted the envy of the police, the establishments of MM. Bordier, Baratte, and Paul Niquet. Ostensibly these were for the convenience of the frequenters of the *Halles*, and of people who came in from the country with supplies; and for their benefit they were allowed to be open all night. It was discovered, however, that they were not used exclusively by the persons for whom they were designed; and one particular night of a ball at the opera, it was stated by *La Droite* that out of six hundred persons who visited these cabarets, they were only about half a dozen who had anything to do professionally with the *Halles*. Hereupon they were closed; and it is charitably hoped that the police were right in doing a cruel thing—cruel, because the general and international public found their facilities of intoxication bitterly curtailed thereby. Paul Niquet had inscribed on his sign the following appetizing bit of “brandevinier Anglais”—“On promet à tous les messieurs et autres (gentlemen and others) qui entreront ici, de les rendre morts-ivres (dead drunk) pour deux pence (four sous). Ils sont prévenus qu’il y a de la paille toute fraîche dans les caves.” Drunkenness and street disorderliness are together reckoned scandalous in our police courts to the extent of five shillings, and perhaps justly so; but drunkenness and the sleep of the just upon straw warranted perfectly clean and fresh—there is a vast difference! When the authorities of Paris, restored to a better frame of mind, rescind the edict that closed the cabaret of M. Paul Niquet, our own countrymen, among others, whether dwellers or visitors in Paris, may again become victorious o’er all the ills of life for the moderate charge of two-pence sterling. Baron Haussman, *redde diem!*

Wherever there is a theatre, in Paris as elsewhere, there is pretty sure to be a café or a hotel named after it. The Boulevard du Temple abounds—as indeed what Parisian neighborhood does not?—with cafés, and among and above others is that known as the Café du Cirque, frequented by the actors of all the neighboring theatres—Folies-Dramatiques, Gaieté, Théâtre-Lyrique, Délassements-Comiques, Folies-Nouvelle, Funambules, Petit-Lazari et Cirque. Of the actors we single out one for mention—him whose career was sketched in the June number of *London Society*, now an old man and a comparatively feeble performer. We mean Frédéric Lemaître, once the star of the Paris stage, “le seul comédien de notre siècle,” who imparted, equally and indifferently, terror to “Richard D’Arlington,” poetry to “Ray Blas,” and plegasantry to “Robert Macaire.”

There is a tradition of domestic unhappiness of a very pathetic kind connected with one of the cafés of the Boulevard du Temple. The keeper of one of them was cursed with a fair wife and a handsome garçon. One miserable day he had unmistakable proof that the faithfulness of his wife was anything rather than “above suspicion,” and his estimate of the loyal character of his servant was at the same moment destroyed. His rage and fury knew no bounds; and too much overcome to murder the rascally garçon on the spot, he gasped out, with all the symptoms of a last, great, concentrated agony, “Victor, this day week you leave my service!” *Quot mariti, tot sententia.* In how many ways may not the Nemesis of blighted household bliss be appeased!

The Café Momus in the Rue des Prêtres-Saint-Germain l’Auxerrois is a café which, some four or five years ago, passed into the hands of a dealer in colors. It was gay and jovial in its café days, and famous as having been the place where the meetings of the geniuses who invented the terms Bohemia and Bohemian came off. Henry Murger, the Murger of Banville’s verses on the “Divan le Peletier,” was at the head of these choice spirits, to whose fellowship he has consecrated a picturesque and feeling poem. Then came Champfleury, who has dedicated

several pages of his *Confessions de Sylvius* to their sayings and doings; Jean Wallon, a philosopher, who so thoroughly betrayed himself as to be familiarly known by that name, and who is the Colline of Henry Murger's romance; Schann, a painter and musician, better known by the name of Schaunard; Privat d'Aulemont; Adrien Lelioux; Antoine Fauchery; Hippolyte Boillot, the painter; Joannis Guigard, and two or three others.

These illustrious young people are named because to them belong the honor of "stamping out" the Café Momus. It happened in this wise. They were all poor, and during the severity of winter it became a matter of anxious debate how they were to keep themselves warm. Heavy expenses were out of the question; but by a systematic movement they contrived to get shelter and the semblance of refreshment at the Café Momus, without expending more among them all—five or six at a time—than a sum varying from twenty-five centimes to a franc. The disbursements did not satisfy the *cafétier*; but, being an easy-going man, he had not the pluck to remonstrate with customers so ingenious and so formidable. He feared their wit and mischief.

The Bohemians were naturally rather disputatious, given to wrangling and argument, so that the old stagers, quiet frequenters of the house, complained of the annoyance they experienced. Thereupon the Bohemians mounted a story higher, hoping, on their part to be alone and free to carry on their discussions. Here, however, a sort of society of lawyers' clerks had established themselves, and these soon found all chance of pursuing their stock amusements destroyed by the invaders. Now, the lawyers' clerks spent freely, and the host was obliged, in self-defence, to give orders that the Bohemians should never be served with anything in his house again. The latter took a slight revenge at the moment, and left the house accordingly. They forbore to show themselves for so long a time that Momus was already rejoicing in the happy solution of the difficulty, and in his pacified clientèle of lawyers' clerks. He rejoiced premature-

ly: for one day M. Champfleury, who tells the story, and was himself a chief character in it, narrates how Momus was paralyzed by the sight of half a score of his old customers entering his estaminet as if nothing had happened. The philosopher also appeared at the same juncture, bringing with him six monthly nurses. "Allow me to present to you six friends of mine," said he to the *cafétier*, who was growing more and more uneasy. "Six nurses!" exclaimed the poor man, stupefied. "Mesdames have the goodness to be seated," said the philosopher.

Some minutes after, Sylvius arrived, followed by six *croque-morts* (men employed as corpse-bearers at funerals). "Allow me, Momus, to present to you half a dozen of my friends." "Six *croque-morts*! Surely you wish to compromise my establishment," says Momus. Then Sylvius: "Messieurs les Employés des Pompes Funèbres, have the goodness to sit down. Mesdames the nurses, allow us to arrange ourselves so that a nurse and a *croque-mort* may be seated alternately. Momus will preside. It is for his benefit that I have organized this fête. What will you take, my friends? "Wine," was the unanimous response. "And you, Mesdames the nurses?" "Wine," as before. "Very good. Momus, I have believed you would be rejoiced to entertain these amiable guests. You have had some reason to complain of myself and my friends, and I wish to make it up to you. Will you partake with us?" The *cafétier*, ready to sink into the earth, was speechless. "Momus," resumed Sylvius, "I have brought you a living antithesis. Mesdames les nourrices, that is life; Messieurs les employés des pompes, that is death. The first assist at the début of man, the second at his exit." He went on further, till both *croque-morts* and nurses lifted up their voices and cried for wine. "Messieurs les *croque-morts*," continued Sylvius—"we do not approve of being called *croque-morts*."—"I recognize your reasonable objections. Messieurs les employés des pompes, do the nurses displease you? Mesdames les nourrices, have you not an affection for these gentlemen?" "He, he, oh, oh, ho!"

from nurses and *croque-morts*, respectively. Sylvius moralized for a couple of minutes, when he was again interrupted by demands for wine. "Wine," said the *croque-morts*; "we want to drink. You are fooling us." "Wine!" shrieked the nurses.

"My friends," gravely remonstrated Sylvius, "you ask for wine. It is a bad thing for you; it stupefies you, and makes you quarrelsome. We have work to do; it is necessary to keep our heads cool and clear. I propose that you partake of the two beverages proper to your profession, beer and milk; but by way of agreeable change, the *croque-morts* shall drink the milk, and the nurses the beer." "No," responded all alike, "it is wine we want."

"Momus," said Sylvius, "bring twenty-four bottles of beer and a dozen of milk." "We have no milk here, gentlemen." "It can be fetched from the dairy round the corner. But before you go down to get it, Momus, give us all the kiss of peace." The *cafétier* almost swooned back in his chair. Meanwhile the language of the nurses and the *croque-morts* was loud and coarse. "Those of you," said Sylvius, anxious to oblige them in any way but their own—"those of you who do not like milk and beer alone had better have them mixed."

At this moment the *garçon* appeared with the refreshments that had been ordered. "Garçon, is the milk warm?" "Oui, Monsieur." "Is the beer warm?" The *garçon* seemed to dream. "Heat the milk and beer together in the same vessel," directed Sylvius. But the *croque-morts* and the nurses threw themselves upon him as one man. His friends hastened to the rescue. A fearful *mêlée* ensued. The *cafétier* vanished, his hair beginning to show signs of whiteness. Nurses, *croque-morts*, Bohemians, all were mingled in one heaving and involved mass, shrieking, swearing, kicking, scratching, striking. The guard came up to stop the disorder; they arrested Schann, Sylvius, and the *philosopher*. These spent the night in confinement; but next day Momus sold his *estaminet*.

A. H. G.

Lecture Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

III.

In a recent debate in the House of Commons one of the principal speakers dwelt on the effect of the wonderful external beauty, the great history, and the glorious associations of the University of Oxford upon an ordinarily sensitive mind, and said that he did not much envy the temper or sentiments of a person who could walk unmoved among the memories of the illustrious dead of the University, who might be said to

"Pass

Through the same gateways, sleep where they have slept,
Wake where they waked, range that inclosure old—

That garden of great intellects."

This feeling will especially be present in the mind of the traveller who, after lingering for a while on the beautiful bridge arched over the Cherwell, and admiring the prospect of lawns and waters, prepares to visit Magdalen. Before entering its precincts, he will notice the beautiful school, designed by Pugin, at its threshold, which the college has built for its choristers, and of which the late venerable President, Dr. Routh, laid the foundation when in his ninety-fifth year. This last President of Magdalen, and one of its most illustrious members, survived to his hundredth year, and, as he knew in his youth Dr. Theophilus Leigh, Master of Balliol, who also survived to the same age, he was able to speak from personal information concerning events of the time of the Stuarts. A few sentences from Lord Macaulay's *History of England* will appropriately introduce our mention of Magdalen College:

"Magdalen College, founded by William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester and Lord Chancellor, is one of the most remarkable of our academical institutions. A graceful tower, on the summit of which a Latin hymn is annually chanted by choristers at the dawn of May Day, caught, far off, the eye of the traveller who came from London. As he approached he found that this tower arose from an embattled pile, low and irregular,

yet singularly venerable, which, embowered in verdure, overhung the sluggish waters of the Cherwell. He passed through a gateway overhung by a noble oriel, and found himself in a spacious cloister, adorned with emblems of virtues and vices rudely carved in graystone by the masons of the fifteenth century. The table of the Society was plentifully spread in a stately refectory, hung with paintings, and rich with fantastic carving. The services of the church were performed morning and evening in a chapel which had suffered much violence from the Reformers, and much from the Puritans; but which was, under every disadvantage, a building of eminent beauty and which has in our own time been restored with rare taste and skill. The spacious gardens along the river-side were remarkable for the size of the trees, among which towered conspicuous one of the vegetable wonders of the island, a gigantic oak, older by a century, men said, than the oldest college in the University.

"The statutes of the Society ordained that the Kings of England and Princes of Wales should be lodged in their house. Edward IV. had inhabited the building while it was still unfinished. Richard III. had held his court there, and heard disputations in the hall, had feasted there royally, and had rewarded the cheer of his hosts by a present of fat bucks from his forests. Two heirs-apparent of the Crown, who had been prematurely snatched away—Arthur, the elder brother of Henry VIII.; and Henry, the elder brother of Charles I.—had been members of the college. Another prince of the blood, the last and best of the Roman Catholic archbishops, the gentle Reginald Pole, had studied there. In the time of the Civil Wars Magdalen had been true to the cause of the Crown: there Rupert had fixed his quarters, and before some of his most daring enterprises his trumpets had been heard sounding to horse through those quiet cloisters."

Formerly, on the site of the present college, there was an ancient hospital, dedicated to St. John the Baptist: this was placed outside the old city walls, to guard the ferry across the river, and to serve as a hospital to the pilgrims who should visit the shrine of St. Frideswide. The "pilgrims' wicket" is still

discernible in the old walls. Some remains of this hospital are still to be seen in the low embattled buildings towards the street. When the Duke of Wellington was Chancellor of Oxford, an office in which he has been succeeded by the Earl of Derby, entering the city, he asked Mr. Croker what the structure on his right hand was. "That is the wall which James II. ran his head against," was the answer. This was an allusion to the most memorable occasion in which Magdalen figures in English history, when James II. violated the privileges of the body and ejected their chosen President, John Hough, in favor of one of his own Roman Catholic minions. This was, perhaps, the proximate cause of the English Revolution and the expulsion of the Stuart dynasty,

Henry VI. granted to William of Waynflete (so called from the name of his birthplace in Lincolnshire) the royal license to found this college; but, from the troubles of the time, or from the fact that he was busy about the royal buildings at Windsor and Eton, the great quadrangle was not begun till the ensuing reign. In 1481 the founder visited the college, bringing with him many books and manuscripts. We enter the college through a stately gateway designed by Mr. Pugin, with niched statues of Mary Magdalen and John the Baptist, to whom the old hospital was dedicated, and William of Waynflete, the founder. Entering the quadrangle, you are probably first struck by a stone pulpit called St. John's Pulpit, where a sermon used always to be preached on St. John's Day. The ground and surrounding buildings were then decked out with boughs and rushes in commemoration of the preaching in the wilderness. The custom has now been altogether discontinued. "The last time that a sermon was preached here was by one Bacon on a wet day." "The rain hath spoiled both the greens and the bacon" was a joke made at the time by a Magdalen wag; and this, combined with the fact that the then President died of a cold caught on the occasion, overthrew the custom (*Murray's Handbook**). On the left are the

* Mr. Murray's *Handbook for Travellers in Berks, Bucks, and Oxfordshire*, contains a very careful and excellent account of the University

president's lodgings. It was here that the pious Bishop Horne wrote his Commentary on the Psalms. Through the president's house we gain access to the founder's chamber, with its noble oriel over the farther gate, where many princes of the royal blood have been entertained. This and the two adjacent rooms have been beautifully fitted up with carving, tapestry, and painted glass.

We now direct attention to some of the details of the college, which James I. called "the most absolute thing in Oxford." We will first notice the chapel. We will suppose that the visitor has armed himself with an order from some member of the Society, as, from the general pressure for admission, this regulation has been found necessary. The vocal music at Magdalen Chapel is always exceedingly good, helped by a splendid organ, large enough for a cathedral. It is to be observed that the general magnificence of the present chapel is almost entirely attributable to the modern restorations. The large west window, in chiaro-oscuro, represents the Last Judgment: the east window, representing Christ bearing the cross, has been attributed, not with much reason, to Murillo. The stalls of oak and the organ-screen of stone harmonize well with the "dim religious light" of the painted glass. Next we look at the tower. It is said Wolsey, as bursar, was concerned with building the tower, and exceeded his resources, in consequence of which he was obliged to leave Oxford, and this apparent failure proved the origin of his subsequent fortunes. The writer remembers mounting this beautiful tower at five o'clock one morning of the 1st of May, to hear the Latin hymn, of which Lord Macaulay makes mention—

"Te Deum Patrem colimus,
Te laudibus prosequimur."

On the summit of the tower we felt the massive structure very perceptibly sway to and fro; but we were told that

this was rather a proof of the stability of the building than of any insecurity attaching to it. The whole of the bells, which Anthony Wood calls "most tunable and melodious," were probably being rung at the time. We now pass through the Gothic cloistered quadrangle. The entrance is beneath the gateway to which we have before alluded, surmounted by a beautiful tower, with canopied statues, and a fine groined vault. We then enter the "venerable" cloisters, as we instinctively feel them to be, although much of the fine effect has been produced by modern restorations. It may be said that the President and Fellows of Magdalen, "a pious, learned, and most charitable body," as they have been called, spare no pains or expense in everything that may promote the use and beauty of their edifices and grounds. The interior of the quadrangle is ornamented with a series of grotesque figures, which have occasioned much speculation and amusement. One of the Fellows of the college, at the request of a President, wrote an amusing little thesis in Latin, which is carefully preserved in the library, in which he ingeniously argues that those grotesque figures are all emblematical, and designed to furnish a learned and religious society with many great moral lessons. Thus he takes the figures of the lion and the pelican: "The former is the emblem of courage and vigilance, the latter of parental tenderness and affection. Both together express the complete character of a good college governor, and accordingly are placed under the windows of the President's lodgings." The following moral is drawn from the hippopotamus with his young one upon his shoulders: "This is the emblem of a good tutor, or Fellow of a college, who is set to watch over the youth of the Society, and by whose prudence they are to be led through the dangers of their first entrance into the world." On the western side of the quadrangle is the restored library. Gibbon, in his interesting autobiography, in which, however, he does not speak with much reverence of Magdalen College, has an interesting reference to the contents of the library. "The shelves of the library groan under the weight of the Benedictine folios, of the

and City of Oxford. Messrs. J. H. Parker and Sons, the well-known Oxford publishers, have issued several valuable books on the colleges and churches of Oxford. Reference may also be permitted to two articles in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by the present writer. Other works referred to are named in their place.

editions of the Fathers, and the collections of the Middle Ages, which have issued from the single library of St. Germain des Pres at Paris." The books are now arranged in large handsome stalls of finest oak, and on the panels of the cases are copies of the Buccleuch Vandykes, the only copies that have been permitted by their owner. The library appropriately contains the portrait of the founder, and, at the sides of the bay window, marble busts of Lock and Bacon. At the southeastern corner of the quadrangle a flight of low steps beneath an elliptical arch conducts to the old oaken wall. This wainscoted wall contains nine illustrative carvings, chiefly relating to the history of Mary Magdalen, with scrolls of Scripture texts in Latin. The room is hung round with portraits of benefactors and members of the foundation. Among these is the portrait of Henry Prince of Wales, and elsewhere are the ostrich plumes, as Prince Henry matriculated as a member of the college. Other portraits are those of the founder, the famous cardinals Pole and Wolsey, Prince Rupert, Addison, Dr. Sacheverell, Archbishop Boulter, Bishops Fox, Hough, Horne, Phillpotts, Dean Colet, Dr. Hammond, Dr. Butler, Dr. Routh, etc. The college has produced two cardinals, four archbishops, nearly forty bishops, and many other eminent men. At the end of the hall is a music gallery, and beneath it a passage technically called the creens, preserving the mediæval arrangement of three doorways, to the kitchen, pantry, and buttery. In the collection of college plate is the founder's cup, with a statue of Mary Magdalen in flowing hair on the cover. In the hall the illegal commission appointed by James II. used to sit, to subject the college to visitation, and deprive the Fellows of their rights. "The porter of the college threw down his keys. The butler refused to scratch Hough's name out of the buttery-book, and was instantly dismissed. No blacksmith could be found in the whole city who would force the lock of the President's lodgings."

We now pass out of the quadrangle into "Maudlin's learned grove," leaving on the left a range of new buildings, which, though spacious and comfortable, is sadly incongruous with the older edi-

fice. It can hardly be credited that, with the same debased taste which produced these buildings, it had been intended to pull down the old building, and upon its ruins erect a new one according to this style. Magdalen Grove or deer-park lies behind these buildings, crowded with fine old trees, and surrounded by an embattled wall. The sight of the deer from the water-walk is very pretty, as they tamely come up to the gate. The rushing sound of the Holywell mill-stream is mixed up with the murmur of the woods and the varied notes of birds. The famous Magdalen walk surrounds an irregularly-shaped meadow, and is more than half a mile long. One portion of it, a long, direct line of avenue, forming in summer time a leafy natural cloister, where the refreshing vista seems indefinitely prolonged, is known by the name of Addison's Walk. Among the Magdalen trees there are two venerable wych-elms, which alone are left from the trees cut down in the time of Charles I. Seats are placed along the walk by the side of the Cherwell, where the visitor may leisurely enjoy the glimpses of city and grove, interrupted perhaps at times by the plash of oars. The river Cherwell farther on in its course furnishes an excellent bathing place. This is called Parson's Pleasure, "which name is supposed to have been originally 'Parisians' Pleasure,' from being the resort of the French students." Standing in Magdalen Walk, on the other side of the Cherwell you see the modern church of St. Clement's, which has replaced a very old foundation. Properly speaking, it is divided from Oxford by the Cherwell, but for all municipal purposes it now makes part of the city.

Returning from Magdalen, it is only just a step over the way to look at the Botanical Garden. It was founded through the munificence of Henry Danvers, Earl of Danby, and has been augmented by royal and private liberality. The professor of botany is Dr. Daubeny, the senior Fellow of Magdalen. Dr. Daubeny has bestowed the utmost care and pains on the garden, and has chiefly made it the valuable and important domain which it is, and to him the garden is indebted for the interesting buildings

which it possesses. The site was once occupied by the Jews as a burial-place: many of them were settled in Oxford before the conclusion of the thirteenth century. The gateway was designed by Inigo Jones, and its western side has figures of the two Charleses. The gardens fringe the borders of the river Cherwell, and give a fine view of the Merton Meadows. The two yew-trees at the entrance are supposed to represent, in Dutch fashion, giants on guard. The plants are laid out according to the systems of Linnaeus and Jussieu, and have a considerable scientific value; but certainly the most popular feature in the gardens consists of a collection of monkeys, which are sometimes regaled by the undergraduates with nuts, and sometimes with cigar-lights. A portion of the ornamentation of the gardens, the statues just mentioned, was defrayed out of a fine inflicted upon Anthony Wood for a libel upon the great Earl of Clarendon, for which he was prosecuted by the second earl. We are sorry that poor Wood got into this trouble, for he was a writer on Oxford and its colleges to whom all subsequent writers are under the greatest obligations. If he offended, he appears to have acted in honesty, and was persecuted with severe and ill-becoming rancor.

It is old Wood's college to which we are now going—Merton College. The voluminous life of Wood prefixed to his works exhibits the very vivid contrast between ancient and modern Oxford. Wood was born in Oxford, and spent nearly all his life in the city and country, and his memoirs abound with graphic notices of the state of things during the Civil Wars. He was "a postmaster" at Merton (the old odd name given to those who held scholarships), and afterwards was bible clerk. The ridiculous things he mentions belonging to the time when he was undergraduate exceed any possible absurdities of modern freshmen. When the parliamentary commissioners visited Oxford, he says, in humble phrase, that, his mother having a powerful friend, "he was conniv'd and kept in his place, otherwise he had infallibly gon to the pot." He very early addicted himself to studies of the Dryasdust order, but he had also "a natural and insatiable

genie" for music; his most passionate love, however, was for history and heraldry. He perambulated Oxfordshire, copying inscriptions, studying various county histories, and describing his life between music and books as a perfect Elysium. He speaks of the "ravishment" and "great delight" with which he had gathered up antiquarian lore. One of his most cherished acquisitions was a pair of Selden's spectacles. The great scholar and statesman seems to have had the habit of putting spectacles in different books, and of quite forgetting where he had placed them. Wood had his griefs, however, when some old brasses at Merton were taken up by Commonwealthmen, and old pictures spoiled, "to the sorrow of curious men that were admirers of antient painting." He records "the first day that the flying coach went from Oxon to London in one day." He was one of its six passengers, going up to town to consult the Cottonian Library: they started at six in the morning, and arrived in London at seven in the evening. He tells us that the Society of Merton would not let him live in the college, lest he should pluck it down to search after antiquities. Nevertheless, we find him going with the subwarden of Merton about some affair belonging to St. Peter-in-the-East. Later we find the warden of the college denouncing him as a disturber of the peace; and we dare say the old antiquary could make himself very troublesome and disagreeable. At the time of the Popish plot he came under some undeserved suspicion of being a Papist. He tells us that, when the news of the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth came, Merton College made a bonfire, as also did Christ Church, and there was one at Carfax as well. By and by King James came down on his memorable visit to Oxford, in which the King was sumptuously banqueted, and roundly lectured his entertainers. Wood survived till 1695. Dealing, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, with men the memories of many of whom were yet fresh, he occasionally incurred the severe resentment of their representatives; and there is even some reason to believe that, if a man offended him, he revenged himself by writing his life. It is remarkable that the unfavorable stric-

tures on Lord Clarendon which brought him into so much trouble were not written by himself, but he had them from Aubrey, whose character he has summed up in coarse, but quaint and forcible language: "He was a shiftless person, roving, and magotie-headed, and sometimes little better than crased, and, being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters sent to A. W. with folleries and misinformations, which sometimes would guid him into the paths of error." We are told that "his behavior was very well during his illness, was very patient and quiet, especially towards the latter end. He asked pardon of all that he had injured, and desired the prayers of all the public congregations." According to his own request, he was buried in Merton Chapel. He had once designed to write an account of the history and antiquities of Merton.

Wood lies in the ante-chapel, near the north door. His home used to be just opposite Merton, in a little stone house where he was born. Two other memorable monuments are close to his: that of Sir Thomas Bodley, the illustrious founder of the great library; and that of Sir Henry Savile, the wise and gentle provost of Eton, who issued a most magnificent edition of Chrysostom, and other valuable works, from the short-lived Eton press which he instituted. Had Wood perfected his design of writing a work on Merton, he would have found the subject peculiarly appropriate, as Merton is generally supposed to have given the origin and first example of the Oxford system. The students, instead of living in lodgings, without an effective discipline, as is still the case in Scottish and Continental universities, were now gathered within a common building under the superintendence of a head or master. It was intended that, without taking religious vows, they should live in a religious manner (*qui, non religiosi, religiose viverent.*) Walter de Merton was Chancellor and Bishop of Rochester (A.D. 1260), and, as he especially venerated John the Baptist, he took the parish church of St. John the Baptist as the chapel to his college, enlarging it for the purpose. Walter's statue is over the gateway in front of the tower. He is represented in full pontificals, as listening to the preaching

of John the Baptist in the wilderness, the wilderness being crowded with grotesque animals, asses, unicorns, birds, and rabbits. The chapel, or church, is almost of cathedral-like proportions; it has been lavishly adorned with rich gifts, and presents many points worthy of examination. The windows are very remarkable, resembling those at Cologne, with which Walter de Merton was probably acquainted. The windows are fourteen in number, seven on either side: the original stained glass is of the same age as the stonework. The east window is called a Catharine-wheel window; a splendid example, filled with tracery and armorial bearings. A great deal of "restoration" has been effected by the eminent architect Mr. Butterfield; but the original design, which appears to have contemplated nave and side-aisles, has never been completed. The tower is very grand, and the piers which support it are beautifully proportioned. The edifice is used as a parish church, where the services, according to the writer's recollections, are very hearty, and the attendance exceedingly good.

New things and old meet in Merton. Some of the latest University improvements, and unquestionably many of the oldest Oxford relics, are also associated with this college. The Library quadrangle has probably undergone the minimum of change since the time of Richard III. The library itself has been justly designated as "one of the earliest, and perhaps now the most genuine ancient library in this kingdom." It was built, indeed, before printing was invented, and, besides some curious manuscripts, has some of the earliest printed works and is especially rich in Bibles. Almost to the close of the last century the books used to be chained to their places. The library has a quaint oriel window, with curious Dutch painted glass, with figures of Virtues and Vices. There is a noble archway between the two quadrangles, whose vaulted roof has zodiac signs around the arms of Henry VII., which occupy the place of the sun. The hall has been modernized by Wyatt, but the doorway and old oak floor are here still. So also have the warden's lodgings: they contain a superb malachite vase which the Emperor Alexander presented to the

of duty for that; and as for marriage, that was an idea that never entered into his hard old head. He had not made a fool of himself by falling in love in middle age, as Isaac had done (in youth, he had not time for such follies), and it was not likely that at sixty-five he should commit any such imprudence. So his nephews and nieces felt confident of being provided for in the future. In the present, however, as time went on, and the education of both girls and boys grew more expensive, Mrs. Isaac's income became greatly straitened. Her own family very much applauded the expensive way in which she was bringing up her children, and especially her independence of spirit with relation to her tradesman brother-in-law, but they never assisted her with a penny. The young gentleman at Cambridge was therefore kept upon very short allowance; and the young ladies, whose beauty was something remarkable, affected white muslin, and wore no meretricious jewelry. Their pin-money was very limited, poor things, and they made their own clothes at home by the help of a sewing-machine. If Uncle Ingot could have seen them thus diligently employed, his heart would perhaps have softened towards them, but, as I have said, they now never got that chance. Julia, the elder, had been but six years old when he had last called at their highly-rented but diminutive habitation in Mayfair, and now she was eighteen, and had never seen him since. Although she had of course grown out of the old man's recollection, she remembered his figure-head, as she wickedly called his rigid features, uncommonly well; and, indeed, nobody who had ever seen it was likely to forget it. His countenance was not so much human as ligneous; and his profile, Nephew Jack had actually seen upon a certain nobbly tree in the lime-walk of Clare Hall at Cambridge—much more like than any silhouette ever cut out of black paper. They had laughed at the old gentleman in early days, and snapped their fingers at his churlishness, but it had become no laughing matter now.

That remark of Uncle Ingot's, "If ever you or yours get five pounds out of me Madam, before I die, I promise you, you shall have five thousand; and I am a

man of my word," had become a very serious sentence, condemning all the family to, if not Poverty, at least very urgent Want. What it meant of course was, that he was resolutely determined to give them nothing. In vain the young ladies worked for Uncle Ingot slippers and book-markers for his birthday, and sent to him their best wishes at Christmas in Rimmel's highly-scented envelopes; in vain Jack sent him a pound of the most excellent snuff that *Bacon's* emporium could furnish, at the beginning of every term. He always wrote back a civil letter of thanks, in a clear and clerkly letter, but there was never any inclosure. When Mrs. Isaac asked him to dinner, he declined in a caustic manner—avowing that he did not feel himself comfortable at the aristocratic tables of the West End—and sent her a pineapple for the dessert, of his own growing. He had really no ill-feeling towards his relatives, although he kept himself so estranged from them; but I think this sort of conduct tickled the old gentleman's grim sense of humor. If he could have found some legitimate excuse for "making it up" with his sister-in-law, within the first year or two of their falling out, perhaps he would have been glad to do so; but time had now so widened the breach that it was not to be easily repaired. What he had satirically written when he declined her invitation, had grown to be true: he rarely went into society, and almost never into the company of ladies, the elder portion of whom he considered frivolous and vexatious, and the younger positively dangerous. He had a few old-bachelor friends, however, with whom he kept up a cordial intercourse, and spent with them various festivals of the year as regularly as they came round.

On the 31st of December, for instance, he never omitted to go down to Reading, and "see the old year out, and the new year in," in the company of Tom Whaffles, with whom he had worn the yellow stockings in these school-days that had passed away more than half a century ago. Tom and Isaac had been even greater cronies as boys than Tom and Ingot, but the latter did not like Tom the less upon that account: secretly, I think he esteemed him the more highly

as a link between himself and that luckless family whose very existence he yet chose to ignore. Mr. Whaffles had intimate relations with them still; they came down to stay with him whenever his sister paid him a visit, and could act as their hostess; but this never happened in the last week of the year. Tom was never to speak of them to his old friend—that was not only tacitly understood, but had even been laid down in writing, as the basis of their intimacy.

On the 31st of December last, Mr. Ingot Beardmore found himself, as usual, at the Paddington station, looking for an empty compartment, for his own company had got to be very pleasing to him. Having attained his object, and rolled himself up in the corner of the carriage in several greatcoats, with his feet upon a hot tin, and his hands clothed in thick mittens, and looking altogether like a polar bear who liked to make himself comfortable—when everything was arranged, I say, to the old gentleman's complete satisfaction, who should invade his privacy, just as the train was about to start, and the whistle had sounded, but one of the most bewitching young ladies you ever set eyes on!

"Madam, this carriage is engaged," growled he, pointing to the umbrella, carpet-bag, and books, which he had distributed upon all the seats, in order to give it that appearance.

"Only engaged to *you*, I think, sir," replied the charmer flippantly. "Happy carriage! I wish I was. Isn't that pretty?"

Mr. Beardmore had never had anything half so shocking said to him in all his life, and if the train had not been already set in motion, he would have called upon the guard for help, and left the carriage forthwith. As it was, he could only look at this shameless young person with an expression of the severest reprobation. At the same time, his heart sank within him at the reflection, that the train was not to stop till he reached his destination—Reading. What indignities might he not have to suffer before he could obtain protection! She was a modest-looking young lady, too, very simply dressed, and her voice was particularly sweet and prepossessing, notwithstanding the very dreadful remarks in which she had indulged. Per-

haps she was out of her mind—and at this idea Mr. Ingot Beardmore broke out, notwithstanding the low temperature, into a very profuse perspiration.

"Now, what will you give me for a kiss, you old—you old polar bear?" asked the fair stranger playfully as the train flew by Ealing.

"Nothing, Madam, nothing; I am astonished at you," answered Mr. Beardmore, looking anxiously round the carriage in the desperate hope of finding one of those newly-patented inventions for affording communication with the guard.

"Well, then, I'll take one, and leave it to your honor," continued the young lady with a peal of silver laughter; and with that she lightly rose, and before the old gentleman could free himself from his wraps, or ward her off with his muffetees, she had imprinted a kiss upon his horny cheek. Mr. Beardmore's breath was so utterly taken away by this assault, that he remained speechless, but his countenance was probably more full of expression than it had ever been in his life. "Oh no, I am not mad," laughed she in reply to it; "although I have taken a fancy to such a wonderful old creature. Now, come, if I kiss you again, what will you give me?"

"I shall give you in charge to the police, Madam, the instant that I arrive at Reading."

"Give me in charge! What for, you curious piece of antiquity?"

"For an assault, Madam; yes, for an assault. Don't you know that you have no right to kiss people without their consent in this manner?"

Here the young lady laughed so violently that the tears came into her eyes.

"Do you suppose, you poor old doting creature, that anybody will ever believe such a story as that? Do you ever use such a thing as a looking-glass, you poor dear? Are you aware how very unprepossessing your appearance is, even when you don't frown, as you are doing now in a manner that is enough to frighten one? You have, of course, a perfect right to your own opinion, but if you suppose the police will agree with you, you will find yourself much mistaken. The idea of anybody wanting to kiss *you* will reasonably enough appear to them preposterous."

"What is it you require of me, you wicked creature?" cried the old bachelor in an agony of shame and rage.

"I want payment for my kiss. To a gentleman at your time of life, who scarcely could expect to be so favored, surely it is worth—what shall I say?—five pounds? What! not so much? Well, then, here's another for your other cheek." Like a flash of lightning, she suited the action to her words. "There, then, five pounds for the two, and I won't take a shilling less. You will have to give it to the poor's-box at the police station, if not to me. For I intend, in case you are obstinate, to complain of your disgraceful conduct to the guard at the first opportunity. I shall give you into custody, sir, as sure as you are alive. You will be put upon your oath, you know, and all you will dare to say will be that *I* kissed you, and not you *me*. What 'roars of laughter' there will be in court, and how funny it will all look in the papers!" Here the young lady began to laugh again, as though she had already read it there. Mr. Beardmore's grim sense of humor was, as usual, accompanied by a keen dislike of appearing ridiculous. True, he hated to be imposed upon; still, of the two evils, was it not better to pay five pounds than to be made the laughing-stock of his bachelor friends, who are not the sort of people to commiserate one in a misfortune of this kind?

In short, Mr. Ingot Beardmore paid the money. Mr. Thomas Whaffles found his guest that evening anything but talkative. There was a select party of the male sex invited to meet him, by whom the rich old drysalter was accustomed to be regarded as an oracle; but upon this occasion he had nothing to say; the consciousness of having been "done" oppressed him. His lips were tightly sealed; his cheeks were still glowing from the audacious insult that had been put upon them; his fingers clutched the pocket-book in which there was a five-pound note less than there ought to be. But when his host and himself were left alone that night, "seeing the old year out, and the new year in, his heart began to thaw under the genial influence of friendship and gin punch, and he told his late adventure to Tom Whaffles, not

without some enjoyment of his own mischance.

"I could really almost forgive the jade," said he, "for having taken me in so cleverly. I dare say, however, she makes quite a profession of it; and that half a score of old gentlemen have been coerced before now into ransoming their good name as I did. And yet she was as modest and ladylike looking a girl as ever you saw."

"Was she anything like *this*?" inquired Mr. Whaffles, producing a photograph.

"Why, that's the very girl!" exclaimed the guest—"Ha, ha! Tom; so you, too, have been one of her victims, have you? Well, now, this is most extraordinary."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. I know her very well; and her sister, and her mother, and her brother too. I can introduce you to her if you like. There's not the least harm in her; bless you, she only kissed you for a bit of fun."

"A bit of fun!" cried Mr. Beardmore. "Why, she got a five-pound note out of me!"

"But she does not mean to keep it, I am very sure. Would you like to see her again? Come, 'Yes' or 'No!'"

"If she will give me back my money, 'Yes.'"

"Very well," returned the host; "mind, you asked for her yourself;" and he rang the bell pretty sharply twice.

"Here she is: it's your niece, Miss Julia. Her mother and sister are now staying under this very roof."

"Yes, Uncle," said the young lady, demurely. "Here is your five-pound note: please to give me that five thousand which you promised mamma if *ever she or hers got five pounds out of you; for you are a man of your word*, I know. But what would be better still would be, to let me kiss you once more, in the character of your dutiful niece; and let us all love you as we want to do. It was an audacious stratagem, I admit, but I think you will forgive me—come."

"There go the church bells!" cried Tom Whaffles. "It is the new year, and a fitting time to forget old enmities. Give your Uncle a kiss, child."

Uncle Ingot made no resistance this time, but avowed himself fairly conquer-

ed; and between ourselves, although he made no "favorites" among his newly-reconciled relatives, but treated them with equal kindness, I think he always liked Niece Julia best, who had been the cause of healing a quarrel which no one perhaps had regretted more at heart than Uncle Ingot himself.

Temple Bar.

"TWENTY PER CENT."

A BANKING TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BUBBLES OF FINANCE."

It is not to be wondered at if the Anglo-Indian who returns home after a sojourn of a quarter of a century in the East, should, above all things, wish to "rest and be thankful" for the remainder of his days. Such, at any rate, was the principal thought that occupied my mind when, some six years ago, I made up my mind to resign my appointment of judge at Beefapooore, and retire upon my pension of £1000 a year, which is the sum allowed to all those who have spent a quarter of a century and upwards in the Indian Civil Service when they leave India for good and all. During my career in that country I had neither been extremely fortunate nor very much the reverse. Besides my pension aforesaid, I had saved some money, and having "turned it over" judiciously, and never dabbled in speculative shares or hazardous undertakings, I had, from the very first that I commenced to put by from my pay and allowances, steadily increased my store, so that the day I took my passage on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamer at Calcutta to return to England, I could write myself down as the master and owner of some £20,000; which being invested in the Indian Government Five-per-Cent. paper, gave me about £1000 a year, in addition to the like sum which I would for the future receive from the India House. Now, with £2000 a year, a man of moderate habits and inexpensive tastes may look forward to comfort, if not to what he terms luxuries, for the rest of his days. It was not needful for me to put by anything for my widow; for, according to the rules of the Indian Civil Service, she would have

£300 a year at my death, which would be about equal to a marriage settlement of £12,000. My children, by the regulations of the same Civil Service Fund, were also provided for, each one that survived me being entitled to £100 a year—the girls until they married, the boys until they were twenty-one years of age. My income of £2000 I was therefore, so to speak, free to spend how and where I liked, without in the least hazarding the future comforts of those I left behind me. Not that I looked forward either to a life of indolence or to letting what talents I brought home with me in the way of capital be hid behind a bushel. The Italian proverb says: "*Chi a bevuta bevvera*"—"he that has drank will drink again"—and this no doubt holds good with those who have led an active life during their best years. Unless a man be of a hopelessly indolent disposition—and nothing is more unlikely than that such an individual should get on in the Indian Civil Service—his past life of work only gives him a keener zest for future labor. I was yet in the prime of life, being some three years on the right side of fifty. My health had suffered little or nothing by my long residence in the East. There could have been no greater punishment to me than being condemned to lead an idle life for the remainder of my days. And, therefore, with all my anticipations of home and home enjoyment, there was mixed up the anticipation of having some employment which would fully take up my time, and, although not obliged to do so, enable me to add a few thousand pounds to what I had already saved.

Farming, and the various occupations of a country gentleman who farms his own land, had always great charms for me. My native county was Herefordshire, a province where from childhood upwards every man hears much and must learn something of the art of cultivating land, buying and selling "beasts," sheep, and pigs, as well as fattening the same. Neither when a young magistrate in the Upper Provinces of India, nor even when condemned in after life to sit for six hours every day upon the bench as judge of Beefapooore, had this taste ever left me. During the whole of my Indian career I received the *Field* by every overland mail, and read it far more

regularly than I did the *Calcutta Englishman* or the *Lahore Chronicle*. From the day I first went out to India I had set an object before me, and this was to return to Herefordshire with money enough to rent or buy a small estate, which I could farm myself, and thus add pleasure to profit, and a healthy occupation to both, and so soon as I landed at home I commenced to carry out my intentions.

But it is not easy to settle down quickly in England. In the first place, I had many relations to see and visit, and many of my wife's friends to become acquainted with. We had married in India, to which country she, then the only unmarried girl out of seven daughters, had accompanied her father, the Colonel of a Queen's Regiment. To meet and mix with various persons who live in different parts of the kingdom, it is absolutely necessary to reside in London, at any rate for a time, and we therefore agreed that we would put off for a year our settling down definitely in the country, although in the mean time we determined to be on the look-out for any place that would suit us, in or near my native county, to which, as I said before, I wanted so much to return. To live at a London hotel for twelve months, is a luxury only allowable to millionaires or foreign diplomats, and to reside in lodgings is a misery which the poorest man would hardly submit to if he could do otherwise. A furnished house—that is to hire a habitation of this description—means to pay double rent for the use of very bad beds, chairs, and tables, and when you leave the place to be mulct in the full value of these articles themselves under the head of "breakages," without the privilege of taking possession of the same. Taking these facts into consideration we determined to take a house of our own for the year we were to remain in London, and to transport the furniture we should purchase down to the country when we took our departure from the Metropolis. So far from giving up my intentions of farming land on my own account, I determined that the delayment in following out my schemes should merely give me more time to carry them out. I advertised in the *Times*, the *Field*, and the Herefordshire and Gloucestershire papers, for a residence of a certain

size, which I could rent or buy, but to which must be attached not less than a certain amount of land, with shooting to be had in the neighborhood. The answers I received to my advertisements were innumerable, and I am afraid to say what I must have paid the Great Western Railway Company for first-class fares to Hereford, Gloucester, Worcester, Monmouth, and all the stations adjacent to these towns. Still I could find nothing that exactly suited me. One place had an excellent house, but little or no land worth the trouble of farming attached to it. At another the land was all I could desire, but the house was badly situated, and very inconvenient inside. A third was desirable in every way both as to house and land; the owner would only sell, not rent, it; and the price he asked was much more than I could afford to give. In short, there was some objection or other to every place I looked at, and by degrees I began to despair of ever getting suited as I wished. In the mean time we were daily taking deeper and deeper root in the soil of London. Good schools were to be had for the children, occupation and amusement for ourselves, and the society of old Indians, which is so large in the capital, became more and more necessary to our everyday existence. At the club in St. James's-square I met everybody worth knowing who had ever been in the East, and was certain of seeing my former colleagues, friends, and acquaintances, whenever I chose to look them up. Thus it was that by degrees, and as it were without intending it, we began to give up, or at any rate to postpone, our settlement in the country, and to consider ourselves as almost regular Londoners. I have mentioned these circumstances not merely as an instance of the truth that man proposes but God disposes, but also to show how that, with intentions and disposition to take to quite a different kind of life, I was insensibly led into what I have had good reason to lament most deeply.

There was one thing wanting to my comfort in town life, and that was occupation. I felt that an idle existence was doing me harm, and that either some business, some office, or something that would force me to work at any rate a few hours every day, was an absolute

necessity. It was not even now our intention to remain always in London; we had resolved to wait until some good opportunity of renting or buying a place in the country should occur. But this might be in a month, a year, or three years, and in the mean time I felt that a totally idle life was injuring me very much in mind and body, and so determined I would do a little of what every one was just then running mad about, namely, dabbling in shares of public companies.

At the time at which I write, the idea of finance and credit companies was almost new in England. One or two of them had sprung into existence, and were looked upon as most successful speculations. The directors of these undertakings were known as most respectable, although some of them were rather "go-ahead" in their monetary ideas and notions. Some of these gentlemen I was well acquainted with, having known them—a few personally, others by repute—in India. They were by no means men of straw, their means being ample, and their characters for caution in money matters beyond dispute. They were not looked upon as wild speculators, but as men who, having discovered a new method of making money quickly, had introduced the art into England from foreign countries. At the club there was little ~~stave~~ finance and credit companies talked about. One of these institutions had declared a dividend, which, even for the first six months of its existence, was at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. I became fairly bitten with the mania, and calculated that if I could thus invest but half of the £20,000 I had made in India—which at this rate would give me exactly £4000 per annum—a very few years would enable me, not merely to rent, but even to buy out and out, some good-sized estate, with a comfortable mansion attached. And if I chose to lay out all my £20,000, I could, at a very moderate calculation, in five years have £100,000, which I could call my own.

Mixing with other men in the world works evil as well as good. The hermits of old who wished to avoid temptation of every sort, were wise in their generation when they elected to live each one by himself. Certain it was that in my case talking over the "finance"

movement at the club confirmed me in my speculative notions. By degrees I began to think of nothing but shares, dividends, and high interest for investments. Commencing with £1000, I soon disposed of nearly half of my old Indian securities, and laid out the money thus realized in the shares of one or other of these new concerns, and soon became known as a man who "went in" for any "good thing" that offered.

Nothing could be more prosperous to all outward appearances at the period of which I write than the English money market, and never were such ample means forthcoming for every purpose of speculation. The American civil war had given a new impetus to the Indian cotton trade, for the staple which could not be produced in the west had to be brought from the east. With increased imports from, came much larger exports to, India; and with a greatly enlarged commerce more banking facilities were required for that country. It was suggested to me one day at the club that I should become a director in a new establishment of this kind. "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" was about to be established, on principles which combined the utmost security for all shareholders, with the greatest possible accommodation for all customers. "Thing's as simple as possible," said Watson to me when I lunched with him at the "Junior" one day (Watson had been for thirty years of his life a dragoon officer in India, and had only just returned from an up-country station in that country, where there was neither bank nor trade of any kind; he was, therefore, an excellent judge of the requirements of the mercantile world). "Thing's as simple as possible. Fellows out in India got lots of cotton; Manchester fellows want cotton. Indian fellows send cotton to England, draw on Manchester fellows, bank cashes their bills, keeps cotton until bills are paid, gets ten or twelve per cent. for doing so, and there you are." This gallant soldier had certain fixed notions on money matters in general, which he was accustomed to explain in a terse and sententious manner, but which carried with them the conviction of his hearers, or, at any rate, of his hearers in the military clubs. Be that as it may,

I consented to become a director of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," and when the prospectus of that establishment appeared in the columns of the *Times*, I flatter myself that the name of Joseph Stronarm, Esq., late Bengal Civil Service, looked as well as that of any of his colleagues in the same list, although it was universally allowed in the city that we had "a very strong direction," so much so, that we were quoted at two and a half to three premium the day after the bank came out, and by the time we had allotted the shares they had risen to five and a half to six premium.

It may be asked what opportunities had I, either as assistant magistrate at Meerut, as joint magistrate at Agra, as assistant commissioner in Oude, as collector at Seetapore, as commissioner in Sewarie, as acting judge in Lahore, or finally, as judge of Beefapoor, to learn anything about banking? I reply, that I had quite as good a chance of learning the trade as any of my brother directors. The chairman of our board was an ex-Indian civil servant, who had formerly been auditor-general, or accountant-general, at one of the Presidencies. Having had for many years to deal with the pay accounts of a vast country, and to check any errors which may have crept into the various collectors' accounts, must have proved an excellent training for the board of a London bank, whose chief business it was to deal with transactions in raw cotton sent from, or Manchester goods sent to, Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay. Next to our chairman, on the list of our directors, came Colonel Watson, who having for thirty years of his life done nothing but attend "orderly room," drill his men at "field days," look after the riding school of his corps, and blow up the officers at "stables," was equally suited for the duties of a bank director. There were certainly two—and only two out of the twelve that composed the board—of our directors who were mercantile men; but as one of these had spent all his business life in the interior of the Cape Colony, and as the other had brought the firm of which he was a partner to unmistakable and undeniable grief in the Calcutta Insolvent Court, the less we say of them

the better. The list of our directors may be briefly classed as follows: four ex-civil servants of the Indian establishments—ex-judges, ex-collectors, and the like—one ex colonel of cavalry; one ex-major of infantry; one half-pay naval captain; the two ex-merchants aforesaid; a gentleman who could boast of no trade or calling except that he was a member of Parliament, and two individuals who were nothing, and never had been anything in particular, save that they had handles to their names, the one being the brother of an earl and therefore an honorable, and the other a baronet. It is true we had this much good among us; we appointed an excellent general manager. He was a gentleman of great Indian banking experience, and not only did we give him a liberal salary, but we were wise enough to leave in his hands the appointment of all the local agents and managers, although we certainly did not let him have his own way in managing the affairs of the bank.

No sooner had my name gone forth as a director of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," than I was beset on every side to join the boards of all kinds and sorts of companies, not a few of them the most impossible undertakings that the mind of man could conceive. Not a day passed but I received letters from "promoters" of concerns, to which Martin Chuzzlewit's famous Anglo-Bengalee Company was as the Bank of England to the latest joint-stock undertaking out. Every one I saw or mixed with, asked me, as a particular favor, to join this, that, or the other company. It became known somehow or other, that I had twenty (report soon magnified it into a hundred) thousand pounds, which I could invest as I liked, without touching my pension of one thousand pounds a year. I was reported to be a knowing hand, a capital man of business, a long-headed fellow, until at last I really began to believe that my mercantile and banking knowledge only began to show itself, like my gray hair, as I approached the age of fifty; and when I was last persuaded to join the direction of a newly formed finance company, the shares of the concern immediately rose two pounds each on the Stock Exchange.

The directors of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," were neither dishonest nor needy men. As times went they discharged their duties conscientiously, and without any afterthought of individual gain. They took it in regular turns to attend the bank every day in addition to the board meetings, which were of course held every week. Nothing was done, no draft accepted or paid—excepting, of course, the current accounts of customers that had balances to their credit—without being signed by a director and countersigned by the manager. If bills were brought for discount, and the bills of lading, invoices and insurances of the goods which those bills represented were deposited at the bank, we made an advance upon them, always leaving a wide margin in our own favor to provide for any possible losses. In short, nothing could be safer or more sure than the business we were doing, and yet at the end of the first half year, although our expenses had been very great on account of what are called preliminary expenses, we were able to declare a dividend at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and to put by some five thousand pounds towards the formation of a reserve fund. At the same meeting our chairman declared to the assembled shareholders that he would never rest contented until he was able to declare a dividend at the rate of twenty per cent. per annum, and to put by at least ten thousand pounds every half year to the reserve fund. As a matter of course the first general meeting of the bank passed over pleasantly enough, and in consequence of our extremely favorable balance-sheet, the shares of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA" rose from three to six and a half per cent. premium in a single week. But as there are many of my readers who will not understand by the foregoing what is the nature of the business done in an Anglo-Indian Bank, I will explain for their satisfaction what it chiefly consists of, and how the profits are made.

Let us suppose that the London firm of Jones & Co. receives from their Bombay correspondents, Messrs. Hormasjje, Damasjje, Cursetjje & Co., an order to ship to the latter sundry Manchester, Glasgow, Sheffield, or fancy goods, to

the amount of £10,000. Now, although the house has a fair amount of working capital, it would certainly not suit Messrs. Jones to pay £10,000 down, and be that sum out of pocket until the good ship Alice Black arrives at Bombay—which, as she is a sailing vessel, and proceeds round the Cape of Good Hope, will not be less than four months—until the goods are delivered to Messrs. Hormasjje, and until the last-named firm can remit them the amount due for such goods. What is then to be done? If Jones & Co. were to ask Messrs. Hormasjje to remit the amount of the invoice before they shipped the goods, that illustrious Parsee firm would in all probability cease then and there from ordering anything more from them. And yet Messrs. Jones & Co., having four or five similar orders on hand every month, have certainly not the capital wherewith to pay such immense sums of money, and be out of their funds for so considerable a time. They therefore manage in this wise—and note that the transaction is deemed perfectly legitimate in trade, both in England, in India, and all over the commercial world.

Messrs. Jones & Co., being a firm on good credit, purchase the goods they want upon short credit, say from fourteen days to a month. When bought these goods are at once shipped, and when shipped bills of lading are given by the captain of the ship, without producing which the goods would not be delivered up at the place of the vessel's destination. These bills of lading are then taken by Messrs. Jones to the bank, and bills for three fourths, or two thirds, or perhaps four fifths of the value of the shipment are drawn upon Messrs. Hormasjje, of Bombay, the bank retaining the bills of lading as security, and sending them out to their branch bank at Bombay, with orders not to deliver them up—and consequently not to deliver up the goods—until the bills which are drawn against the bills of lading are paid. The arrangement suits every one, and may be termed the real oil by which the wheels of trade are kept in motion. It suits Messrs. Jones & Co., because they at once obtain from the bank two thirds, or three fourths, of the amount of money they have to pay, and are therefore able to meet their engagements while only

out of pocket a comparatively very small sum. It suits the bank, for that establishment has in hand more than security enough to cover any probable loss by depreciation of the value of the goods, and at the same time charges interest, commission, and goodness know what besides, for the advance, or rather for discounting the bill. It suits the Parsee merchant, out in Bombay, for the bill upon them is drawn at three, four, or six months after sight, and as the goods will be all that time in getting out to India *via* the Cape of Good Hope, they, Messrs. Hormasjee, will only be obliged to pay for them about the time they arrive at Bombay. In short no banking transaction could be more legitimate, more profitable to the bank, and at the same time more secure, than those of a like nature. It is by similar advances, thus secured, that Indian banks make the enormous fortunes they do, and, until lately, pay their shareholders such very large dividends.

It would have been well for "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," if we had stuck to this line of business. But like all boards of directors at the time I write of—some two years ago, or rather more—we were bitten with the mania of making large profits in a short space of time. Our chairman had said that he would never rest contented until we could declare a dividend of twenty per cent. per annum, and twenty per cent. we were bound to make, even if—as an American would say—we "cracked up" in our endeavors to do so.

At the present day, when the storm which over-speculation caused has burst over our heads, it is easy enough for shareholders to turn round and abuse directors for mismanagement of their funds, but if the truth had to be told, were not the former equally to blame with the latter? If at a general meeting of the company—of any company, whether bank or other—the directors declared a small, or even a comparatively small dividend, did not the wrath of the shareholders fall on their devoted heads? I am quite sure that both at our own and other board rooms of joint-stock banks, whenever cautious measures or careful dealing was advocated, it was overruled purely from fear of what the

shareholders would say if a large dividend was not forthcoming at the end of the half year. And therefore it was that banks whose legitimate business would probably have carried through almost any amount of trouble, were led into transactions which, although perfectly lawful in themselves, were not such as they had either the capital or the connection to carry on, and which ended as we all know more or less by their ruin.

I need hardly say that by the time "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" had been six or seven months in existence, I was so entirely absorbed by business, that I had altogether banished the idea of going to live in the country, at any rate for the present. During all my official career (not even when getting up the native languages in Calcutta for my examination before I could be appointed to any post in India) did I work as hard as at present. Although we lived in the far west of Bayswater, I was up, dressed, breakfasted, and in the city by eleven o'clock, even if it was not my turn to be on duty as director in attendance for the week. To get business for the bank, to hear of more business being obtained, to know how our shares were on the Stock Exchange, to learn the last news and the latest telegrams from India, formed the whole and sole end of my existence. At our second half-yearly meeting the dividend was declared to be at the rate of twelve per cent. per annum, but this did not satisfy either shareholders or directors. We who belonged to the board had made it almost a point of honor that the dividends should be brought up to twenty per cent., and to effect that we determined to spare neither labor nor time.

I have already explained the nature of the business done by an Indian bank, that is, the regular banking transactions which are carried on, and with considerable profit, between London and our shipping ports in India. As a matter of course, the various branch banks of any such establishment in India will always keep current accounts of customers, and discount good local bills, thereby adding not a little to the profits of the concern. To carry this business on in India, where the banking facilities offered to the public do not yet equal the demand, is easy

enough. But not so in London. Here the banks are so many and the competition for profit is so keen, that any new establishment can only expect to have the refuse of bills which other banks will not look at. With caution, and in time, this difficulty, like many others, can no doubt be overcome. But to do so, the manager of a bank must not have English and Indian business on his hands at the same time. This was the first mistake we made, and through it we were led into several other blunders which we might otherwise perhaps have avoided. At any rate, the turning our bank into a London as well as an Indian establishment, and not sticking closely to the work for which we were first instituted, helped not a little to bring us into trouble, and this is how we managed to make mistake number one.

A banker, or a bank—as every one who read the leaders of the *Times* during the late panic must have learned pretty well—is, or ought to be, an individual, or an establishment, that borrows money without interest and lends it, charging for the use of it; and as the very life and soul of a bank is credit, it is able to have as much almost as it wants of other persons' money, for which it is answerable, and which it lends upon security to those who have good security to offer, while both parties are satisfied with their respective shares of the bargain. Thus it suits Mr. A., Mr. B., and Mr. C. to keep their money at a bank, and to make all payments by checks on that establishment. The bank takes charge of their money and is responsible to them for the same. These parties are, as it were, the lenders to the bank. They get—or they used to get in olden days, when banking was conducted on a more legitimate footing than at present—no interest for the money they deposit, but what they pay into the bank is kept in safety, and—to say nothing of the conventional respectability of having “an account with a bank”—they can pay their money by checks, and have their accounts kept for them gratis. These, as I said before, are the lenders to the bank. But there are also borrowers from the same establishment. Mr. D., Mr. E., Mr. F. want to discount their trade bills or to borrow money upon other security. If that se-

curity is good, the banker lends them the amounts they require, and the interest charged forms the profit of the bank. When a business like this is well established, and when it is worked with ordinary caution, banking cannot be otherwise than very profitable. But this must take time, and those who manage it must go very carefully at first. Moreover, banks established for foreign business ought never to enter upon a line which cannot possibly be managed at the same time as that they have already in hand. We did so, and in time found out the mistake we had made.

Nothing is more easy than to get custom for a London bank, but the difficulty is to obtain accounts worth having. When we commenced doing English as well as Indian banking business, there were plenty of clients came to us, and such as brought anything like a respectable introduction we could hardly refuse to take. But, with few exceptions, the histories of all such banking accounts were the same, and one example will serve for fifty. An individual would bring a letter of introduction to the manager, and would open an account with a hundred or a hundred and fifty pounds—perhaps more. He would ask and obtain a check book and pass book; but hardly would the ink with which the necessary entries were made be dry, than the checks drawn against the account would come tumbling in, so that in perhaps three days not only was all the money deposited drawn out, but the balance was five, ten, or twenty pounds on the wrong side. A young bank, being as it were afraid of disgusting customers, seldom or never sends back a check because there are no funds to meet it. This is so well known that in London there are numerous adventurers who make it a point to open accounts with new establishments, knowing full well that they will make a few pounds by each such speculation. How they obtain letters of introduction to managers is one of the many wonders of London business life, but that they do so is certain, as is also the fact that they manage to deposit a respectable sum, draw out and pay in money for a time, and then make a final shot at the establishment by a check which draws out all the balance they have, and some pounds

beyond it. This done they are never more heard of, and in vain are they written to and requested to pay in the amount they have overdrawn. They know better than that, and so betake themselves and their sham accounts somewhere else, to serve, in due time, some other establishment as they did that from which they have withdrawn their patronage.

Of accounts like this we got several—many more than we wanted—but of real *bond fide* customers who always kept a balance of three or four hundred pounds to their credit, we had not a dozen, and of these the majority were directors. In banking it is well known, unless a customer leaves a certain amount to his credit and never draws below that, his account is not worth having, and it is only young banks that refrain from requesting individuals who do not keep such balances, to withdraw their accounts altogether. This then was our case, and thus began trouble number two of our bank. We had all the risk, all the trouble, and all the work of keeping a number of current accounts, from which, as so few balances were left in our hands, we derived no profit whatever. The reason was obvious. There is so much competition for custom among the London banks, and there are so many well established concerns of the kind, that customers worth having will not go to new establishments; and why should they?

It was the same thing with the bills brought to us for discount. We had either to put up with paper which other banks would not look at, or else to do nothing. Here the same competition for profits told against us. Although the bills we accepted were selected with the utmost care, and quantities of rubbish were rejected, they were worth but little, and if we did not renew or make some arrangement at maturity, we generally found ourselves minus the amount of cash advanced. Of course there were exceptions to the rule, but still our losses were considerable, taking into consideration the comparative small amount of business we did in this particular line. And this, be it remembered with a board of directors as honest and honorable as could be found in England, not one of whom ever thought of obtaining a loan or of discounting on his own account.

Had it been otherwise—had we been given to help each other, or of making advances to each other's friends—the losses of the bank would have been tenfold what they were. We were in fact like so many Colonel Newcomes. With the best of intentions, and the utmost honesty of purpose, we made a terrible mess of London banking business, simply because we knew nothing whatever about it. It was much the same as if we had commenced the trade of coach-making or house-building, or iron foundering, without having ever learned one or other of these callings.

So long as our regular Indian banking flourished, we were able to make a good show in our half-yearly accounts, for what we lost by different customers and bad bills we made up by the profits upon legitimate advances, which were secured by bills of lading, as I have already explained. Thus the one branch of our business was more than balanced by the other. Cotton from India was in great demand, the prices ranging higher and higher; and as the trade in the staple increased in the East so larger and larger shipments were made, and bills drawn through our Bombay branch were sent to us, amply covered by the produce these bills represented. We were in hopes that while our regular Indian business continued to prosper, our London banking would get better and better, and that in time we should see it established on a firm basis.

But, unfortunately, great prosperity cannot last for ever, and if when it fails in a banking establishment, there have not been prudence and caution in the mode of doing business, the most serious trouble is likely to ensue. We had all but reached the desired goal of a twenty per cent. dividend—our last one being at the rate of eighteen—when, as the prospect of peace in America began to get brighter and brighter, cotton trade in India commenced to look dull, in consequence of the prices on this side getting lower every day. Here we commenced to suffer—not much at first, but after a time our losses got serious. Cotton had, perhaps, been shipped in India, at a supposed value of a shilling a pound, and bills to the value of, perhaps, ninepence a pound had been drawn against it, the

countervalue being paid by one of our Indian branches, and the bill sent home to us. But by the time it reached England the cotton which it had represented had, perhaps, fallen to seven or eight pence a pound, the market having what is called a downward tendency. Sometimes the parties upon whom the bills were drawn would not accept them, and thus the cotton was left on our hands to be sold, almost always at a great loss. In many instances the bills were accepted, but before they arrived at maturity the parties who ought to have paid them failed, and again we were left with cotton on our hands to be sold at a ruinous price. On the other side—in India—things got blacker and blacker. Goods sent from India were sold at less than a fourth of their value, and our branches lost much in the same way (only in greater proportions) that the head establishment in London suffered. To make matters worse a temporary insanity seemed to have seized upon the managers of our Indian branches. They had—as we afterwards found out when too late—advanced large sums of money upon utterly worthless Indian shares, as well as upon buildings, lands, and other kinds of securities which a bank ought never to touch. The consequence of this folly was, that when we expected remittances from India to provide for bad bills and failures in London, we found that our funds were locked up in the East for a considerable time to come, and that even when they became available, the securities would not probably realize a tenth of the money that had been advanced upon them. For this new trouble we directors could hardly be blamed, for it was as impossible for us to be in London and India at the same time, as it would have been to work a bank of this kind and not leave the different managers abroad power to act to the best of their judgment. It is an axiom, and a very proper one, in commerce, that every principal is bound by the acts of his acknowledged agent, and consequently we, the directors of the board at the head office in London, were obliged to confirm the doings of our managers in the East, no matter how much we disapproved of those acts. Against this kind of misfortune there

is no positive or certain guarantee. The directors of company can always, or in a great measure at any rate, insure their shareholders against the dishonest acts of a subordinate, and in all cases insist upon persons so employed finding a proper guarantee for a considerable sum. But to guard against disobedience of orders is impossible, and if no actual fraud can be discovered, the utmost punishment they can inflict on the subordinate who slights their directions, is to dismiss him from their service.

But the British shareholder is the last man to listen to reason if he believes his pocket is to be touched, and in most cases, he, by his own yelling, brings down the house upon his own head. Our next meeting was by no means a pleasant one. All kinds of Indian securities were getting lower and lower, and our shares, being those of a young bank, fell very considerably. The board of directors were accused of all sort of negligence, and some of the intelligent individuals present went so far as to hint that we, no doubt, "stood in to win" something considerable by the depreciation of these same shares. It was in vain that we offered to prove by the books of the bank that we were all large shareholders in the concern, and that some of us who had bought in when the shares were at a premium were very heavy losers indeed. In my own case I had purchased no less than fifteen hundred shares when they were quoted at one pound premium, and now they were at three pounds discount, being a loss of four pounds per share, or of £6000 upon the transaction. In place of the twenty per cent. interest, and the few years' work in London, by which I hoped to purchase my estate, the money I had brought home from India was reduced by more than a fourth. So much for amateur banking by those who, however good their intentions may be, do not understand the science.

By some means or other—chiefly by turning deaf ears to the insults passed upon us by many of the shareholders—we managed to get over this meeting, and determined to do or to die during the next six months, so as to present a better balance-sheet and to raise the price of our shares. There was but one way of effecting this change, and in

adopting the method we did but follow the example set us by many of the banks and other monetary institutions around us. I allude to the system of "financing" which had become so very common with a number, not only of "finance" companies, but also with numerous banks, discounting establishments, and the like. To "finance"—so far as the art is understood in England, where it has been but partially developed as yet—is to charge high interest and commission, for accepting, or becoming responsible for pecuniary liabilities, which, if only from the long date of the securities, can hardly be termed good. Thus, among many other instances: a builder that was erecting a new square, or street, was in want of money to complete his work. He came to us, and gave us a mortgage upon these houses which, as yet, were but half finished, and in return we accepted the bills he drew upon us, which bills he got discounted elsewhere, and for which transaction we charged him at the rate of thirty, forty, or fifty per cent., without having parted with any cash, and holding in our hands mortgages of double the amount of the bills we had accepted. To the uninitiated this may seem a most profitable business, and so it is so long as there is no panic in the money market. But the moment that there is any difficulty about discounting bills, the builder, as a matter of course, fails, and those who have given their acceptances are left to provide for the same, with nothing to fall back on except a mortgage which cannot be turned into money for, perhaps, many months.

As a matter of course, we, the directors of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED," did not give out publicly that we were "financing"—no bank ever does. But we worked the newly discovered mine, which we believed to be inexhaustible, and as the money market was once pretty easy, we managed to make up—on paper—for the losses we had incurred during the previous half year. At the first general meeting held after the "financing" system had been commenced, we were able to declare a dividend at the rate of fifteen per cent. per annum, and the value of our shares rose in a few days from three discount to three premium. As a matter of course

nothing could be more cordial than the reception which we directors received at that meeting from our shareholders. Whether they would have greeted us so well had they known the serious risks we were running, is another question. But this much I will say, which is, that the board of directors, one and all, believed firmly that the ultimate results of the "financing" scheme would be of immense benefit to the bank. We were all bitten with the mania of making money upon the security of documents which were really not available in any way for converting into cash, and as the scheme appeared to work well enough for the present, we did not care for—or did not think of—the future. That we believed our operations to be for the benefit of the shareholders, may be inferred from the fact that although our shares rose in value every day, there was not one of the directors that sold a single share, while there were many of us that purchased more and more of our scrip. Of the latter I was one, so much so that after a short time, had I been called upon to pay up the full amount for which I was liable on my shares, it would have absorbed nearly the whole of my £20,000 of savings which I had brought home from India. But I had no fear for the ultimate result of our operations. A new creed had been preached in the City of London, and among its apostles were to be found some of the most "respectable" of our commercial men. According to this belief, boldness and courage were all that were wanted to make money. No matter how long dated, or how utterly unavailable to turn into cash was the security offered, the new school of "finance" believed that it would all come right some day. Who was I that I should set my experience and my Indian wisdom against the ideas of the great men of Lombard and Threadneedle streets? And so I, like the rest of my brother directors, went with the crowd, and followed to the very utmost the "go-ahead" principle that had lately been imported into the country from abroad.

It is fair to say that in its "financing" operations "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" succeeded very much better than it had during the rather short career of London banking

which it had tried, and failed to make anything of except a large crop of bad debts. Some projects we "financed" were magnificent in conception and wonderful in idea. Thus a short line of railway had to be constructed, but the capital was not subscribed for by the public. Now the chief person interested in getting up this railway was the contractor who was to make it. Not only did he hope and expect that the contract would be a most profitable one, but he and certain friends had purchased for a mere song some iron and coal mines, the value of which would be increased a hundredfold if a railway could be brought to the mouths of the pits. But the British public did not seem to see this; and so, in spite of advertisement after advertisement in all the public papers, there were but thirty or forty thousand pounds worth of *bond fide* applications for shares in a line which required a capital of at least £500,000. In his distress the contractor came to us, and offered us any interest we liked to name on the security of paid-up shares of the line, as well as mortgages on the mines, if we would advance him the money in bills which he could get discounted. The affair took a very long time to negotiate, for even we directors of the "advanced" commercial school thought it somewhat too large an undertaking for our establishment to engage in alone. But, to make a long story short, the business was settled, and it was in this way we arranged it.

A Paris bank—French bankers will engage in "financing" to any amount, in fact they consider it a part of their legitimate business—was to draw on us at three months' date in sets of bills of £500 each, to the amount of £500,000. These bills—which, being drawn by one bank and accepted by another, would be very easily discounted—were to be made over to the contractor, who, in return, gave us paid-up shares and debentures upon the future line, to the amount of £1,000,000 sterling, as security for his bond, payable in three equal instalments in one, two, and three years, besides a mortgage of £250,000 upon his iron and coal mines, which was also payable in three years. We—that is, the two banks—took upon ourselves the keeping up the bills, that is, of renewing them again and again, in

various forms and in different ways, until the three years were over, and we had realized the shares, debentures, and mortgages. Thus, for an advance upon paper of £500,000, we were in three years to get £1,250,000.* Moreover, "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK" charged the contractor two per cent. for negotiating the transaction, and the French bank charged him ten per cent. for discounting the bills, which it immediately rediscounted at six per cent. This commission cost our customer £10,000, and the discount £50,000, for which—having little or no available funds of his own—he had to give his bill, backed by sundry friends and partners in the transaction.

As a matter of course nothing could look better on paper than this immense profit as it appeared in our accounts for the current half year. We did not enter into any details, but simply carried out gains to the right side of the profit and loss account. In order to put ourselves in funds for the purpose of paying dividends, we discounted some of the paper we held, and thus were able not only to declare but to pay a dividend at the rate of no less than thirty per cent. per annum. No wonder our twenty-five pound shares, but on which only ten pounds had been paid up, were quoted at £30, or £20 premium.

Still less surprising were the bland and contented looks of our shareholders, and the cordial manner with which they agreed to all our chairman said, and the unanimous vote of thanks to him and the board with which the proceedings ended. For my own part, I felt so certain that the wherewithal to purchase an estate in my own county was almost within my grasp, that I once more set about consulting all the advertisements I could find respecting properties for sale. And so confident was I that the prosperity of our bank must go on increasing, that I not only laid out every shilling I had on shares, but actually borrowed money, by mortgaging my pension, in order to buy more and more of our scrip.

A second and a third profitable half year brought us to the zenith of our

* This story may be deemed imaginary, but, with alterations of names and circumstances, it is strictly true.

prosperity. We had many large undertakings on hand, and many more knocking at our door. It was perfectly fabulous how we made money. The British public were always ready to deposit cash with us at six or seven per cent., and to borrow our acceptances at fifteen. So numerous were the contracts, loans, and general "financing" business we had at work, that we really lost sight of many of them. We issued new shares, and men of birth, of means, of standing, as well as education, in the world, were ready to kiss our feet in order to get even a small portion of these promises of future wealth. We got three or four new directors, two of them M.P.'s, with great city respectability; but, alas! for us all, and for me in particular, the day of reverses came, and almost before the storm was at its worst, our good ship was wrecked on the shoals of discredit.

Who can tell what first causes one of those panics which brings on a commercial crisis? To describe one of these financial storms would be a work of supererogation, considering how lately we have witnessed the hurricane which swept over the City of London during the month of May. The tempest in which our good ship "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" was destroyed, differed in no material degree from other monetary bad weather. It began with a very slight gale, which after a time fell away again, leaving behind it a calm during which no vessel could make any way. Then the wind rose again: from a stiff breeze it increased to a gale, from a gale to a storm, a storm to a hurricane, from which all the vessels indifferently commanded suffered more or less. But my object is to relate how it was that the ship in which I and all my property had embarked became a helpless wreck.

For some days past things had been "looking queer in the City," and (as is invariably the case, although I never could see any reason for it, except to increase distrust, and make people believe that things must get worse before they are better) the directors of the Bank of England raised the rates of discount. Another week passed over, and they increased the rate a further one per cent. By this time it was difficult to discount

any but the very best paper, and, following the example set them by the Bank of England, the larger discount houses refused any but the most unexceptionable bills. Believing the pressure to be but temporary, and hoping we should tide over the difficulty, we endeavored to place ourselves in funds sufficient to meet any minor engagements. For this purpose our manager posted over to Paris, and after a "financial operation" with some of our friends in that capital, he returned with about £500,000 of bills, drawn by us, accepted by a very good French financial company, and indorsed by a first-class bank. What we paid for this little "accommodation," it is not for me to say; in fact, misfortunes came so thickly upon us about this time, that I can hardly recollect the details of events as they happened. To the best of my belief the operation was conducted upon the good old Scotch system, of "scratch me and I'll scratch you." In any case, it was a purely "accommodation" piece of business; but was not any temporary scheme better than allowing a concern of such magnitude to go to utter ruin? Our object in getting these bills was to try and stop the leaks in the vessel until the storm went down, when we believed we should be able to save all the cargo; but it was destined to be otherwise.

The first set of these bills which we got discounted amounted to £50,000, and this we effected without much trouble at the Bank of England. With the proceeds we paid off several comparatively small acceptances rather than renew them, and thus so far established confidence that even during the panic our shares, which had fallen from twenty to five premium, recovered one and a half during a single forenoon, and this in the middle of the panic. A day or two later, and we discounted at one of the Lombard-street establishments a further batch of £25,000 of bills, and as we set this money in circulation directly, it was firmly believed that, although houses around us were falling in every direction, we should be able to weather the storm. Moreover, by this time everybody believed the worst of the panic to be over, and that we should all see fine weather again. A third batch of bills for £25,000 which we discounted with our regular

bankers, made on the whole £100,000 of the £500,000 which we had thrown on the market, and we thought that with a very small additional help, we should be able to pull through; of the ultimate results we had not up to this time the slightest mistrust. It was an anxious time for us all. For seventeen or eighteen days nearly every director of our board was in the office by nine o'clock, and no one left the City until the very last of the latest telegrams had been received from abroad. We had all a very large stake in the concern, and for our own sakes, as well as for that of the shareholders, we were determined if possible to save the ship from destruction.

The worst of the panic had begun to subside, and there was a much easier feeling everywhere in the City, although all banks and financial shares were nearly unsalable. In the Board Room of "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" we began to breathe again, and our faces were not quite so long and careworn as they had been. It was our regular board day, and the manager had just reported that he would require about £10,000 to carry him over the week, as there were a few small acceptances becoming due. He was directed to send that amount of bills to the Bank of England for discount, and proceeded to carry out his instructions. Later in the afternoon we were not a little surprised to learn that the Bank had declined to take the paper, and we had accordingly to seek elsewhere for the accommodation we required. We did not like the look of the thing, but as there was no particular hurry, we delayed until next day seeking what we wanted at any of the discount houses. But somehow or other the story had got abroad, and by the following morning every chattering member of the Stock Exchange had his own story to tell as to how "THE MALABAR" had tried to discount twenty, thirty, forty, a hundred thousand pounds—any amount you like, in fact—and had failed in so doing. Then came the fables invented partly for the mere sake of appearing to know something of our affairs, and partly for the sake of "bearing" our shares. By some it had been reported that we had lost £50,000 by the Torres Vedras bank; that we owed Messrs.

Sillibeer of Berlin 4,000,000 of francs, or £160,000, and that we held dishonored acceptances of the "Patent Iron Ship Building Company Limited" for nearly as much more. In short there was no story too absurd, or too improbable, for the monetary world to believe concerning us. Our shares that morning fell from par to three discount, and what was still worse, when we took the £10,000 which we wanted to discount to our banker, he declined to touch the paper. It was in vain that we proved to this gentleman that as we had already weathered the worst of the storm we should now, if only helped on a little, get over all our difficulties and face all our liabilities. Not even the still stronger argument that what between us and various persons who did business with us, the banker would infallibly lose upwards of £100,000 if we stopped, had any effect with this gentleman or his partners: he had made up his mind not to go further, and like a true British man of business, mistook obstinacy for firmness, and pig-headedness for determination. The rest of that day and the next was spent in fruitless endeavors to obtain the £10,000 we wanted, and which I really believe would have enabled us to get over the crisis. But it was of no use. Story after story about us, the most improbable and absurd, was invented, circulated, and believed. We went so far as to offer to deposit £100,000 of bills accepted by the French bank as security for a loan of ten or fifteen thousand pounds. The depositors in shoals gave notice that they would withdraw their deposits in seven or fourteen days, according to the notice to which we were entitled; and many of them asked to be allowed to take their money at once, minus a discount at a very high rate of interest. Of course such a state of things could not last long. For a day or two we put the best face possible upon the state of affairs, but matters gradually got worse and worse, and so in less than a week the money articles of the various papers announced that "THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" had suspended payment, and that the shareholders were going to petition the Court of Chancery for a compulsory winding up of the concern.

I was now a beggar, or little better.

Having been behind the scenes, I knew well enough that the bank would never pay half a crown in the pound, for that our fall must bring down many of the firms and establishments which owed, or were supposed to owe, us money. Not only were my entire savings of £20,000 swallowed up in this concern, but so certain had I been of success that I had mortgaged my pension of £1000 to the amount of nine tenths, so that I had now but £100 a year to live upon, and even at this rate, it would take nearly ten years to pay off what I had borrowed.

"THE MALABAR AND YOKAHAMA BANK LIMITED" is now being wound up by a firm of accountants, who, with the solicitor for the liquidation and a host of other individuals, seem to make an uncommonly good thing of it; and I am living upon my pittance in a fourth-rate French country town, barely able to pay my way, and only of use in serving as an example to other retired Indians not to dabble in finance companies, banks, or any other City business, which is pretty certain, sooner or later, to bring them to grief. But, poor as I am, I would not exchange even my present difficulties for the incessant worry and anxiety of my life when I formed one of the board of "THE MALABAR BANK," during the last three months of its existence. And yet how many "old Indians" are there whose history, since they returned to England, has been but a counterpart of my own! If such men would but remember that it is almost impossible for retired magistrates or colonels, who have passed the best part of their lives away from England, to make good directors of public companies, and that a high rate of interest is but another name for bad security, there would be much less misery of the kind I have endeavored to depict than exists at present. But I fear that these are matters on which it is hopeless to try and make men wise.

Bentley's Miscellany.

A FORTNIGHT'S RIDE EAST OF JORDAN.

APRIL 22D.—Our ride to-day was for the most part uninteresting; we had got out of the tract of forest land, and the

Wady Yabis is a wide valley, and not pretty. We were intent upon finding the site of Pella, but were not quite successful. We were no doubt close to it, but our Souf guides were most troublesome, trying to dodge the right road, and go by paths which they did not know, in order to escape meeting enemies, and they perplexed us and misled us, till at last we had to take a man from a village we passed through, as it was clear that the Souf men were not to be trusted. We met two Bedouins in one unfrequented valley, riding splendid mares, evidently of the greatest value. But all the villagers about here have fine mares, whom they would not part with for almost any money. In the middle of the day we stopped for luncheon in a sandy wady leading down straight into the Jordan valley. Michael sent the mules on with the villager for guide; we kept the untrustworthy Soufites with us. One of them had disappeared, which we thought suspicious. On our way down to the Jordan we scrambled up one or two little hills in our search for Pella, and were struck with the beauty of the view. Right across the river was the embouchure of the great plain of Esdraelon, with the ruins of Bethshan in the middle distance. Far away on the opposite horizon was the long dark ridge of Carmel. To the left of the plain were the mountains of Gilboa, on the right Little Hermon and Tabor, and the hills between us and Nazareth. Far away northwards was the magnificent ridge of Hermon, snow-capped; and to the right again the blue spurs of hills south of Damascus. Between Hermon and Tabor, the tops of the Lebanon range where the cedars grow were just visible; the Sea of Tiberias, too, was beautifully apparent. The hills we were descending, are the last spurs of the mountains of Bashan, melting away into the Ghor. The wady by which we entered it was the Wady Seklab. Pella is further south, and, thanks to the stupidity of our guides, we missed visiting the actual spot. All down the lower slopes of the valley the grass was being burned to destroy locusts, of which there are legions this year. It was so curious to see the fire running along the ground, licking up grass and locusts, and before it a whole

army of the insects were retreating, hopping and scrambling up the flower-stalks and grass blades; they watched with solemn faces the approach of the destroyer, falling with their last fortress as the flame caught it right into the fire. It is quite distressing to see the ravages of the locusts this year. In some places they blacken the ground under your feet, and are literally *inches deep* on the grass. And the trees they attack are so covered with the swarms that you cannot see leaf or twig! Whole tracts of country have to be burned to destroy them. As we emerged into the Jordan valley, we caught sight of a formidable party of Bedouins on a little rising ground about a mile from us. Michael took alarm, as he always does, and the guides were terrified. We were not left long in doubt as to their intentions, for they instantly detached two horsemen, who came at a swift gallop across the low scrub, with their long lances in rest. Our guides rode on. We four turned to meet them. And, as I anticipated, they were the right sort, well affected to government. They took Michael for a Bashi-Bazouk, and asked for Aghile and the Adwân, and, after a short parley, they turned their handsome mares towards the Jordan and cantered away. It was a picturesque little episode, and worth anything to see the pace they came along to cut off our retreat, if we had meditated anything of the sort. We reached the bridge at five o'clock, and are now close to a camp of Turkish soldiers on the banks of the river. We dismissed our rascally Souf guides to-night, firmly declining to give any *bakshish*. The present Scheik, Achmet by name, has a collection of testimonials from English travellers, which belonged to his father, Scheik Yussuf, lately deceased. These he shows with great pride, perfectly unaware that they are more truthful than complimentary, and convey to the reader the forcibly-expressed opinion, that Yussuf was the greatest rascal and liar going! He asked for our testimonial, which E. wrote to the following effect: "That Achmet inherited all the virtues of his late father." The name of the bridge over the Jordan here is Jisr Meyamia. It is not in ruins, as Porter states.

APRIL 23D.—Sunday. Our people and mules were glad of a rest. E. and I, accompanied by Michael and a local guide, rode leisurely down the banks of the Jordan to Bethshan, about seven miles from here—a place full of interest, as a site; the ruins that now remain are, I confess, disappointing; the most interesting bit of ruin is the Khan, now turned into a residence for the villagers. It has a very handsome Saracenic arched entrance; the arch is composed of alternate blocks of black basalt and limestone, which has a very excellent effect. The remains of the theatre are nothing worth looking at after Amman and Jerash, and the fort is also a complete ruin. There is the site of the Acropolis, which is, however, interesting. No doubt the ruined foundations of the wall belonged to the ancient Bethshan. The bodies of Saul and Jonathan were fastened to these walls after the fatal battle of Gilboa, and from there they were taken down by the grateful Jabesh Gileadites. The Acropolis is one of those round, curious-looking mounds, which are so very plentiful in the Ghor. It commands a fine view across the valley, and from it you see Pella most distinctly, or rather the site of Pella, on its long low terrace. Er Rubad is also visible, crowning the distant hill-top. We made out clearly the debouchure of Wady Yabis into the Ghor. We found two American gentlemen encamped close to the Khan; one is the consul at Beyrout, the other a resident there—Dr. Thompson. I ought to mention that from the Acropolis the view is very pretty looking westwards. Gilboa looks quite close on one's left, and the beautiful plain of Esdraelon stretches out before you past the fountain of Ain Jalud, to the very walls of Jezreel. On our return we remarked especially the pretty glimpse we got of the Jordan between its reedy banks, here particularly distinguished by the broad belt of tropical foliage. As we neared the camp, the fine double head of snowy Hermon came in view. To-morrow we are going back to Pella. Close to the bridge here is such a curious patch of black basalt cropping out of the bank. It is used in the construction of the bridge. Bethshan is almost entirely built of it.

APRIL 24TH.—At last we have made out our visit to Pella. Making an early

start, we retraced our steps along the Jordan valley, to the mouth of Wady Seklab; a short half hour beyond that brought us to the little Tell, upon which are situated the ruined remains of Pella. A good many broken columns and pieces of pediment lie at the foot of the Tell, close by the fountain. I observed, also, a large stone sarcophagus near the ruins. The view is similar to the view I described from the hills above, which we admired on our way from Ba-oun. Shortly after leaving the ruins, on our return to the camp, we fell in with a strong party of Bashi-Bazouks, about a hundred of as disreputable looking gentlemen as I ever saw. They rode up to us, and instantly inquired if we had seen a number of Bedouins with cattle and horses passing by. We had not, and said so. They did not believe us, evidently. At last, they rode away up a wady, and we rode home. It was *very* hot, and on reaching the tent we were not surprised to find the thermometer had been 123 deg. at mid-day. Not long after our return, the Bashi-Bazouks came triumphantly into the Turkish camp announcing that they had captured the train of animals which were with the Bedouins; news also came from Tiberias that Aghile Agha's men, with a party of Adwân, had swept down early this morning and carried off cattle and horses from Semakh, killing four men. *These were the Bedouins that we just missed falling in with.* I am sorry, for it would have been quite an adventure to meet a regular Bedouin marauding party returning with their spoil to the mountains of Bashan. Before sunset this evening I had a most charming dip in the Jordan. The river is swift and deep even here. We found, however, a delightful little nook, where there was a break in the beds of bamboo-cane and oleander, and where a willow hung over the river. One yard from the bank the water was up to my waist, and even there I felt the current. It was most refreshing to dip right under the water on such a hot afternoon.

APRIL 25TH.—Before starting this morning, I made a little sketch of the bridge. The river is very pretty just by the bridge. There is a little island below it, with oleander growing on it, covered at present with flowers. We heard from

Michael, as we were riding away, the real version of the Adwân raid on Semakh. Goblan himself led the party; they crossed the Jordan by a ford below the bridge, near Beisan, came up under the hills, close past the Turkish camp in the night, harried Semakh, and returned by the same route early in the morning. They must have preceded us by a bare hour, turning up one of the wadys north of the Wady Seklab. They made good their retreat. The Bashi-Bazouks never came up with them at all; but finding some peaceful Bedouins of the Ghor feeding a flock of goats close to where we had our meeting with them, they carried off these goats, and returned to Tabor, whence they had come in the morning. The officer in command of the Turkish troops was aware of the whole transaction, but he said he could not interfere, having no cavalry. We took a guide to Umkeis from the camp, but he lost his way on leaving the Jordan valley, which made us longer than we need have been. As we wound our way along the low ridge of hills, we came suddenly upon a couple of wild boars, accompanied by a numerous family of young ones. They went off at their best pace, grunting melodiously. We had nothing but small shot in the guns, unfortunately, or else the pair would not have got away scot free as they did. Soon after, two lovely gazelles started up, really close to us, and went away. I never had so good a look at wild gazelles before. Eagles we saw two or three times in the course of the day. Two hours' ride brought us to Umkeis, the ancient Gadara, most beautifully situated on the crest of a rounded hill, having a splendid view over the sea of Tiberias and all its surrounding mountains. This hill is a spur of the north-western extremity of the mountains of Gilead. To the north of the ruins and some three miles distant is the deep bed of the Sheri-at-el-Mandhur, the ancient Jarmuk, which is a pretty stream winding down to join the Jordan, between beds of oleander. The ruins of Gadara, the capital of Perea, are extensive, but except the two theatres, none are recognizable to the ordinary traveller. One of these theatres facing west is in tolerable preservation, the other is a complete ruin. The city boasted of a street of

columns, similar to the one at Gerasa, but now these columns are all prostrate. The paved street, however, is in many places quite perfect, and it is most interesting to trace the deep wheel-ruts which are distinctly visible in several parts of it. Some ten minutes' ride beyond the ruins are the celebrated tombs which were inhabited in our Saviour's time by maniacs. We passed immense numbers of sarcophagi, some of them adorned with rude sculpture of figures, and faces, and garlands, "gods and genii," Mr. Porter says. The tombs are most interesting. They are excavated in the limestone rock, and many of them have doors, which open and shut, cut out of solid blocks of basalt. They are fitted most ingeniously, having projecting pieces of stone at the top and bottom, rounded and made to fit into corresponding sockets in the door-sill and the lintel. They are ornamented in some instances with *bands* and *nails* cut in the stone to resemble iron-work; in one I found something like a *knocker*, with a hole cut through, doubtless to insert the finger, in order to pull the heavy door to. Among the ruins I gathered a lovely large iris, purple, with delicate brown pencilling on the leaves; it smelt deliciously sweet. We found Bedouins of the Ghor camped here. An hour's ride down the steep descent brought us to the Sheri-at-el-Mandhur, where we rested and lunched under the shade of the thickets of oleander which cover the banks. I never saw such a profusion of flowers on the oleander anywhere. The spring was surrounded with invalids, who come here from various parts of Syria for their health's sake. It was considered only second to the hot springs of Baïæ, in the days of the Romans. We rode for some way down the western bank of the Mandhur, here a precipitous cliff—the haunt of eagles. It is a wild, beautiful place. We turned down (for the last time) into the Jordan valley, and rode past Semakh, the valley which had just suffered from the Bedouin raid. It is deserted, the inhabitants having fled in all directions. At the ford across the Jordan we found a boat, which is an unusual luxury. It is here that the river issues from the lake of Tiberias a clear, broad, and swift stream. We swam the

horses over, and they were speedily re-saddled. Our way to Tiberias lay along the shores of the lake, a beautiful ride of an hour and a half.

Saturday Review.

MISS ROSSETTI'S POEMS.*

MISS ROSSETTI'S poems are of the kind which recalls Shelley's definition of poetry as "the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." As an account of all poetry—of poetry in the abstract—this is too visibly inadequate, unless "best" is used in a sense which begs the question; but it describes with a peculiar nicety the temper and quality of compositions which are full of tenderness and susceptibility and grace, though lacking the size and energy which are the distinctive marks of all high and enduring sorts of poetry. There is a lightly tuneful meditateness about most of Miss Rossetti's verses which in a manner stamps them thus, as records of the best moments of one of the happiest minds. They have the delicious and truly poetic effect of striking us as things overheard, as if they were the unconscious outcome of the most harmonious moods, in which a hearer is neither suspected nor wished. They are like the piping of a bird on a spray in the sunshine, or the quaint singing with which a child amuses itself when it forgets that anybody is listening. There is not much thinking in them, not much high or deep feeling, no passion, and no sense of the vast blank space which a great poet always finds encompassing the ideas of life and nature and human circumstance. But they are melodious and sweet, and marked with that peculiar calm which lay at the root of Shelley's notion of happiness as an essential condition of poetry. Praise is so extravagantly lavished on people who are very naturally more than content to be judged as minor poets, that when one comes to describe a person who is really a poet, but still only with comparatively slender powers of flight, the right words have ceased to be available because all

* *The Prince's Progress; and other Poems.* By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

the sap has been taken out of them by repeated misapplications. Versifiers are often called melodious with as much title as blue milk has to be called savory. They are called sweet with as much title as a last year's fir-cone has to be called succulent. And they are praised for a poetic calm when in truth they are only dull with a dulness that is much worse than prosaic. If the name of minor poets is used up by those who are not poets at all, or who at least ought to descend to the lowest place and be called "minimus" poets, there is no class left in which writers like Miss Rossetti, and perhaps four others now living, can be ranged with justice and distinctness.

Neither the *Prince's Progress* nor the shorter poems that follow can be said to open up veins of thought and feeling that are new, but there is a certain quaint originality both in the versification and in the concrete style in which the writer delights to treat all her fancies. Her mind works not through abstract ideas, but through embodied images. For analysis, for the metaphysical style which so pleases a rather morbid and self-conscious generation, for exploring the niceties of mind, she has not much more taste than the writer of *Æsop's Fables* can have had. All her visions of social and moral truths seem to come to her through pictures, and to stay in her mind in the pictorial shape. Instead of analyzing her ideas, she embodies and dramatizes them. Concrete form and color and action are the modes to which she seems naturally and invariably to turn, and by which alone her poetic sensibilities are quickened or satisfied. And if we reflect that the balance of modern poetic feeling inclines hugely to all sorts of analogies and introspection and ponderings meant to be profound, it is at once a sign of originality in the poet, and a recommendation to the lover of poetry, to follow a totally different fashion and produce verses of a quaint and unwonted type. It is this vivid and picturesque way of moulding her subjects which compensates to some extent for Miss Rossetti's want of strong grasp and expansiveness. Nearly every stanza presents a picture full of color and movement. Even death seems only to suggest the cessation of things that are visible and palpable:

"Life is not sweet. One day it will be sweet

To shut our eyes and die:

Nor feel the wild flowers blow nor birds dart by

With flitting butterfly,

Nor grass grow long above our heads and feet,

Nor hear the happy lark that soars sky-high,

Nor sigh that spring is fleet and summer fleet,

Nor mark the waxing wheat,

Nor know who sits in our accustomed seat.

Life is not good. One day it will be good

To die, then live again;

To sleep meanwhile; so not to feel the wane

Of shrunk leaves dropping in the wood,

Nor hear the foamy lashing of the main,

Nor mark the blackened bean-fields, nor where stood

Rich ranks of golden grain

Only dead refuse stubble clothe the plain;

Asleep from risk, asleep from pain."

The Seasons, that to most modern poets suggest reflections on men's lives and lot, or on the curious inner forces of earth and sun and winds, or on the unfathomable mysteries of nature in her deeper workings, are to the authoress only as beautiful everchanging paintings. For example, under the title of "A Year's Windfalls," she goes through the twelve months of the year in as many short stanzas. Thus:

"In the parching August wind

Cornfields bow the head,

Sheltered in round valley depths,

On low hills outspread.

Early leaves drop loitering down

Weightless on the breeze,

First fruits of the year's decay

From the withering trees."

There is no great strength or force in this or in any other detached stanza; but a poem, unlike a chain, may be stronger than its weakest part, and the general effect here is very far from commonplace. Miss Rossetti has a gift of handling even commonplace ideas in so vivid and concrete a way as almost to rescue them from their own character. Nothing is more ordinary than the notion, nothing certainly more fallacious, that gentle, soft, half-characterless things are more faithful in adversity than those of stronger nature. Yet Miss Rossetti has reproduced it in an odd conceit which is more than tolerable:

"Did any bird come flying
After Adam and Eve,
When the door was shut against them,
And they sat down to grieve?"

"I think not Eve's peacock
Splendid to see,
And I think not Adam's eagle,
But a dove may be.

"Did any beast come pushing
Through the thorny hedge,
Into the thorny, thistly world,
Out from Eden's edge?"

"I think not a lion,
Though his strength is such,
But an innocent loving lamb
May have done as much."

There is a fifth stanza, but it scarcely adds much force or significance of any kind. Indeed, this is not the only place in which the labor of the file would have been useful. A good many tame and rather slovenly verses have been left which ought either to have been cut out or polished into something more shapely. It is all very well to resist the temptation to substitute mere artificial emphasis instead of an idea, but a dull, pointless cadence, such as now and again occurs in these verses, is almost as bad as if it were the sheerest artifice. And there is so much genuine and charming melody in Miss Rossetti's verse that these occasional slips jar more than enough. We cannot help looking upon the song to the swallow, for instance, as a too audacious attempt to be simple. One stanza will show the nature of the endeavor, and also, we fancy, how jarring and unmelodious is the result:

"There goes the swallow—
Could we but follow!
Hasty swallow, stay,
Point us out the way;
Look back swallow, turn back swallow, stop
swallow."

Two other stanzas, constructed on the same pattern, do not by any means mend matters. And the last lines leave one almost angry:

"Only we must stay,
Must not follow; good-by, swallow, good
swallow."

This unsuccessful piece of affected jingle contrasts strongly with a very pretty and musical song on the next page:

"Deeper than the hail can smite,
Deeper than the frost can bite,
Deep asleep through day and night,
Our delight.

"Now thy sleep no pang can break,
No to-morrow bid thee wake,
Not our sobs who sit and ache
For thy sake.

"Is it dark or light below?
Oh, but is it cold like snow?
Dost thou feel the green things grow
Fast or slow?"

"Is it warm or cold beneath?
Oh, but is it cold like death?
Cold like death without a breath,
Cold like death."

As is natural in a poet whose mind always turns to concrete realizations of her ideas, Miss Rossetti seldom or never indulges in one of the common vices of modern writers—a deliberate distortion and involution of language for the sake of presenting a superficial thought as if it were something dark and subtle. It is not so clear that she does not almost run into an opposite extreme, drawing her pictures with too little shade, and leaving too little for the imagination of the onlooker. The effect is like that of a mediæval picture, with its high horizons and stiff lines and general effect of *nearness*. The true lover of poetry seeks places where "the hidden waters lie." Downright obscurity is an offence in all cases, but there is a very wide difference between this and the occasional interposition of a line or a stanza suggesting distance and remote space. An uninterrupted succession of sensuous pictures, however pure in conception and clear in execution, is in danger of palling. The *Prince's Progress*, for example, abounds in the most exquisitely-colored stanzas. Thus:

"By willow courses he took his path,
Spied what a nest the kingfisher hath,
Marked the fields green to aftermath,
Marked where the red-brown field-mouse
ran,
Loitered awhile for a deep-stream bath,
Yearned for a fellow-man."

Or again:

"Oh, a moon-face in a shadowy place,
And a light touch and a winsome grace,
And a thrilling tender voice that says:

'Safe from waters that seek the sea—
Cold waters by rugged ways—
Safe with me.'

But this profusion of figure and color and movement, charming as it is, makes us alive to the want of a dim and suggestive background. It may be said that the whole poem is a sustained piece of suggestive allegory, and it is true that each picture may stand for some moral counterpart. Even in this case there still remains an absence of shadow. But as everybody with a thin tiny surface of poetic sensibility tries to imitate Mr. Tennyson's language, and throws out nothing but shadow, the projection of feeble passion and superficial introspection, it is unreasonable to complain that Miss Rossetti has chosen a better path of her own.

London Society.

BOOKS OF THE SEASON.

THE books of the season are as much a part of the season as the operas or the Royal Academy. It is true that they are not so exactly defined within limitations of time and subject, but there is a great deal more method about the production of books than might be supposed; there is a certain order and rule of procedure, although, appealing to all varieties of minds and interests, they are with difficulty grouped and classified. The book season begins earlier and ends later than the ordinary season, and the best time of the season is hardly the best time for books. And yet what would the season be if it were not for books and the discussion of books? Beyond this there are certain books which are especially books of the season; which spring from the season, belong to it, and are nothing without it. Now we propose in this paper to chat a little about books which people have been chatting a great deal about during the season, and in addition we shall examine the peculiar literary phenomena of what in a narrower sense are books of the season.

It is about Christmas, or a little before, that the first shower of books alights, numerous as the snow-flakes. As a rule this does not consist of the lightest of

light literature, easily read and speedily forgotten. That gay efflorescence comes out with the blooms and blossoms of the spring and early summer. The books which will be reviewed, quoted, criticised, sensationalized, come out before the commencement of the parliamentary session. You may be sure that there is a reason for this. Publishers of books are astute people who make their publications after long acquaintance with the ways of the world. They select for their big books and their important ventures the only time of the year in which busy people have much time to attend to anything that demands much intellectual exertion. In the season itself people are too busily and agreeably occupied to study. After the season they are too tired to do much except to turn over the leaves of *London Society* to the sweet music of the summer waves. But to come into the library on a winter morning when the snow is lying deep on the lawn and the winds are shrilly screaming through the grove — this hot weather the very recollection is cool and delightful — most pleasant it is, the *Times* being glanced at and put away, to open up that noble parcel which has come down from Mr. Murray's, or the less ambitious quota from some less distinguished bibliopole. The ladies dive into the pages of the thickest books and qualify themselves for an examination of their contents. The days are passed when it is enough for clever girls to lisp Tennyson and to talk about the characters in the last new novel. They will read for themselves and think for themselves, and the young woman who will not be in the least degree suspected of being *blue*, who plays croquet and rides to hounds, and knows all Gounod's music, will also spend some stiff hours in the morning in mastering literature not better known and appreciated by "countrymen and lovers."

I remember meeting Dr. Livingstone at one of Lady's F——'s charming dinners last autumn. It was just before his book came out, and just before he himself went off to Bombay on his route to attempt the east coast of Africa. I especially recall it, as I put down the book on the very first of the 1865-66 season, and because I thought the Doctor him-

self so very much more amusing than his voluminous publication. And yet that is very well worth reading. There are some books which ought to be read carefully; when people should not be content with the account in the *Athenæum*, which almost anticipates the publication of the book, and the labored reviews in the *Quarterlies*, which appear when the book itself is well-nigh forgotten. There is a certain art, which can be cultivated until it attains a marvellous delicacy and precision, whereby a man in the course of a couple of pages or a couple of minutes can obtain a very fair notion of the nature of a book. The point which I insist on is this, that if a book is a good book, it is worth while doing it thoroughly, and leaving other books alone. I know so many clever people who try and make intellect their speciality, who have never the moral courage to say of a subject that they don't understand it, or of a book that they have not seen it. Dr. Livingstone's is a good book, inasmuch as *bond fide* he has a great deal to tell us. This is the general difference between his books and those of that other African traveller, Captain Burton. Mr. Burton has left off writing for posterity, and now only writes for the season. He has found out that his writings possess a certain conventional value, and so he goes on producing them, but in every case with a marked deterioration in their value. Dr. Livingstone writes in a cumbrous way; his hard, unpliant style very much resembles his own broken English; but there is real substance in what he says. One great difference between Burton and Livingstone is, that Burton advocates Mohammedanism and Livingstone advocates Christianity as the great panacea for the evils of Africa. The wholesome airs of faith, hope, and love pervade Dr. Livingstone's work, but there is a thoroughly unhealthy, miasmatic atmosphere about Mr. Burton's. The only thing which we really regard in Livingstone's work is his depreciation of Bishop Tozer's conduct to the Oxford and Cambridge mission. If his criticisms are substantially true, it will not be too late for Dr. Tozer and his friends to alter their line of conduct in accordance with it. Dr. Livingstone points out what is the true answer

to Mr. John Stuart Mill, and whoever else indorses the philosophy of Malthus, that there are immense tracts of land enjoying a temperate climate, and overflowing with beauty and abundance, which for many centuries will amply provide for the overflows of the populations of Europe. But the ordinary reader will like Dr. Livingstone's book not so much for its political economy as for that genuine exploring spirit, that love of enterprise and adventure, that remarkable personal experience which are always freshly cropping up beneath the geographical science and the missionary statistics.

But the great work complementary of Dr. Livingstone's will be Mr. Baker on the *Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources*. Mr. Baker's new work has been published so very recently that it is difficult to form an exact estimate of its precise value. The geographical value of his exploits can hardly be underrated, although on many points our information is very incomplete; and it must still be many years before the great enigma of geography is quite cleared up. Speke and Grant had discovered the Victoria Nyanza, and had been informed that another great lake lay to the west. It was Mr. Baker's anxious desire to discover that "great reservoir of equatorial waters," and, although the natives told him it was six months' journey, and although difficulties sufficient to daunt the highest courage stared him in the face, he gained a height from which he looked down upon the wide waters of the lake with its mountainous western shore still unexplored. Here he found the point of outlet for the White Nile, which pursues its unchecked career into the Mediterranean. The work has the advantage of possessing a heroine, in the heroic young wife of the explorer, who proves a true helpmeet for her husband in the terrific emergencies which arose, and who very nearly fell a victim to the sunstroke and the rank vegetation. How she was carried about insensible from place to place; how her forest grave was dug; how her husband refused to give up hope when all seemed hopeless; how she eventually crowned the happiness of the expedition

by her recovery, is the most affecting part of a narrative where the intense human interest is kept up unflaggingly. The year's detention in the Kamrasi country alone affords a rare experience, and would alone furnish materials for an interesting work. Mr. Baker holds that the institution of slavery is "indigenous to the soil of Africa, and that it has not been taught to the African by the white man, as is currently reported, but that it has ever been the peculiar characteristic of the African tribes."

Other books of travel issued by Mr. Murray are those by Dr. Rennie, an able and intelligent staff medical officer. One of these is essentially a book of the season, using the expression in its less favorable sense, I mean the one about "Bhotan." It will be recollected that in the early part of the season people were talking a great deal about Bhotan. It was generally expected that we were in for what would prove a very long and expensive war. The Hon. Ashley Eden, whose name is so peculiarly known in social circles at Calcutta, did what was exceedingly imprudent for any civilian to undertake, in attempting a political mission into the heart of the Bhotanese territory. I imagine that Indian authorities are now pretty well agreed that such a mission would best be left to some military man, supported by a tolerably decent military force. It will be remembered how the native fiends of the Bhotan council board pulled the Honorable Ashley Eden's whiskers, and daubed the Honorable Ashley Eden's face, operations equally painful and dishonorable, and so offered to a diplomatist what constituted as fair a *casus belli* as any diplomatist might desire. Troops were sent beyond the frontier, and for a time, they achieved the kind of traditional success which is always associated with the encounters of British troops against Oriental races. But there came a break in the stereotyped narrative. Not to put too fine a point on it, the British troops were surprised, repulsed, defeated. Two English guns were thrown down a ravine with the expressed object of saving them from the enemy's hands, but with the specific effect that then they did fall into the enemy's hands. On these two guns the fate of matters subsequently hinges.

Dr. Rennie found himself in medical charge of a detachment of the Eightieth regiment, and in that capacity he marched up several hills and marched down several hills, but performed nothing worthy of fame during these operations. He was, in fact, sent homewards before the British preparations for war were made on such a scale that the Bhotanese were driven to desire peace. The two guns were the obstacle. The Bhotanese declared that the two guns were not to be found. Just as the British public had made up their public mind that, after all, it was hardly perhaps worth while to go to war on account of the guns, the Bhotanese made up their minds in exactly the same direction, and accordingly gave up the guns about which they had so freely lied. Dr. Rennie, however, had seen enough of Bhotan to justify him in writing a book about it, as books are now written. If the war had gone on the book would have been a book of the season; but as the war has collapsed, we do not feel much interest about Bhotan until the war breaks out again. When that event—probably not far distant—takes place, we shall again take down Dr. Rennie's book from the shelf. About one half of it is made up from public documents, and betrays the mustiness of old newspapers; but the Doctor enlivens this department by keeping up a running fire on the proceedings of the Honorable Ashley Eden; and as Mr. Eden has held up one Tongso Penlow as the very villain and vulture of Bhotan, Dr. Rennie naturally devotes his attention to whitewashing and "rehabilitating" him, and presenting him in the aspect of an agreeable and merry-hearted old gentleman.

A certain faculty of close, accurate observation, and a vein of homely good sense throughout distinguish Dr. Rennie's Journals. He was for some time attached to the embassy at Peking, and when the embassy people thought it fully worth while that some one should keep a journal of events that were happening during the residence of the first European diplomatists who had ever resided at Peking, it transpired that Dr. Rennie had already commenced such a journal, and made some progress. There is, however, on the very threshold, a serious objection to be taken. Dr. Ren-

nie is manifestly afraid that his insular prejudices might cause him to represent the Chinese altogether *en laid*, and so he has fallen into the error of representing them altogether *en bon*. At present we have not "done China," and are waiting till Mr. Cooke gets up a cheap excursion there and back in the summer. But in the mean time we take the representations of the people who know the countries, and who say that a very hideous and dirty picture of the Chinese has to be drawn, and that Dr. Rennie has given us nothing but the remotest glimpses of the dreadful realities of things. It is also to be said that Dr. Rennie has not so much given us a book as the materials out of which a good book might be easily constructed. As Dr. Rennie had resolved to keep a diary, he made it his diurnal practice to say something, whether he had something to say or not. This is the unhappy lot of the newspapers, which must equally make their appearance every morning, whether they record a revolution or have really nothing beyond the police news. Some of Dr. Rennie's entries are, therefore, exceedingly trivial; for example: "It was so very hot that nobody could sleep till daybreak;" which, considering that the locality was Peking and the time midsummer, is not very surprising. Although the work is too desultory and ill-constructed to render a continuous perusal pleasant or even possible, there is in it a large and important collection of facts which will greatly assist the reader in forming a conception of the Chinese.

A very beautiful book was issued early in the season by Mr. Bertram, a well-known authority on fisheries, especially Scottish fisheries, entitled *The Harvest of the Sea*. In addition to much splendid illustration, and very interesting letterpress, the book aimed at some important practical results. Mr. Bertram argued that we were injuring ourselves by over-fishing; that our supplies of fish, so far from being inexhaustible, were really suffering; and that, in point of fact, it is only a popular delusion to suppose that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. He says that we are very improvident in the item of fish, and are ruining ourselves by our improvidence. Curiously enough a Parliamen-

tary Report on the subject of the Deep-Sea Fisheries was issued directly after the publication of Mr. Bertram's work, and this Report arrived at a diametrically opposite conclusion. It strongly urged that renewed and more vigorous attention should be given to the fisheries, and held out glowing expectations of the results that might be realized. Mr. Bertram has not succumbed before the parliamentary report. He will not allow the reputation of his book and his own professional reputation to be damaged by this parliamentary criticism. He returns to the charge, vindicates his conclusions, and impugns that of the commission of inquiry. Other things being equal, we should rather be inclined to vote on the side of special authority than to yield blind credence to senatorial wisdom. Fish legislation has, in some respects, been singularly unsuccessful. Sir Henry Rawlinson, at the dinner of the Royal Geographical Society, mentioned that when the Fenian raid across the Bay of Fundy, in Canada, was first spoken of, he did not believe that there were more than half a dozen members in the House who knew where the Bay of Fundy was. When our members legislated for salmon they must have known just as much, or as little, about the natural history of the salmon. In Cornwall, for instance, they prohibit salmon fishing when salmon is in season, and allow it in the spawning season. In the beautiful Fowey river, both stream and estuary, where Mr. Tennyson has poetized, and where lovers of rural sports may resort, perfect shoals of fine salmon escape the poor fishermen, which for them means the loss of bread, meat, and clothing, and when the legal leave comes, it comes too late to be of any service. Mr. Bertram's knowledge of Scotch fisheries is most thorough, but his information in several respects appears to be defective in respect to British seas and streams. Moreover, fishing with him is too much a matter of business; he lacks the serene philosophy and the keen sense of natural beauty which ought to distinguish the Piscator of the Izaak Walton stamp. But the book is good reading, and highly suggestive of good feeding.

A really very splendid work is the new volume, the third, of Crowe and

Cavalcaselle's *The History of Painting in Italy*. Mr. Crowe is, I believe, one of the pleasant society of Anglo-Parisians; a society which has just lost one of its brightest and most eccentric stars in the Irish gentleman best known as Father Prout. Many a reader used to seize the *Globe* for its French intelligence, because poor Mahoney used to contribute this, and the chances were that there would be something racy. If I remember aright, Mr. Crowe is the author of an unpretending, but useful and accurate *History of France*. Encouraged by the success of their *Early Flemish Painters*, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, under the auspices of Mr. Murray, are persevering in their costly and elaborate work, which is drawn up from fresh materials and recent researches in the archives of Italy, as well as from personal inspection of the works of art scattered throughout Europe. In great measure the work is for an esoteric circle, but every one would find it useful as a work of reference, and the magnificent illustrations with which it is thronged impart to it a high artistic value. But even the most enthusiastic art student will be oppressed by the minuteness of the criticism and the multiplicity of the details. The strongest interest of this work, as with Dr. Wagner's *Art Treasures of Great Britain*, will be felt by the proprietors of the pictures criticised. Indeed such works as these must sometimes create a very strong and unpleasant sensation among the collectors. Sometimes, indeed, the sensation may be a pleasant one, when a picture which has been remanded *au quatrième*, or has been placed behind a staircase, is declared by the authorities to be a very precious example of some distinguished master. But generally the decision is the other way. Thus the Butler-Johnstone supposed Andrea del Sarto is declared "not done in the master's style nor according to his habits." Another one, belonging to the Duke of Hamilton, at Hamilton Palace, is said to be "more truly a slovenly thing by Bacchiacco." Another one belonging to Mr. Ashburnham, near Tunbridge Wells, is "weak and washy." It is likely that a pupil worked this up from Del Sarto's original, possible that it had been left unfinished at his death, and was completed by

another." The criticism is not always so unfavorable. Of the Panshanger portrait (Earl Cowper's) they say: "The painting is clearly Del Sarto's, and finely touched." Mr. Holford's is declared to be only a school copy of a picture at Madrid. These are samples of the home criticism. The literary work is done in a very careful and conscientious manner. Every one will now be able to give intelligent praises to the works of Pietro Perugino. The work is a modern Vasari.

Whatever Lord Macaulay may say about the Boswelliana lues, the Shakespearian lues is a still more destructive disorder. A more fatal disease can hardly occur to any human being. It is a disease which requires the severest antiphlogistic regimen. If it passes from an acute into a chronic state the results are truly pitiable and appalling. Every scrap of Elizabethan literature ought to be labelled "Poison;" but perhaps the speediest and most efficacious way would be to transfer the sufferer to a private lunatic asylum. These are strong words, but they are supported by strong facts. I know an intelligent, religious, and estimable gentleman: in an evil hour he plunged into the Shakespearian vortex. He ought to be a prosperous man. But he himself is unknown, his children uneducated, his very house uncarpeted. The whole of his time, and his little stock of available hundreds have been lavished away in the search after Shakespearian discoveries. He possesses an admirable Shakespearian library, and the ordinary reader little suspects of how many volumes Shakespearian literature consists. He is waiting for the triumphant demonstration of a theory which will utterly confound all previous editions. Amid the ruin of his household gods he is waiting still, and fishing for the one-eyed perch. This sorrowful recollection is suggested to me by the handsome, bulky volume lying on my table, by Mr. Gerald Massey—*Shakespeare's Sonnets never before Interpreted: his Private Friends Identified, together with a Recovered Likeness of himself*. There, take it away; the title is quite enough. The poor man evidently thinks that he has caught the one-eyed perch. I do not expect that Mr. Massey has ruined himself, for I observe a dedication to Lord Brownlow

—who is extremely solvent—"in poor acknowledgment of princely kindness." But Shakespearianism may be too much for any peer or commoner, however solvent. To think that Gerald Massey, who once showed symptoms of being a real poet, should have descended to become a commentator on Shakespeare! Those Sonnets have been the source of much grief. Even the powerful mind of the late Lord Campbell succumbed to them. He thought that Shakespeare must need have been a lawyer, because he wrote, *inter alia*,

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of the past."

The only sessions of which Lord Campbell could conceive were lawyers' sessions—petty or quarterly. I dare say Mr. Massey's book contains some precious grains of gold. Possibly, also, it is utterly baseless. To explain the whole of those wonderful Sonnets on the simple Southampton theory, is to my mind eminently unsatisfactory. I hope I have been misinformed in hearing that Mr. Massey had dedicated many years of his life to the composition of this work.

Something ought to be said about the poetry of the season, which, in the absence of any new poem by the Laureate, is not especially marked. The thorough Greek spirit and the splendid mastery of metre exhibited by Mr. Algernon Swinburne in his *Atalanta in Calydon*, naturally interested people in Chastelard. But the interest is gone off. Chastelard, in fact, is not a very agreeable subject. There is an account sufficiently graphic in the last volume of Mr. Froude's History. That Mr. Swinburne shows every promise of being a magnificent poet is true, but none the less he appears to be deplorably destitute of anything like a moral sense. Perhaps, however, the poet has dived more deeply than any historian into the complex secret of the real character of Mary Queen of Scots. But Mr. Swinburne must be called a very fleshly poet. Perhaps Mr. Buchanan is the writer who is rising most steadily and equably to public estimation as a poet. Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Lost Tales of Milesius*, is a remarkable work, both on account of its ingenious literary experiments and the real poetry and eloquence

with which it abounds. As metrical efforts, the book will meet with only limited applause; but it bears all the vigorous marks of the consummate literary skill possessed by its distinguished author. A keen regret was expressed in the House of Commons that Sir Bulwer Lytton should speak so seldom, and it is equally to be regretted that he should now write so little. We wonder why Sir Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Home do not produce a work conjointly. It is said that Sir Bulwer's last novel, *A Strange Story*, really indicates deliberate theories and convictions of his own respecting the supernatural. But unquestionably one of the greatest of Sir Edward's literary achievements was his remarkable speech on the second reading of the bill for lowering the suffrage. That speech ought to be carefully studied by those who would comprehend the breadth, keenness, and versatility of that wonderful mind. He was answered by Mr. Mill, the member for Westminster, and these two speeches form the literary element of this historical debate. I believe the great master of emotion had the superiority over the great master of logic, and this is generally the case in the long run. Plato is greater than Aristotle, Shakespeare than Bacon. Mr. Mill has mentioned in his place that the attacks made upon him in Parliament have quite relieved his publishers from the necessity of advertising his publications. I suppose, then, five thousand people have read Mr. Mill's speeches to one who has mastered that remarkable article on Comte in the seldom-read *Westminster Review*, which constitutes Mr. Mill's latest contribution to the literature of hard thinking. We extremely deprecate that servile idolatry with which many men seem to regard the writings of Mr. Mill. But the practical success which Mr. Mill has obtained in Parliament is of an astonishing kind, and no mean tribute to this great writer's powers. It was thought a wonderful thing in the career of Macaulay that he should twice have turned a division by a speech. But Mr. Mill, in the course of this single session, has diverted a large amount of the compensation intended to be granted to farmers on account of the Cattle Plague; and by his speeches on the failure of coal and the National Debt.

he has gone far to make a change in our financial policy. Mr. Mill's legislative career may not be a long one; but, to use a logical phrase, it will make up in intensity what it lacks in extension.

Lord Derby's noble version of the *Iliad* has lent a new impetus to Greek translation. Since the lamented death of Mr. Worsley, of whom all men spoke golden words, the great earl ranks first in this important province of literature. To that province Dean Milman has just added an important contribution, in his version of the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, the *Bacchæ* of Euripides, and a valuable Anthology of other translations. The Dean won his earliest laurels as a poet, and having devoted his meridian powers to church history, he has now returned to his first love, and his latest efforts will also be the same as the first. It is thought that the author of *Latin Christianity* grew rather weary before he had finished with the General Councils. By the way, the *History of Latin Christianity* being finished, when will some very reverend Dean favor us with a history of Teutonic Christianity? Many of these translations of the Dean were read before a youthful auditory, of whom, by an obvious allusion, Mr. Gladstone was one. The Dean was encouraged to publish them by those who retained a vivid impression of the delight with which they once heard them—"one especially, by whose brilliant and busy life such reminiscences, I should have supposed, would have been long utterly effaced." So far as Æschylus is concerned, the Dean has been surpassed by a lady, Miss Swanwick, who with singular learning and ability has recently translated the whole of the Orestean trilogy. The days of Lady Jane Grey are reviving. Another lady, Mrs. Webster, has translated the *Prometheus* very nicely. However repellent Greek literature may be to the ordinary reader, the engravings from the antique in this volume are so good that it will be difficult to find a handsomer volume for the drawing-room table. The lighter pieces were imbedded in the Latin lectures which the then Professor Milman delivered from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford. The translations from the Tragedians appear to be the recent accomplishment of youthful attempts.

The Dean's work will probably have the effect of rescuing from oblivion many almost forgotten names of those who wrote what the Dean is so good as to consider poetry in the declining age of the Greek language and eloquence. But, though Nonnus and Aratus may not be poets, Milman is certainly a poet, and his first-rate rendering of their fourth-rate compositions is always graceful and ingenious. We should like to give a specimen of the Dean's power as a translator, although we know that to do so by culling a single specimen is very much like judging a house by a brick or a statue by a finger. Here is a very short passage from *The Clouds*, in which the Dean has well caught that lofty poetry and eloquence which Aristophanes knew so well how to commingle with broad farce and scathing satire:

"THE CLOUDS.

"We come! we come!

The eternal clouds to mortal sight,
Our dewy forms are floating light,
From father Ocean's ever-sounding home,
Up to the loftiest mountain's woodcapped
brow;

Whence on the beaconing watch-tower
bright

Down we cast our ranging sight;
Where the rich champaign spreads below,
And where the murmuring rivers pour,
And the deep endless seas for ever roar.

"For lo! the unwearied eye,
Of heaven is blazing high,
Bathing all nature in its glittering beams;
Our dipping mists we shake away,
In our immortal forms survey
Where to the expanding ken the world of
glory gleams."

The great extent to which classical translations have prevailed of late is very remarkable, intimating that although there may be many unsatisfactory features in the education of the present day, the highest forms of intellectual culture are still carefully adhered to among ourselves. Besides these translations from Greek and Latin into English, there have been of late many admirable translations from English into Greek and Latin. There is a very fair account of them in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. Sir Bulwer Lytton's new volume, both in form and substance, may be considered of the classic type. It is an

ingenious attempt to introduce into English metres a kind of Sapphic and Alcaic, unrhymed. Each of the poems consists of a striking narrative drawn from Greek sources of some length, and for this the metre is not unsuited; but we hold that it is ill adapted for the purposes of the ode, which shows in itself that the original metre is radically different from the present remote and debased shape. The volume perorates, not unworthily, with the pretty story of Cydippe, or the Apple, told with those touches of humor which are always lambent in this distinguished author's writing. Cydippe is betrothed to a rich old merchant, but the goddess has destined her for the huntsman Acontius, and so thrown the maiden into a deep trance. The merchant does not relish a wife who falls into trances, and proposes to cancel the arrangement:

"Proudly the Archon smiled, and tore the contract,
Chremes soon found a bride *with fits less quiet*;
Then from her trance, fresh as from wonted slumber,
Bloomed out the maid and stood amid the flowers.

"Megacles now, sore-smarting at the insult
Put on his child by the coarse-thoughted merchant,
Out from her suitors chose a grave Eupatrid,
Grave as an Ephor schooling Spartan kings."

Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has also joined the poets. We now require a new edition of the *Royal and Noble Authors*. The great diplomatist's book is entitled *Shadows of the Past*, and he tells us in the preface that for many years past poetical composition had been his relief amid the toils of office. It requires an effort to imagine the great ambassador, the terrible Effendi, whom Mr. Kinglake portrays, as engaged in the mild, quiet pursuits of poetry. Here, too, we will quote just a few lines—lines that rise into a solemn, devotional strain, though the cast of the entire poem rather resembles Pope's Universal Prayer:

"While here we breathe, ten thousand forms
Of grace and radiance charm our eyes;
But heaven's fair vault is swept by storms,
And nature fades and beauty dies.

"For one brief burning hour of youth,
In life, in love, in joy we trust;
Another tells th' o'erwhelming truth,
That all we doat on is but dust."

We now come to those books which, in an esoteric sense, may be called books of the season, inasmuch as they chiefly appeal to readers of the present season as reminiscences of past seasons. Three different works come under this category namely, Captain's Gronow's *Last Recollections*, the last two volumes of Mr. Grantley Berkeley's *My Life and Recollections*, and *Draughts on my Memory*, by Lord William Lennox. The first little book is the last of an interesting series interrupted by the author's death. We say interrupted; for if his life had been spared there would have been very little to prevent a succession of them. As a Guardsman and a Member of Parliament, Captain Gronow had seen a great deal of the world, when it was not such a busy world as it is now—much more light-hearted and gay, franker and pleasanter altogether. His last entry relates to the Derby of 1865, in which he dwells on the fact that the pedigree of Gladiateur runs through the purest English race-horses; and long before the Derby of 1866 he was taken away. Old Captain Gronow—for he exceeded the threescore years and ten—was one of the strongly-marked race of Anglo-Parisians. Who is not acquainted with that race which, scattered all over Paris, gather to Galvani's as their centre? No man knew Paris better in the days that were brilliant days for the Anglo-Parisians; but in these degenerate days when the English Ambassador has become a sort of confidential clerk to the Foreign Office, and the great English hôtel is by far the dullest in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Captain Gronow had little else to do than stop at home with his family and write out his Reminiscences. The aged veteran lived the past over again; once more he became the careless Eton schoolboy, telling how Dr. Keats flogged the boys and Mr. Sumner spared them. Again he fought the great fight of Waterloo, which its few survivors can not fight over again too often; and, as we are particularly glad to see, he tells his stories with good sense, good feeling, and good principles. There is always a

charm in hearing about the Peninsular war, about the Waterloo campaign, about the occupation of Paris; and we readily hear, from a man who can tell us about all this, a good deal of gossip which would be rather contemptible on the lips of other men: the sayings of the Prince Regent, and of the great Beau; how a Guardsman carried on an intrigue with Lady Betty Charteris, in the disguise of an Italian organ-grinder; how a French marquis got invited to one of Mr. William Hope's parties by threatening to call him out if he was not asked; the scandals and escapades of Alvanley and Waterford; the loves and the debts of the Royal dukes; the old stories of the Palais Royal, and the scandals of the Café Tortoni. Captain Gronow's French anecdotes have more authenticity than most of those anecdotes. Here is one about the Emperor—one of many such which we derive not only from the writings of Queen Hortense, but from many sources which attest the amiability of his character:

"Another anecdote, showing the good nature of Louis Napoleon, was related to me by the late M. Moequard, with whom I was well acquainted. After leaving the Malmaison, Queen Hortense settled by the Lake of Constance, where the young Prince was constantly in the habit of relieving poor people by giving away his pocket money. One day he observed a family in the greatest distress, but having no money to give them he took off his coat and boots and gave them to these poor people, saying he was sorry he had not any money for them, as he had given away the allowance his mother made him to some other poor persons who had just passed by the house; but he hoped they would dispose of his clothes to relieve their wants. The weather at this time was very cold and the ground covered with snow; the Prince, nevertheless, trudged through it towards home, and when near the house was met by Moequard, who expressed his surprise at seeing him in that state. The little fellow, then ten years old, replied, 'I have given away my clothes to some poor people to prevent them from starving.' Moequard added that 'the Emperor is never so happy as when he can relieve the distressed.'"

The Emperor knows the keen luxury of doing a good action; but, unfortunately, it is often those who possess this sensibility, who love to make individuals happy, who are ignorant of the great principles which secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Captain Gronow tells with some pardonable indignation the story of an *English* gentleman who, having known the Emperor of Rome, supplicated for employment in the imperial stables, and was named extra equerry. One of these stories appears, however, to be very improbable. Count D—— told Captain Gronow that one summer day, after dining with them at Chantilly, the Duc de Nemours proposed a stroll, and taking out of his pocket his false wig and whiskers said: "You, sir, have no occasion to disguise yourself; but as it fell to my lot to be the son of a king, I am obliged to have recourse to disguise and strategy from morning to night." Now the present writer knows Chantilly well, and has spent pleasant hours in wandering, time after time, among the glades and gardens, temples and streams, which once belonged to the great Condé, and now to the Messrs. Coutts. If the Duke went into the little village of Chantilly, at any other time than the races, we will venture to say that, despite the wig and whiskers, his people would recognize the illustrious master of the château; or if he only wanted a stroll, he might go a dozen miles into the forest and hardly meet a solitary peasant, against whom he would scarcely need articles of disguise. Several tales are told about embassy parties. There was rather a good story going about Paris a little while before this book was published, which its author would probably have included, save for the fact that he lived more in the past than the present. Indeed it would be surprising, if it were not so common, to contrast the accuracy and minuteness of Captain Gronow's earlier recollections with the long blank which the present reign presented to him. It was stated at the time that the personage of the following story was Lord Cowley, but that statement was inaccurate. At an embassy ball an exquisite in a great state of prostration found his way into a vacant room, and internally bemoaned the exceeding slow-

ness of the whole affair. To him enters an individual, whom for the second we will call Mysterious Stranger.

Prostrate Swell.—"Precious slow here. The worst of these embassy parties is that they always are so slow."

Mysterious Stranger.—"You are better off than I am. If you don't like it you had better go. As the master of the house, I am unfortunately obliged to stay."

Captain Gronow's story about Bishop Porteus and George III., although he says "my readers will be interested in hearing the following," is a very old one: we could mention two or three places where it has appeared. Here are a brace of very short stories which we should like to see verified, but, as a rule, Captain Gronow is praiseworthy accurate.

(a.) When the Grenadier Guards returned to London from Cambrai, where they had been quartered some considerable time, the first thing that was proposed by the officers was to invite their colonel, the Duke of York, to a banquet at the Thatched House, St. James-street. His Royal Highness, in a letter full of feeling and good taste, in which he alluded to the gallantries of the regiment he commanded, accepted the invitation, and, as was the custom upon such occasions, the army agents of the regiment were also invited. After dinner, Colonel Townshend, commonly called the Bull, addressed the Duke, stating that, as he was then in command of the old battalion, he hoped H.R.H. would permit him to propose a toast. The Duke bowed assent, when the Bull bellowed out: "I propose the health of Mr. Greenwood, to whom we are all of us so much indebted." This toast was ill-chosen, for the Duke of York owed his army agents at that moment nearly fifty thousand pounds; but Townshend considered it a good joke, for he used frequently to boast of having astonished the Duke with his witty toast. Townshend was the brother of Lord Sidney. He was considered by the officers and men of the regiment to be intrepid and brave: he was unfortunately a slave to good cookery, which was the principal cause of his death.

(b.) At the commencement of 1817, the Duke of Clarence, bent upon improving his pecuniary means, decided on

marrying a rich heiress. The report was circulated all over England (where it produced the most intense sensation) that the Duke had, with the consent of his brother, the Prince Regent, actually proposed to Miss Wykeham, whose estates in Oxfordshire were large and of immense value. When the event was communicated to Queen Charlotte, his royal mother was outrageous. She flew into a violent rage, and with vehement asseverations (either in English or German) declared that her consent should never be given to the match. The law officers of the Crown were consulted, cabinet councils met daily, and after much discussion ministers determined on opposing the Duke's project, notwithstanding the opinion of one of the best lawyers, that "a prince of the blood royal being of age, and notifying his intended marriage previous to its taking place, was at liberty to marry without the consent of the king, unless the two Houses of Parliament should address the Crown against it."

The excitement among all classes was at its height, when the *Morning Post* informed the world one morning that the Duke's intended marriage was entirely "off," H.R.H. having been prevailed upon by the Queen to forego his intentions. In this course Queen Charlotte was evidently supported by the rest of the royal family; and it was whispered that, as an inducement to the Prince to behave as a good boy, the Queen, Prince Regent, and his royal sisters had subscribed a sufficient sum among themselves to pay off all H.R.H.'s debts, and to provide him with an increase of income for the future. Much amusement was caused at the clubs by a caricature of an old sailor, called "the love-sick youth."

Mr. Grantley Berkeley has just published volumes three and four of his *Life and Recollections*, a very poor and imperfect sort of life and recollections, which cannot give much pleasure in the recollecting. The present volumes are incongruous and made up, a mere manufacture for the market. Last year Mr. Berkeley published two volumes of his *Life and Recollections*. The work was not an unpleasant sort of literature. It was a kind of after-dinner talk. Men will gratefully listen to any one who will

enliven the conversation as they sit round the mahogany, and are not very careful about the quality of the wit, if it only elicits the laugh that helps digestion. The misfortune is that these laughs are becoming less frequent than they used to be. The clever conversationalists are discovering that it is better to talk to the public than to talk to their friends. "Would you believe it, sir," said a distinguished friend of the writer, "I spent an evening with G——, who is the cleverest man out just now, and he never opened his lips. He was taking it all in and saving it all up for his next article. When I was a young man, sir, gentlemen would talk freely over their wine, and never took thought of reserving themselves for print." There can be no doubt but Mr. Grantley Berkeley has told many of these stories over his wine. His veracity has been strongly impugned in several particulars; but he has probably told these particular stories over so often that he firmly believes that they are true. The disgraceful story about L. E. L. in the first series has been very sharply commented on by Mr. S. C. Hall in the *Art Journal*; nor will Mr. Berkeley's rejoinder in the present volumes be looked upon, in all probability, as very satisfactory. Mr. Berkeley has quite forgotten the homely proverbs which tell how it is an ill bird that fouls its own nest, and advises that it is best to wash dirty linen at home. Those few persons who care much for the Berkeley nest and the Berkeley family linen, after reading this book should look at a well-known pamphlet, which is a reply to it by the other surviving sons of the late Earl and Countess of Berkeley. In the first series Mr. Grantley Berkeley brought down the simple story of his useful and honored career to the state of his health "as leaves him at present"; when having objugated Bournemouth on account of its excessive addiction to divine service, he found himself Sir Ivor Guest's tenant of a little shooting lodge, with plenty of shooting and fishing, and two miles from the pioneer of civilization, the nearest postman. Mr. Berkeley knows a good deal about shooting and fishing; he is also an authority upon prize-fighting, being personally acquainted with the illustrious Heenan, and having committed

a spirited assault on Mr. Fraser, the original publisher of *Fraser's Magazine*. Moreover, Mr. Berkeley has a facile pen, concerning which his brothers, with fraternal frankness, quote the words: "There are many people whose intellect and judgment would stand much higher in the world if they had never been taught to write. A whole swarm of absurd impulses cluster round the pen, which leave them alone at other times." The public having tolerated Mr. G. Berkeley's previous volumes, or at all events having bought an encouraging number of copies, Mr. Berkeley has ingeniously spun out two more volumes about himself, with the help of reprinting some third-rate contributions to some third-rate periodicals.

So here we have no less than four big volumes about Mr. Grantley Berkeley and his belongings, the value of the whole being about that of Captain Gronow's last thin publication. We are very far from saying that they do not contain several good things; but it becomes an open question with us, as with the young gentleman in "Pickwick" in his studies over the alphabet, whether it be worth while going through so much to get so little. Of several events here recorded it was worth while having a contemporary account. Such was the Eglinton Tournament, got up by the last lord, a frank, kindly-hearted man, almost idolized by many Scotchmen—and, what was quite as dear to his heart, for so testifies a letter he wrote me during his viceroyalty—equally beloved by Irishmen, among whom he was the most popular of Conservative Lord Lieutenants. Mr. Grantley Berkeley did not take part in the costly revival of chivalry at Eglinton Castle, for he avows himself, if not a disinherited, at least a poor knight, and of course the frankness of this avowal must conciliate sympathy for him. There is a good deal of sense in the following remarks, and we wish he had acted up to them:

"Supposing the affair to have been so arranged that there had been a chance of remuneration, as of old, I would have risked the upshot of it, and run my chance. I had entertained a fancy for going to the tournament in disguise, with no heraldic device or banner announcing

my name, and to have pitched my tent as an obscure knight, desirous of entering the lists. Supposing that I were successful in the contest, then to have denied the chosen Queen of Beauty, and have claimed my right to substitute one of my own selection."

Again, there is something interesting in the personal mention of Dr. Jenner, who used to live at Berkeley, and we only wish that Mr. Grantley Berkeley had told us more:

"Dr. Jenner's house was on one side of the old town churchyard, and the high palings of the grove on the banks of the castle moat were on the other. His garden and our grove almost met at respective corners abutting on the graveyard, where it opens out by a stile on an orchard called the Little Park, which was the scene of the destruction of "ye game of red deere," when Queen Elizabeth and her favorite Leicester made their unconscionable raid upon my ancestor's castle and domain to which I have already alluded." Dr. Jenner often visited Cheltenham. "When that celebrated physician first went there, Cheltenham consisted of but one street, and the bright little trout stream, the Chelt, whence the town takes its name, meandered across the road, glistened in the sun, and, haunted by the emerald-hued kingfisher, lost itself in bosky wilds. Kingfisher, trout, and glittering pebbly strand, alike are gone." The curious thing is that, having quoted with great triumph an approving note from Lady Blessington to himself in the past, he attacks her repeatedly and savagely in the present. One serious objection to this work is that he introduces us to a good deal of hard swearing; another serious objection is that we are too much thrown into the company of demireps and coryphées. It is true that Mr. Grantley Berkeley gravely shakes his head and propounds his moral platitudes; but this hardly impairs the gusto with which he tells stories which will hardly bear repetition. Mr. Grantley Berkeley, in a high state of morality, if not very edifying, is at all events exceedingly amusing. But to see him in his highest perfection, we should read him when he is discussing theological topics. He very gravely discusses the subject of preternatural agency, apropos of spiritualism, and intro-

duces that well-known personage, the Cock-lane Ghost. He comes to the conclusion that spiritual manifestations "are quite as nearly allied to the supernatural as Puseyism is to Apostolical Christianity." This, to an ordinary understanding, would quite leave the question open as to the reality of spiritualism; but Mr. Grantley Berkeley hastens to explain that, however bad spiritualism may be, it is far superior to Puseyism, and is "the more worthy of the two." Now, in spite of the bad opinion which his brethren entertain of him, we really believe that Mr. Grantley Berkeley is inclined to be cleverish, and can sometimes write not ill, and therefore we would earnestly recommend him not to commit himself by talking on subjects of which he is profoundly ignorant. About the turf, and gambling, and intrigues, and assault and battery, he is probably a very good authority; but we hardly think people will care to listen to him on the subject of Apostolical Christianity.

Lord William Lennox has also something to tell us about himself. There is something psychologically interesting in these curious self-recollections. These gentlemen autobiographers have no notion of anything like reticence. They betray their follies and weaknesses with the most amiable frankness, and so unconsciously mirror the nature of society around them. Lord William Lennox is rather a veteran in the literary way—that is, in a certain sort of literary way. Mr. Grantley Berkeley has some remarks to offer respecting his comrade in letters and arms: "It used to be a great joke among us speculating why William Lennox, who was in the Blues, never came out, and why he never seemed to join in any sports of the field. We knew that, in the regiment, he did not shine on horseback, and that on one field-day he had to hang on with both hands to the sheepskin, or shabrack, over a portion of Wormwood Scrubs, either to prevent or to ease his descent to the ground. Our inclinations to question on the subject increased when, in later years, he came out strong in magazines and reviews on sporting adventures, as a sporting writer." This is a much milder book than Mr. Berkeley's. Mr. Berkeley's book is rather a wicked book; Lord William's is only weak and

silly. Compared with G. B. he is chivalry itself to Lady Blessington. Moreover, no one can deny him the merit of his share in the Battle of Waterloo. At Lady Blessington's he made the acquaintance of the present Emperor of the French, at a party where he met Madame Guiccioli. "While conversing with the Guiccioli, Count D'Orsay approached us, and, apologizing for his intrusion, said that Prince Louis Napoleon was anxious to be introduced to me, with a view of thanking me for my kind advice. Accordingly, I took leave of Madame, but not before I had received her permission to call upon her at Sabloniere's Hotel, in what the ordinary frequenters of Leicester-square call 'Ce plus beau quartier de Londres.' The Prince received me most graciously, and thanked me for the interest I had taken in his welfare. The service was so trifling that it had nearly escaped my memory until brought back to me by D'Orsay and the future ruler of France. Trifling as it was, I clearly saw that it had created a favorable impression on the mind of the Prince, who requested that I would call upon him in Carlton Gardens. . . . To this slight cause I was indebted for an acquaintance of a most friendly nature, which brought about many social meetings; and since this was written, I have to acknowledge a further result of our acquaintance, in the shape of a presentation copy of the *Histoire de Jules César*." Another distinguished foreigner whom he tells us of was Carl Maria von Weber. He was present at Tom Cook's, where for the first time the grand *maestro* played the music of "Oberon." This visit of Weber to London probably occasioned his death. The excitement of his triumph, and of acting as conductor at his own benefit concert, was too much for him; he was found lifeless in his bed. The following is one of the best of Lord William's stories, if for no other reason than that it is the shortest. A certain set of men, including Theodore Hook, Barham, and Cannon, "had agreed to dine at Twickenham. Cannon being, as he irreverently termed it, eel-pieously inclined, dinner was ordered in an arbor at the celebrated Eel Pie Island; and at six o'clock on a bright summer's evening we were ferried across the water.

NEW SERIES—Vol. IV., No. 8.

"'What fish have you waiter?' was the Dean's first question.

"'Soles and heels,' responded the attendant.

"'Can't dine off shoe-leather,' he responded. 'Is the sherry-cobbler well iced?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Hook'ems,' continued Cannon, 'Dryden must have had a prescient idea of the American drink, for he remarks, 'Straws may be made the instruments of happiness.'"

But he tells a painfully long story about an adventure with the actress Maria Foote, afterwards the Countess of Harrington, at the expense of the late distinguished diplomatist, Sir Henry Ellis. When a young officer, Ellis was stage-struck with Miss Foote, and ensconcing himself in an old lumbering hackney, he used to watch near her house or the theatre, for the chance of finding her alone. Hearing the lady exclaim, "I insist upon your not persecuting me," Lord William offered his protection, frustrated the innamorato's attempt at an introduction, and obtained an introduction for himself. For many hours he was in great trepidation of a challenge, but Ellis took it for granted that it was a relative who had interposed. A quarter of a century afterwards the two men, probably much quieter people, discussed the matter together. It was a good joke for a mess dinner, but, perhaps, hardly worth while for an aged man to record it among events of his biography.

We leave these gay old boys to tell their own stories, and turn to other literature of the same description, but of a higher kind. Only we must say that this new feature of the literature of our time—a man's publishing his own history, making capital out of his own individuality, unbarring the secret portals of his life that all may peer in, strikes us to be very questionable taste. In the same way, *magno intervallo*, Mr. Thackeray gave his lectures and Mr. Dickens gives his readings. It is a very different thing when memoirs have been published long after their writers have passed away and those affected by the public mention of their names have ceased to rejoice and grieve. Two estimable persons, Lady

Theresa Lewis and Mrs. Henry Baring, have recently presented the public with such memoirs. It was last autumn that Lady Theresa Lewis issued the three bulky volumes of the *Berry Correspondence*, a perfect repertory of facts relating to the brilliant vanished age to which the venerable sisters belonged in the fulness and freshness of their powers. It was the last of several simple, massive services rendered to literature; and now the worthy editress is gone over to those who, in the tender Latin phrase, are called the majority. We wonder if Lady Theresa was in the habit of writing careful journals in the same sort of way as her friend Miss Berry. As the wife of the lamented statesman who would have been the best possible leader for the great Whig party; as the sister of the distinguished clergyman who led the van of the Palmerstonian bishops; as the sister also of our Foreign Secretary, her diary, if she kept such, will be of inestimable importance to a future generation, as interesting as the diary which, for a long time at least was kept by the late Lord Macaulay. It is curious to reflect that the small-talk and gossip of this generation will furnish materials for the history of the generation after the next. We suppose that at the present day there are Miss Berrys and Captain Gronows somewhere, who are recording their experiences. I suppose that when their books come out, say in 1966, there will be passages of this sort: "Went to the Royal Academy. Saw Mr. Maclise himself looking at his great picture. Few recognized the painter, but I whispered my congratulations. Dined at Lord C——'s. Mr. Disraeli more amusing than ever. I thought, however, that he was too severe in some of his remarks on the conduct of the Reform bill. They all say that he knows more about reform than the whole of the Cabinet put together. Lord C—— thinks that the country is going to the dogs. Afterwards to the Opera. A good thing that poor Grisi saw her mistake, and retired while it was possible to do so with passably good grace. Strange stories about Prince Christian. At the House, but Lord Romeo was too much for me. Looked up some fellows at the Garrick the very last thing. Fixed to

dine with our set at Greenwich. The dinner is to cost three guineas a head. Mem.: Might it not be wiser to have three dinners at one guinea a head?" Such memoranda appear very trivial, but a great number of these, reflecting the many moods of many minds, will not be without value to the future historian, and of great interest when the personages of the day become the characters of history. The Bishops dining at Lambeth; the Literary Club meeting in a grand social rather than a literary way; artists and litterateurs' talk in rooms; the clerical social meetings at the West-end, will all be better for the Boswell or the Berry who describes town talk; the lack of long, familiar letters will be the great obstacle to our descendants knowing as much about us as we ourselves know about our ancestors.

The *Windham Diary* ought to be a great political book, but it is nothing of the sort; yet it is an interesting book, both for those scanty gleams of social life of which we have just given an estimate, and also on account of the curious psychological study which these autobiographical fragments afford. They relate to a period in our history with which most people have only a kind of fallacious familiarity. The vast scattered materials have never yet been marshalled into due order and informed by a guiding and impartial mind. The frank, chivalrous character of Wyndham, although we perceive in it shades and flaws hitherto unsuspected, is still elevating and attractive. One reads regretfully of the noble woods of Felbrigg Hall, where the great statesman delighted to wander and meditate, which the unworthy representative of his name and estates, but not his race, ruthlessly cut down. But as the poor lunatic has passed away, we can do nothing more but only regret that fatal eloquence of Sir Hugh Cairns which persuaded a British jury into the insane verdict that poor young Wyndham possessed a sane mind.

Another memoir of a very interesting kind, intermediate between the two classes we have just discussed, is the *Memoirs and Correspondence of Field Marshal Viscount Combermere*, by his widow Viscountess Combermere and Captain Knollys. In such volumes as these pri-

vate and public history become synonymous. Such a record as this was due to a high-minded soldier, a devout gentleman, a very Bayard of warriors, *sans peur et sans reproche*. The work traces the career of the renowned Stapleton Cotton from the days when he was the careless, audacious Westminster boy to the time when he was nearly a centenarian, the most renowned of the great Duke's captains after Lord Raglan was gone. It is nowadays reading for dated history to follow the warrior in his campaign with Wellesley against Seringapatam and in the Peninsula, and it also seems only the other day when Lord Combermere was one of the leading social influences of our modern society, so prolonged was that life and so vast the stride of events. These pages glitter with some very characteristic letters by Lady Hester Stanhope, where we see her Syrian adventures anticipated in her remarkable girlhood. Georgina Townshend appears, however, to be a still more remarkable young woman. It is a proof of the strong fascination which the Emperor of the French has over modern life, that the most trivial anecdotes respecting him are carefully collected. Thus it is recorded in these pages, that, having to dine with Lord Combermere, Louis Napoleon did not appear till both soup and fish had been removed. Lord Combermere was one of the very few persons who formed a correct estimate of the great qualities of the exile, and used to be greatly annoyed when his friends underrated him. But we must dismiss the work with its mere mention in our *catalogue raisonné*.]

Now for a brief glance at French literature. The three most remarkable volumes which have been published of late are unquestionably the second volume of the Emperor's *Jules César*, *Les Apôtres*, by M. Renan, and Victor Hugo's *Travailleurs de la Mer*. But the first two are continuations, and the interest of continuations is always inferior to that which originally belongs to the first appearance of a work. The Emperor's work will chiefly interest two very different classes of people. These are respectively, Latin scholars, who will be anxious to find whether the enormous resources at the Emperor's command have enabled him

to elucidate any doubtful points and add to our knowledge of historical facts; and statesmen and diplomatists, who will study the work as we study a curious puzzle, to see if it will fling any information on a possible reconstruction of the map of Europe. But for the general reader this book will have little attraction. It is very seldom that a French author writes in so dull a way as the Emperor. As a rule, the bright, polished, diamond-like language of France breaks into wit as readily as the Italian language does into rhyme and rhythm. But Louis Napoleon was always a heavy writer. Even the famous *Napoleonic Ideas* reads more like the production of an obfuscated Englishman than of the cleverest Frenchman of the day. I suspect that not very many persons whom one meets will be able to give a lucid account of Caius Julius Cæsar. Mr. Merivale, the accomplished chaplain to the Speaker of the House of Commons, in his well-known work, gives them all the information they want in a much more interesting and intelligible manner. I understand that the Messrs. Levy are very much disappointed with the limited circulation of M. Renan's new work. The rush for the famous *Vie* was enormous; I expect that more copies were sold of it over the counter of the shop in the Rue Vivienne than of all the new plays. But until the book is violently denounced and formally placed under an ecclesiastical ban it will make no great stir. When good Catholics understand that it is a sin to read it, of course they will begin to read it, but hardly till then. Victor Hugo's work, although it falls infinitely behind that masterpiece *Les Misérables*, is still a greater work of genius than any contemporary fiction of the present year. But the book will not greatly please English readers, although the scenery and personages may be considered English; and Victor Hugo has honestly handled both without that unfairness and caricature which generally belongs to French treatment of English subjects. Only those who are intimate with French literature—especially Victor Hugo literature—will fully enjoy it; and these will prefer the French—hard and queer as the vocabulary is at times—to the English version, which is, however, quite praise-

worthy. I hear, with regret, that Victor Hugo has just lost a little fortune among those eccentric people east of Temple Bar, Bulls and Bears as they are called, who get up joint-stock companies, panics, and failures. "Light come, light go," says the writer who makes mention of the great Frenchman's misfortune. I do not know how wealth can be more meritoriously earned than by elaborate and lasting writings.

The mention of M. Renan's books recalls to my mind the undoubted fact that several theological works have unquestionably been among the books of the season. The tone of society is becoming more real and earnest, without the miserable affectation of reality and earnestness. Few books have been more talked about than Mr. Brooks's *Life of Robertson of Brighton*. The interest perhaps became a little livelier when Mr. Brooks was invited to Windsor Castle, and preached before the Queen. Mr. Robertson used to be well known to that section of society which belongs equally to London and to London-super-Mare. He was well known in his rides on the Parade, and all the fashionables fluttered about his chapel. Again, a man so deservedly conspicuous in society, and so general a favorite as Dean Stanley, could not produce any book without a buzz of comment and praise. But Dean Stanley's merits are always of that commanding order that, if he were ever so obscure, he would become famous. A royal favorite and premier dean speaks from a fine pedestal; but speak where and what he might there would be no lack of listeners. So his last volume on biblical history has received an amount of attention seldom accorded to secular history. Then again, the remarkable work, *Ecce Homo*, is affording a regular topic of conversation. It is perhaps a humiliating fact, but none the less a fact, I believe, that the secret of the authorship, and the attempts made to unveil the anonymous writer, are at the bottom of the greater part of the excitement about the work. A man is frequently told, confidentially, who the author of the book is; sometimes it is the great Gladstone himself, and sometimes it is some humble college don, but hitherto the secret has been well kept. As in the case of *Essays and Reviews*, it

was an article in the *Quarterly* which blew the languid fires of criticism into a blaze. It is a remarkable fact, that each of the three books mentioned—which are, I believe, the only works of the kind which have become really popular—exhibits a suspected and inpuigned orthodoxy. The old axiom has received a strong confirmation, that a book ought to be abused to make it sell. But the fact is, that the minds of men are very much unsettled in those notions where it is most desirable that their minds should be settled. From causes which it is not within our province to estimate and argue out, there is a very large section of society which eagerly welcomes any attacks on the old orthodox systems, though perhaps not the soundest in core, either of heart or understanding.

It is not to be supposed that these books represent anything more than that vast theological literature which is constantly outpouring from the press, representing the fact that in reality we English are substantially a thoughtful and sober-minded people. Clever women will pass an examination in the Bampton lectures, and be able to report to you the results of the labors of the Rawlinsons. By the way, we ought to report the advent of the third volume of the *Ancient Monarchies*, a real addition to the literature of ancient history. The inherent dryness of the subject is very well represented by the literary dryness of the author, in spite of some spasmodic attempts to give a lively and pictorial air to things in general. The advent of a really great pulpit orator is so rare an event in the Church of England, that it ought not to be passed over in silence, nor yet any sudden making of splendid names. We believe that Mr. Liddon spent a considerable space of time in travelling over the Continent, listening to pulpit addresses in Roman Catholic countries, and endeavoring to penetrate the secret whereby foreign ecclesiastical orators are enabled to hold enthralled the congregations of wide cathedrals. So wide has Mr. Liddon acquired that art, that men will listen to him at Oxford for nearly two hours at a time, and his sermon at St. Paul's was perhaps the most remarkable of the whole series delivered there. Mr. Liddon is brought

within the range of books of the season by the fact that he has issued a volume of University sermons which, if not read by ordinary readers, is at least diligently studied by those who act intermediately between the multitude and great thinkers, those intellectual middlemen who bring home the thoughts of the few to the comprehension of the many.

We gladly turn aside from the pile of books. That unconscionable east wind which has been raging with unparalleled violence and persistency into these opening days of June, has kept us longer over them than we could have wished, and has been loath to let us free into the liberal air to shake off the *ennui* of over-much reading. For among many of us there is a great deal of this over-much reading; we are veritable slaves of type, and blindly accept our thoughts and facts from the dictation of those who are good enough to furnish us with them. Truly says a poet of our own, "Knowledge comes but Wisdom lingers." Knowledge comes—she comes in whole sheets of literature, in the enormous accumulation of facts, in multitudinous reams of comment; but Wisdom lingers; she lingers late, and comes slowly and comes sadly, and the facts on which she mainly relies are those which are wrung from our own experience, and the thoughts those which are the slowly matured life-fruit of the mind. Lay aside your books, my friends, and while the short-lived zephyrs invite you and the hard earth is still enamelled with flowers, read the fair page written in the leafy covert of bosky dells and engraven on the rocks that front the much resounding sea. That open volume is the best teacher both of knowledge and wisdom. Grow familiar, then, with the beauties of animated nature, with other beauties of animated nature whereof honest Goldsmith was not taking count when he coined the phrase. The books of the season are best discussed by the *belles* of the season when the season is over, and clear, concise, and quick thoughts will evoke meanings and sidelights of which the authors little dreamed, and prove the freshest and rarest of criticism. For it is by such ways that the ultimate value of a work is fixed, and the fact decided whether the books shall only last for the

season, or take their lasting place in the affections and recollection.

Popular Science Review.

ON THE EXHAUSTION OF OUR COAL.

BY LEONARD LEMORAN, M.E.

THE impulsive way in which sometimes one, and then another, kind of question is seized upon by the public, is a very unfavorable illustration of the amount of thinking power which moves the masses. It is not, perhaps, quite right to lay this charge of impulsive action upon the large section of society generally comprehended within the term, the masses, as though they alone were guilty of those feverish manifestations of unguided energy, seeing that the educated members of the Legislature are no less liable to the disease. Of late we have had a striking example of this in the way in which "The Coal Question" has suddenly claimed the attention of the People, the Senate, and the Government. From time to time thinking men have asked themselves the question, "How long will our coal last?" and they have occasionally put the question before the public. Usually the reply which they have received has been a pitying smile, that any one should trouble his head with so absurd a problem. At length the question is put in a new form. It is consequently considered from an unusual point of view, and a certain degree of alarm is manifested, on all sides, lest, on some cold winter's morning, at no very remote period, we should awake to the fact that the coal-cellar of Great Britain was empty.

Feeling that the subject is one of great national importance, we are not surprised that there is a stir at the present time about it. We are rather disposed to examine into the causes of that manifest indifference which has prevailed so long, notwithstanding that the question has been several times very forcibly put forward, by men whose standing among the thinkers of their day would, we should have thought, have commanded attention. It will be instructive to select a few examples in confirmation of this. In 1789, John Williams, in his *Natural His-*

tory of the Mineral Kingdom, deals very fully and fairly — according to the amount of his knowledge — with the question of the “*Limited quantity of coal in Britain* :”

“I have no doubt that the generality of the inhabitants of Great Britain believe that our coal-mines are inexhaustible; and the general conduct of the nation, so far as relates to this subject, seems to imply that this is held as an established fact. If it was not a generally received opinion, would the rage for exporting coals be allowed to go on without limitation or remorse?*. But it is full time that the public were undeceived in a matter which so nearly concerns the welfare of this flourishing island” (p.184). Again: “When our coal mines are exhausted, the prosperity and glory of this flourishing and fortunate island are at an end. Our cities and great towns must then become ruinous heaps for want of fuel, and our mines and manufactories must fail from the same cause, and then, consequently, our commerce must vanish. In short, the commerce, wealth, importance, glory, and happiness of Great Britain will decay and gradually dwindle away to nothing, in proportion as our coal and other mines fail; and the future inhabitants of this island must live, like its first inhabitants, by fishing and hunting” (p. 195).

These words, written eighty years since, are curious and instructive, especially when placed in juxtaposition with remarks which are the birth of yesterday. In 1863 Sir William Armstrong addresses the British Association in these words: “The greatness of England much depends upon the superiority of her coal, in cheapness and quality, over that of other nations; but we have already drawn from our choicest mines a far larger quantity of coal than has been raised in all other parts of the world put together; and the time is not remote when we shall have to en-

counter the disadvantages of increased cost of working and diminished value of produce. . . . The entire quantity of available coal existing in these islands has been calculated to amount to eighty thousand millions of tons, which, at the present (1863†) rate of consumption, would be exhausted in nine hundred and thirty years; but with a continued yearly increase of two and three quarter millions of tons would only last two hundred and twelve years.”

When Mr. John Williams wrote, the quantity of coal raised annually in the United Kingdom must have been very small, as compared with our present “output.” He has furnished us with the means of roughly estimating the relation which the production of the two periods bear to each other, especially so far as the Newcastle coal-field is concerned.

	Chaldrons.
The consumption of coal in London	900,000
Sent coastwise (for consumption in other towns)	700,000
Sent for Foreign consumption ..	250,000
Consumed at Newcastle, Shields, and Sunderland	450,000
Total consumption of coal from the rivers Tyne and Wear ..	2,300,000

The number of tons in the above quantity, taking the chaldron at twenty-seven hundred, is three million one hundred thousand.

In 1864 the gross produce sold from, and used at, the collieries of Northumberland and Durham, was twenty-three million two hundred and eighty four thousand three hundred and sixty-seven tons, or nearly *eight times* the quantity given as the produce of those collieries when Williams wrote. But a more reliable return given by Dr. Millar in the edition of this work published in 1810, shows that William's estimate was in excess of the truth. From this table we learn, that in each of the four years from 1802 to 1805, both inclusive, not more than eight hundred thousand tons were sent “coastwise, over sea,” and to “plantations” (our colonies). Whereas in 1864, the Great Northern coal field sent

* In the edition of the *Mineral Kingdom* for 1810, the editor, Dr. James Millar, of Edinburgh, says: “This ground of complaint of the waste of coal is now removed. The French, during the revolutionary war, were led to examine their own resources, which were soon found so abundant as to be equal to the increasing demand of many new, extensive, and flourishing manufactures.”

† 88,292,515 tons.—*Mineral Statistics*.

	<i>Tons.</i>
Coals to foreign countries.....	4,104,484
Coke (estimated as coal) to foreign countries.....	448,362
Coals sent coastwise.....	6,188,026
Coke (estimated as coal) sent coastwise.....	46,032
	<hr/> 10,782,904
To make our comparison correctly, we must deduct the quantity brought within the London district—as the quantities sent to London are not included in the eight hundred thousand tons.....	2,927,176
	<hr/> 7,855,728

Thus we learn that the increase has been more than *ninefold* in the exportation of coal from the Northern coal ports in sixty years, and this has been considerably exceeded in several other of our large coal-fields.

When Williams expressed his fears that the coal fields of Great Britain were being rapidly exhausted, they were not producing more than nine millions and a half tons of coals per annum. In the year when Sir William Armstrong spoke, our collieries were yielding very nearly ninety million tons. Mr. W. Stanley Jevons says, as if he felt it necessary to offer some excuse for Williams's fears, "When no statistics had been collected, and a geological map was not thought of, accurate ideas were not to be expected."*

We have both statistical returns and geological maps; are the notions now entertained in the least degree more accurate than they were then? We fear not. When we examine the statements which have been made within these last few years, we cannot come to any other conclusion than this. We find Sir William Armstrong limiting our supply of coal, at our present rate of consumption, to a duration of two hundred and twelve years.† Mr. R. C. Taylor,‡ who has been ever regarded as a competent au-

thority on all that relates to coal, extends it to seventeen hundred years. Mr. Edward Hull,§ who is, we should suppose, from his position, as well qualified as any man to make a just computation, says, with an increase of one million and a half of tons per annum, our coals will only be sufficient for a little upwards of three hundred years. Then we have Mr. H. Hussey Vivian, in his place in the House of Commons,|| declaring that South Wales could supply "her own consumption for five thousand years," and "all England for five hundred years." This certainly does not indicate any very accurate notions on the subject of the duration of our coal-fields, even among those men who, from their connection with them, either directly or indirectly, may have been expected to possess the requisite knowledge for making a fair approximate estimate thereof. To this wretched uncertainty we must attribute the indifference to the question shown by the public.

It is certainly a very severe reflection on this great commercial and manufacturing nation, that it should be, with the strangest want of thought, wastefully using, in enormous quantities, that natural production upon which its commerce and its manufactures depend, without having made any endeavor to ascertain, by a full and fair examination of the whole question, how long its coal-beds will bear the present drain upon them.

Many guesses have been made; but although one may be a little more ingenious than the other, they must, every one of them, be received as *guesses* and nothing more. In considering this important problem, several questions must receive the best possible answers which can be obtained.

1. What is the area of the British coal-fields, within their known limits?
2. Can the quantities of coal which have been removed from the several fields be ascertained?
3. What is the total quantity of *worka-*

* *The Coal Question—an inquiry concerning the Progress of the Nation, and the Probable Exhaustion of our Coal Mines*; by W. Stanley Jevons, M.A.

† *Report of the Twenty-third Meeting of the British Association, President's Address*, September, 1863.

‡ *Statistics of Coal*, by Richard Cowling Taylor, F.G.S.

§ *The Coal-Fields of Great Britain—their History, Structure, Duration, etc.*; by Edward Hull, B.A., of the Geological Survey of Great Britain.

|| Speech on the Debate which arose in the House of Commons upon the Coal Clause, by H. Hussey Vivian, Esq., M. P. (Ridgway.)

ble coal remaining in the collieries now at work?

4. What is the present rate of exhaustion?

5. What are the prospects, as regards the annual increase of the "output" (the quantity raised from each colliery)?

6. Do any of our large coal-fields probably extend far beyond their known limits, under the Permian and New Red Sandstone rocks?

7. What seams of coal exist at greater depths than those now worked?

8. What are the difficulties in the way of carrying our mining operations to a depth much greater than the deepest workings now in progress?

With the last three questions I do not propose dealing, beyond the remark that we know our coal-fields do extend under the Permian and New Red Sandstone rocks, and that coal-seams do exist at much greater depths than any now worked. The extension of workings either horizontally or vertically will only take place as an increase of price stimulates the collier to make new trials. The difficulties, likewise, in the way of deep mining are mere questions of cost. It is important to notice that the assumption of four thousand feet as the greatest depth to which coal can be worked, on account of the increase of temperature, is purely voluntary. The increase has been calculated at a rate for which there is no authority; and while we are saying our coal-beds cannot be worked below four thousand feet, a colliery in Belgium has

nearly approached that depth, and no inconvenience is experienced by the miners.

It is not my intention, indeed, to attempt to find answers to any of the above questions. My purpose is, seriously to show that answers cannot be given to most of them, without an examination of the most searching character, which examination is beset with difficulties of no common order. I desire, however, to convey to the readers of this article a very general idea of the conditions under which our beds of coal have probably been formed, and of the disturbances to which they have been subjected after they have been formed, since this geological problem bears on the questions of working the coal, and of extending those workings both horizontally and vertically.

1. Geological investigation has shown, us that coal belongs to a special group of rocks, which has been named the Carboniferous group. This formation assumes, even in different parts of those islands, several peculiar variations, which clearly prove that they do not belong to the same age; that although the same general conditions of moisture and heat necessary for coal formation have prevailed, the mechanical phenomena of the transportation and deposition of carbonaceous and earthy matter have greatly varied. For example, in Western England and South Wales we find three well-defined divisions in the Carboniferous group:

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 1. COAL MEASURES, | { Strata of shale, sandstone, and grit, from 600 to 12,000 feet thick, with occasional seams of coal. |
| 2. MILLSTONE GRIT, | { A quartzose sandstone, often a conglomerate, with beds of shale, altogether more than 600 feet thick. |
| 3. MOUNTAIN LIMESTONE, | { A calcareous rock, of marine origin, sometimes 900 feet thick, devoid of coal. |

In the North of England, beds of limestone are found in the Millstone Grit, and even a few seams of coal, and in some parts of the Scotch coal-field we find an intercalation of the marine limestones, with sandstones and shale, containing coal.

That coal has been formed from vegetable matter, no longer admits of any doubt. The processes by which the ancient forests, the peat-like formations of semi-tropical swamps, or the plants of

marine growth have been converted into coal, cannot be said to be clearly determined. This much, however, must be admitted. That there must have been extensive tracts of undrained land upon which the vegetation found in the coal measures must have grown. That inland seas, or lakes, or waters, under some conditions compelling repose, must have existed, or the shales, the clays, and the coal, could not have been deposited. The Mountain Limestone indicates marine

conditions, analogous to those which now prevail among the Coral Islands of the Pacific Ocean. Desiring to avoid every controversial point, I am with intention especially general; the only conditions which concern the question under consideration being that the coal epoch proper was from the termination of that period which we distinguish as the Old Red Sandstone age and the commencement of that which belongs to the New Red Sandstone time. In other words, no coal must be expected below or in the Old Red Sandstone rocks, nor must we imagine that *true* old coal can be found in or above those rocks which we now distinguish as Permian and New Red Sandstone proper.

The coal-fields of Great Britain may be grouped into,

1. The South Wales, Gloucestershire, and Somersetshire fields.
2. The South and North Staffordshire and Shropshire fields.
3. The Midland, including the Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Warwickshire, Derbyshire, and Yorkshire coal-fields.
4. The Lancashire, Cheshire, and North Wales coal-fields.
5. The Northumberland and Durham coal-field.
6. The coal-fields of Scotland.

These are unquestionably isolated deposits of fossil fuel. Within those divisions there may be, there probably are, connections. The Staffordshire and the Shropshire beds may be found to be in union, and those grouped as the Midland—although there are now wide gaps of country unexplored—are possibly one field. From the Lancashire coal-field, it is not improbable that an extension of beds may be discovered, passing under Liverpool and the Mersey, uniting the Lancashire with Cheshire and Flintshire fields. Some have supposed that the coal-beds were at one time extended over the whole area of the British isles, and that they have been removed, from the now vacant portions, by denudation. Such a condition is physically impossible, seeing that immense tracts of land must have been required to produce the vast vegetable growth, and quiet waters, to accelerate the necessary chemical changes in that vegetable matter upon which the production of coal depends. Such a con-

dition is geologically improbable, the Carboniferous Limestone requiring insular masses, around which the marine animals, upon which its formation chiefly depended, did their vast work, slowly, in shallow waters, while the Millstone Grit, and all the shales and sandstones, indicate large tracts of country from which the matter forming those rocks had been removed. This signifies, however, but little in the present inquiry. Some few persons, indeed, may be found who believe that coal may extend under the eastern and southern counties; but such a vague hypothesis cannot be entertained. We have only to deal with the coal-fields proper which are known, and their probable extension beyond the limits at present explored by the colliery operators.

The difficulty, the uncertainty, which surrounds the "Coal Question" meets us at the first step. The area occupied by coal within the Carboniferous deposits has never yet been determined with that accuracy which is necessary for computing the quantity of coal now, or at any time, existing. If we examine all that has been written on the subject, we shall find a strange want of agreement between the writers on this, the simplest element in the problem they pretend to solve. The beautiful maps of the Geological Survey give the Coal Measures with great accuracy, and in remarkable detail trace out the outcrops of the beds of coal; thus furnishing a considerable amount of exact knowledge upon which an inquiry might be based; but this has not hitherto been done. On those maps, also, we have numerous "faults" carefully laid down, showing the disturbances which have dislocated the coal-beds; removing some so far below the surface that they are never likely to be reached, and lifting others so that they have been brought within the range of water action, and thus worn down, and removed for ever.

2. In reply to the second question, it will be admitted on all hands, that we have no means of arriving at any correct knowledge of the quantities of coal which have been removed. Until a very recent period, scarcely any plans of the subterranean works were kept; and, indeed, until after the passing of the Inspection act, there was nothing approaching to a

regular system of recording the work done. Consequently, there are large tracts of country of which we know nothing, except that they have been worked by the old miners, in which coal may still exist, but which is lost to us for ever. This, however, is not so all-important.

3. What is the total quantity of workable coal remaining in the collieries now at work? is the great question of which we have to seek a solution.

This may be determined within very small limits of error; but it will require a large expenditure of time, and consequently of money. There are in the British isles thirty-two hundred and sixty-eight collieries. Nearly all of those must be visited, and at each the quantity of coal remaining must be determined. A very large number of the coal proprietors would offer no objection to this; they would, indeed, render every possible assistance. But there are many who would very strongly object to this

inquisition. Few men, indeed, would like it to be published that they had but two or three years' supply of coal left in their mines. This, however, is a difficulty which may be overcome by judicious management. Although there would be very sufficient reasons for refusing to furnish the information from individual collieries, there could be none if the collieries were taken in groups. In most cases, the coal trade associations would undertake to furnish the required data respecting all the collieries within their jurisdiction.

Having stated the difficulties, and expressed my opinion that there are none which could not be overcome, it only remains for me to show that no reliance can be placed upon any statement which has hitherto been published. Instead of making the inquiry in the way indicated, which is the only method by which we can arrive at anything approaching to correctness, we find the estimates made after this manner.

Estimate of the Mineral Resources of the South Wales Coal Basin.

1. Superficial area	906 square miles.
2. Greatest thickness of Coal Measures with coal	10,000 feet.
3. Number of coal-seams from two feet and upwards, twenty-five, giving a thickness of	84 feet of workable coal.
4. Total quantity of coal (corrected for denudation)	48,000 millions of tons.
5. Deduct one half for quantity below four thousand feet, leaving	24,000 millions of tons.
6. Deduct one third for waste, and quantity already extracted, leaving for future supply	16,000 millions of tons.
7. Divide this by eight millions of tons, the average annual produce, we find that the supply will last at the present rate of consumption two thousand years.	

Now, Mr. F. Foster, in his communication to the Natural History Society of Newcastle, gives an area to the South Wales coal-field of nine hundred and thirty-five square miles, but he estimates the total quantity of coal ever held within that basin as only sixteen thousand millions of tons; whereas, Mr. H. Hussey Vivian, in his place in the House of Commons, advanced it to fifty-four thousand millions, and yet more recently Mr. Joshua Richardson, of Neath, and Mr. Martin, gave this coal-field an area of ten hundred and fifty-five square miles, with sixty-four millions tons of coals in each square mile, and they tell us that it

will take ten thousand years to exhaust the coal in South Wales.

Surely this is a sad reflection upon our way of looking at a very vital question.

It is quite unworthy of the science of the country, and still more is it unworthy of that exactness which distinguishes our commercial transactions.

4. The rate of exhaustion is satisfactorily determined, and we have every year returns given in the *Mineral Statistics*, issued from the Mining Record Office, upon which we believe reliance may be placed. From these returns and some other sources I have compiled the following tables:

COAL RAISED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN EACH YEAR SINCE 1854.

Year.	England.	Wales.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Total.
1854....	47,421,651	9,643,000	7,448,000	148,750	64,661,401
1855....	47,305,189	9,677,270	7,325,000	145,620	64,453,079
1856....	49,043,215	9,965,600	7,500,000	136,635	66,645,450
1857....	48,883,800	8,178,804	8,211,473	120,630	65,394,707
1858....	47,443,861	8,517,789	8,926,249	120,750	65,008,649
1859....	52,297,115	9,262,350	10,300,000	120,300	71,979,765
1860....	61,071,460	8,005,313	10,900,500	119,425	80,042,698
1861....	63,870,123	8,561,021	11,081,000	123,070	83,635,214
1862....	62,025,383	8,409,455	11,076,000	127,500	81,638,338
1863....	68,419,884	8,645,081	11,100,500	127,050	88,292,515
1864....	71,327,813	8,935,060	12,400,000	125,000	92,787,873
1865....	72,500,255	9,560,260	12,450,500	120,500	94,631,515

EXPORTS OF COAL FOR THE SAME PERIOD, QUANTITY RETAINED FOR HOME CONSUMPTION AND RELATION OF THAT QUANTITY TO THE POPULATION.

Year.	Exports.	Retained for Home Consumption.	Population of Great Britain.
1854.....	4,309,255	60,352,146	—
1855.....	4,976,902	59,477,177	21,792,872
1856.....	5,879,779	60,765,671	22,080,449
1857.....	6,737,718	58,656,989	22,369,463
1858.....	6,529,483	58,479,166	22,616,839
1859.....	7,006,949	64,971,816	22,810,069
1860.....	7,412,575	72,630,123	22,946,988
1861.....	7,934,832	75,700,382	23,181,790
1862.....	8,330,673	73,307,665	23,416,264
1863.....	8,275,212	80,017,303	23,655,482
1864.....	8,800,420	83,974,533	23,891,009
1865.....	9,170,477	85,461,038	24,127,003

It will be seen that our production of coal received a sudden acceleration in 1860, which was the year when the new French Tariff came into operation. That commercial arrangement, and the consequent development of our trade—which was greatly assisted by the International Exhibition of 1862—has led to a steady increase in the home consumption of coal. This it is shown is not dependent upon the increase of population: it is evidently due to the activity of all our manufacturing industries.

5. May we expect that this annual increase will continue in some such ratio as that observed during the last five years?

Let us consider for a moment what is the rate of increase at present. Mr. W. Stanley Jevons, in his excellent book on *The Coal Question*, who has examined this point with great care, says: "We of course regard not the average annual arithmetical increase of coal consumption between 1854 and 1863, which is

two million four hundred and three thousand four hundred and twenty-four tons, but the average ratio or rate per cent. of increase, which is found by logarithmic calculations to be 3.26 per cent. That is to say, the consumption of each year, one with another, exceeds that of the previous as 103.26 exceeds 100." Assuming this rate of increase, $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, to continue, we should in the year 1900 draw from our rocks, more than three hundred millions of tons, and in 1950 nearly two thousand millions. About three hundred thousand miners are now employed in raising rather more than ninety-two millions of coals; therefore more than eight million miners would be necessary to raise the quantity estimated as the produce of 1950. One third of the present population of Great Britain would be coal-miners. "If our consumption of coal continue to multiply for one hundred and ten years at the same rate as hitherto, the total amount of coal con-

sumed in the interval will be one hundred thousand millions of tons" (*Jevons*). Mr. Hull tells us that he estimates the available coal in Britain at eighty-three thousand millions of tons, within a depth of four thousand feet; therefore in one century from the present time we shall, according to this, exhaust all the coal in our present workings, and all the coal-seams which may be found at a depth of fifteen hundred feet below the deepest working in the kingdom. The assumption upon which this estimate is based is absurd from every point of view. Such a continued increase as that which has taken place during the last five years cannot continue for the succeeding ten years.

The increase in our exportation of coal has been during that period but very trifling. The price of coal is advancing, and with higher prices we must expect our exports to fall off. Although there is an extension of our pig-iron manufacture, there does not appear to be a corresponding enlargement of the trade in merchant iron, or of such manufactures as are required by the engineer. Large pumping-engines for use in Northumberland, are now being made in Belgium, and the same country is now supplying engineers in London with such ornamental castings as they require, because, I am informed, the designs and the castings are better, and, beyond all, they are cheaper than they can be obtained from the English founders. Locomotive engines for English railways are being made in France, and the great iron ship-building yards of the Seine and Marseilles are seriously entering into competition with our own. During the last six years, immense quantities of railway iron have been made to supply the requirements of the world. This demand is gradually subsiding, the simple cause being that there is a lull in the railway atmosphere, the current of speculation is running less rapidly, and the extension of lines of iron road is more gradual than it was. Did space admit of it, it could be shown that on every side there are evidences of the most decided character which warrant the supposition that the annual exhaustion of our coal-fields will not at any period much exceed the one hundred million tons which it has nearly reached.

The price of coal has been, and is steadily increasing, and it must continue to do so. Our mines are worked at a greater depth from the surface than formerly, and the workings are every day extending further from the shafts, through which the coal is raised to the surface. Many of our large collieries draw an acre of coal, several feet thick, through one shaft, to the surface, every week. The cost of obtaining the coal is therefore steadily increasing. With an increase of price, a more general economy in the use of coal will arise. A rise of two or three shillings a ton on coal in London will lessen the brilliancy of the parlor fire, and check the waste in the kitchen, of many a household. Many of our large manufactories use five hundred thousand tons of coal a year: increase the cost by a few shillings the ton, and the same quantity of heat will be obtained by more careful stoking, from a less quantity of coal. As an example of this, the pumping-engines of the coal districts are worked with coal costing five or six shillings the ton; the pumping-engines of Cornwall are worked with coal costing fifteen or sixteen shillings the ton. Yet the Cornish engines perform a higher duty than the colliery engines do, and at less cost, because coal is wasted in the one case and economized in the other. In the colliery districts, boilers are exposed to every wind that blows, and all the rain which falls; in Cornwall they are not only housed, but they are most carefully clothed, to prevent any loss of heat. *The increase of price which is going on, is the natural check upon any greatly increased consumption of coal.*

I think it cannot but be understood, that the writer of this article regards the present excitement on the "Coal Question" as giving an undue importance to it. At the same time he hopes that it may lead to such an examination as will, approximately, determine the questions already propounded. There is considerable uneasiness among the coal proprietors, lest this inquiry should be instituted by the Government, and vigorous efforts are being made to persuade the public that our coal is virtually inexhaustible. Trade interests of various kinds, many of them of the most short-sighted description, will interfere to check inquiry—and

to lead it astray, if persisted in. The existing uncertainty is regarded most favorably by the interested few, but the removal of that uncertainty would greatly benefit the great mass of coal consumers, and certainly introduce a far more healthful condition among the coal owners, than that state of intermittent fever which, ever and anon, prevails.

Our coal-fields may be sufficient to supply all our wants for many centuries; but within one century it may be found that we are beaten in our manufactures by America, because with the Americans coal will be cheap, whereas with us it will be dear. For several years there has been a slow but steady advance in the price of coal in the very centres of production. To determine if this increase of price is legitimate, and if it must continue to increase—to suggest, by the aid of the physical and mechanical sciences, means by which the required amount of heat may be obtained with the consumption of less coal, and to introduce engineering appliances by which the coal-seams, at great depths, may be worked without any greatly increased cost—are the true objects of any inquiry which may be instituted into the EXHAUSTION OF OUR COAL-FIELDS.

While these pages have been passing through the press, Mr. Hussey Vivian has moved, in the House of Commons, "That an humble address be presented to her Majesty, praying that she would be graciously pleased to issue a Royal Commission to investigate the probable quantity of coal contained in the coal-fields of Great Britain; and to report on the quantity of such coal which may be reasonably expected to be available for use—whether it is probable that coal exists at workable depths under the Permian, New Red Sandstone, and other superincumbent strata; and whether they would recommend that bore-holes should be sunk in any and what localities; to ascertain and report on the quantity of coal at present consumed in the various branches of manufacture, for steam navigation, and for domestic purposes, as well as the quantity exported; and how far, and to what extent, such consumption and export may be expected to increase; how far the increase of population may

necessarily accord with the increased consumption of coal, and the relations which one is likely to bear to the other; and whether there is reason to believe that coal is wasted, either by bad working, or by carelessness or neglect of proper appliances for its economical consumption; and whether they would recommend legislation with a view to avoid such waste."

Sir George Gray, in reply, stated that "the conclusion to which the Government had come to was to accede to the motion of his honorable friend (Mr. Vivian), and to nominate upon the commission eminent members of the geological department, and in association with them, gentlemen practically acquainted with mining and manufacturing operations."

Fraser's Magazine.

SUPERSTITION.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION, APRIL 24TH, 1866.

BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

HAVING accepted the very great honor of being allowed to deliver here two lectures, I have chosen as my subject Superstition and Science. It is with Superstition that this first lecture will deal.

The subject seems to me especially fit for a clergyman; for he should, more than other men, be able to avoid teaching on two subjects rightly excluded from this Institution, namely, Theology—that is, the knowledge of God; and Religion—that is, the knowledge of Duty. If he knows, as he should, what is Theology, and what is Religion, he should best know what is not Theology, and what is not Religion.

For my own part, I entreat you at the outset to keep in mind that these lectures treat of matters entirely physical, which have in reality, and ought to have on our mind, no more to do with Theology and Religion than the proposition that theft is wrong has to do with that that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles.

It is necessary to premise this, because many are of opinion that superstition is a corruption of religion; and though they would agree that as such, corruptio

optimi pessima, and that it is pernicious, yet they would look on religion as the state of spiritual health, and superstition as one of spiritual disease.

Others, again, holding the same notion but not considering that *corruptio optima pessima*, have been in all ages somewhat inclined to be merciful to superstition, as a child of reverence—as a mere accidental misdirection of one of the noblest and most wholesome faculties of man.

This is not the place wherein to argue with either of these parties; and I shall simply say superstition seems to me altogether a physical affection, as thoroughly material and corporeal as those of eating or sleeping, remembering or dreaming.

After this, it will be necessary to define superstition, in order to have some tolerably clear understanding of what we are talking about. I beg leave to define it as—Fear of the unknown.

Johnson, who was no dialectician, and moreover, superstitious enough himself, gives eight different definitions of the word; which is equivalent to confessing his inability to define it at all:

“1st. Unnecessary fear or scruples in religion; observance of unnecessary and uncommanded rites or practices; religion without morality.

“2d. False religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence; false worship.

“3d. Over-nicety; exactness too scrupulous.”

Eight meanings, which, on the principle that eight eighths, or indeed eight hundred, do not make one whole, may be considered as no definition. His first thought, as often happens, is the best—“Unnecessary fear.” But after that he wanders. The root-meaning of the word is still to seek. But, indeed, the popular meaning, thanks to popular common sense, will generally be found to contain in itself the root-meaning.

Let us go back to the Latin word *Superstitio*. Cicero says that the superstitious element consists in “a certain empty dread of the gods”—a purely physical affection, if you will remember three things:

1st. That dread is in itself a physical affection.

2d. That the gods who were dreaded were merely (with the vulgar who alone

dreaded them) impersonations of the powers of nature.

3d. That it was physical injury which these gods were expected to inflict.

But he himself agrees with this theory of mine; for he says shortly after, that not only philosophers, but even the ancient Romans, had separated superstition from religion, and that the word was first applied to those who prayed all day *ut liberi sui sibi superstites essent*—might survive them. On the etymology no one will depend who knows the remarkable absence of any etymological instinct in the ancients, in consequence of their weak grasp of that sound inductive method which has created modern criticism. But if it be correct, it is a natural and pathetic form for superstition to take in the minds of men who saw their children fade and die—probably the greater number of them—beneath diseases which they could neither comprehend nor cure.

The best exemplification of what the ancients meant by superstition is to be found in the lively and dramatic words of Aristotle's great pupil, Theophrastus.

The superstitious man, according to him, after having washed his hands with lustral water—that is, water in which a torch from the altar had been quenched—goes about with a laurel leaf in his mouth to keep off evil influences, as the pigs, in Devonshire used, in my youth, to go about with a withe of mountain ash round their necks to keep off the evil eye. If a weasel crosses his path, he stops, and either throws three pebbles into the road, or (with the innate selfishness of fear) lets some one else go before him, and attract to himself the harm which may ensue. He has a similar dread of a screech-owl, whom he compliments in the name of its mistress, Pallas Athene. If he finds a serpent in his house, he sets up an altar to it. If he pass at a four-cross-way an anointed stone, he pours oil on it, kneels down, and adores it. If a rat has nibbled one of his sacks he takes it for a fearful portent—a superstition which Cicero also mentions. He dare not sit on a tomb because it would be assisting at his own funeral. He purifies endlessly his house, saying that Hecate (that is, the moon) has exercised some malign influence on it, and many other purifications he ob-

serves, of which I shall only say that they are by their nature plainly (like the last) meant as preservatives against unseen malaras or contagions—possible or impossible. He assists every month with his children at the mysteries of the Orphic priests; and finally, whenever he sees an epileptic patient he spits in his own bosom to avert the evil omen.

I have quoted, I believe, every fact given by Theophrastus; and you will agree, I am sure, that the moving and inspiring element of such a character is mere bodily fear of unknown evil. The only superstition attributed to him which does not at first sight seem to have its root in dread is that of the Orphic mysteries. But of them Müller says that the Dionusos whom they worshipped "was an infernal deity, connected with Hades, and was the personification, not merely of rapturous pleasure, but of a deep sorrow for the miseries of human life." The Orphic societies of Greece seem to have been peculiarly ascetic, taking no animal food save raw flesh from the sacrificed ox of Dionysos. And Plato speaks of a lower grade of Orphic priests, Orpheotelestai, "who used to come before the doors of the rich, and promise, by sacrifices and expiatory songs, to release them from their own sins and those of their forefathers"—and such would be but too likely to get a hearing from the man who was afraid of a weasel or an owl.

Now this same bodily fear, I verily believe, will be found at the root of all superstition whatsoever.

But be it so. Fear is a natural passion, and a wholesome one. Without the instinct of self-preservation which causes the sea-anemone to contract its tentacles, or the fish to dash into its hover, species would be exterminated wholesale by involuntary suicide.

Yes; fear is wholesome enough, like all other faculties, as long as it is controlled by reason. But what if the fear be not rational, but irrational? What if it be, in plain homely English, blind fear—fear of the unknown, simply because it is unknown? Is it not likely then to be afraid of the wrong object, to be hurtful, ruinous to animals as well as to man? Any one will confess that, who has ever seen a horse inflict on himself mortal injuries, in his frantic attempts to escape

from quite imaginary danger. I have good reasons for believing that not only animals here and there, but whole flocks and swarms of them, are often destroyed, even in the wild state, by mistaken fear; by such panics, for instance, as cause a whole herd of buffaloes to rush over a bluff, and be dashed to pieces. And remark that this capacity of panic, fear—of superstition, as I should call it—is greatest in those animals, the dog and the horse for instance, which have the most rapid and vivid fancy. Does not the unlettered Highlander say all that I want to say, when he attributes to his dog and his horse, on the strength of these very manifestations of fear, the capacity of seeing ghosts and fairies, before he can see them himself?

But blind fear not only causes evil to the coward himself, it makes him a source of evil to others; for it is the cruellest of all human states. It transforms the man into the likeness of the cat, who, when she is caught in a trap, or shut up in a room, has too low an intellect to understand that you wish to release her; and in the madness of terror, bites and tears at the hand which tries to do her good. Yes; very cruel is blind fear. When a man dreads he knows not what, he will do he cares not what. When he dreads desperately, he will act desperately. When he dreads beyond all reason, he will behave beyond all reason. He has no law of guidance left, save the lowest selfishness. No law of guidance: and yet his intellect, left unguided, may be rapid and acute enough to lead him into terrible follies. Infinitely more imaginative than the lowest animals, he is for that very reason capable of being infinitely more foolish, more cowardly, more superstitious. He can, what the lower animals (happily for them) cannot—organize his folly; erect his superstitions into a science; and create a whole mythology out of his blind fear of the unknown. And when he has done that—Woe to the weak! For when he has reduced his superstition to a science, then he will reduce his cruelty to a science likewise; and write books like the *Malleus Maleficarum*, and the rest of the witch-literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries; of which Mr. Lecky has of late told the world so much,

and told it most faithfully and most fairly.

But fear of the unknown? Is not that fear of the unseen world? and is not that fear of the spiritual world? Pardon me: a great deal of that fear, all of it indeed which is superstition, is simply not fear of the spiritual, but of the material; and of nothing else.

The spiritual world—I beg you to fix this in your minds—is not merely an invisible world which may become visible; but an invisible world which is by its essence invisible—a moral world, a world of right and wrong. And spiritual fear—which is one of the noblest of all affections, as bodily fear is one of the basest—is, if properly defined, nothing less or more than the fear of doing wrong; of becoming a worse man.

But what has that to do with mere fear of the unseen? The fancy which conceives the fear is physical, not spiritual. Think for yourselves. What difference is there between a savage's fear of a demon, and a hunter's fear of a fall? The hunter sees a fence. He does not know what is on the other side: but he has seen fences like it with a great ditch the other side, and suspects one here likewise; he has seen horses fall at them, and men hurt thereby. He pictures to himself his horse falling at that fence, himself rolling in the ditch, with possibly a broken limb; and he recoils from the picture he himself has made; and perhaps with very good reason. His picture may have its counterpart in fact, and he may break his leg. But his picture, like the previous pictures from which it was compounded, is simply a physical impression on the brain, just as much as those in dreams.

Now, does the fact of the ditch, the fall, and the broken leg, being unseen and unknown, make them a spiritual ditch, a spiritual fall, a spiritual broken leg? And does the fact of the demon and his doings being as yet unseen and unknown, make them spiritual; or the harm that he may do, a spiritual harm? What does the savage fear? Lest the demon should appear; that is, become obvious to his physical senses, and produce an unpleasant physical effect on them. He fears lest the fiend should entice him into the bog, break the hand-

bridge over the brook, turn into a horse and ride away with him, or jump out from behind a tree and wring his neck—tolerably hard physical facts, all of them; the children of physical fancy, regarded with physical dread. Even if the superstition proved true; even if the demon did appear; even if he wrung the traveller's neck in sound earnest, there would be no more spiritual agency or phenomenon in the whole tragedy than there is in the parlor table, where spiritual somethings made spiritual raps upon spiritual wood, and human beings, who are really spirits—and would to heaven they would remember that fact and what it means—believe that anything has happened beyond a clumsy juggler's trick.

It may seem to some that I have founded my theory on a very narrow basis; that I am building up an inverted pyramid; or that, considering the numberless, complex, fantastic shapes which superstition has assumed, bodily fear is too simple a cause to explain them all.

But if those persons will think a second time, they must agree that my base is as broad as the phenomena which it explains, for every man is capable of fear. And they will see, too, that the cause of superstition must be something like fear, which is common to all men; for all, at least as children, are capable of superstition: and that it must be something which, like fear, is of a most simple, rudimentary, barbaric kind; for the lowest savage, of whatever he is not capable, is still superstitious, often to a very ugly degree. Superstition seems, indeed, to be, next to the making of stone-weapons, the earliest method of asserting his superiority to the brutes which has occurred to that utterly abnormal and fantastic *lucus naturæ* called man.

Now let us put ourselves awhile, as far as we can, in the place of that same savage, and try whether my theory will not justify itself; whether or not superstition, with all its vagaries, may have been, indeed must have been, the result of that ignorance and fear which he carried about with him, every time he prowled for food through the primeval forest.

A savage's first division of nature would be, I should say, into things which he can eat, and things which

can eat him; including, of course, his most formidable enemy, and most savory food—his fellow man. In finding out what he can eat, we must remember he will have gone through much experience which will have inspired him with a serious respect for the hidden wrath of nature; like those Himalayan folk, of whom Hooker says, that, as they know every poisonous plant, they must have tried them all—not always with impunity.

So he gets at a third class of objects—things which he cannot eat, and which will not eat him, but only do him harm, as it seems to him, out of pure malice, like poisonous plants and serpents. There are natural accidents, too, which fall into the same category—stones, floods, fires, avalanches. They hurt him, or kill him, surely for ends of their own. If a rock falls from the cliff above, what more natural than to suppose that there is some giant up there who threw it at him? If he had been up there, and strong enough, and had seen a man walking underneath, he would certainly have thrown the stone at him, and killed him. For first, he might have eaten the man after; and even if he were not hungry, the man might have done him a mischief; and it was prudent to prevent that by doing him a mischief first. Besides, the man might have a wife; and if he killed the man, then the wife would, by a very ancient law common to man and animals, become the prize of the victor. Such is the natural man, the carnal man, the soulful man, the *ἄνθρωπος ψυχικός* of St. Paul, with five tolerably acute senses, which are ruled by five very acute animal passions—hunger, sex, rage, vanity, fear. It is with the working of the last passion, fear, that this lecture has to do.

So the savage concludes that there must be a giant living in the cliff, who threw stones at him, with evil intent; and he concludes in likewise concerning most other natural phenomena. There is something in them which will hurt him, and therefore likes to hurt him; and if he cannot destroy them, and so deliver himself, his fear of them grows quite boundless. There are hundreds of natural objects on which he learns to look with the same eyes as the little boys

of Teneriffe look on the useless and poisonous *Euphorbia canariensis*. It is to them (according to Mr. Piazza Smith) a demon who would kill them, if he could only run after them; but as it cannot, they shout Spanish curses at it, and pelt it with volleys of stones, "screeching with elfin joy, and using worse names than ever, when the poisonous milk spurts out from its bruised stalks."

And if such be the attitude of the uneducated man towards the permanent terrors of nature, what will it be towards those which are sudden and seemingly capricious?—towards storms, earthquakes, floods, blights, pestilences? We know too well what it has been—one of blind and therefore often cruel fear. How could it be otherwise? Was Theophrastus's superstitious man so very foolish for pouring oil on every round stone? I think there is a great deal to be said for him. This worship of Baetyl was rational enough. They were aerolites, fallen from heaven. Was it not as well to be civil to such messengers from above?—to testify by homage to them due awe of the being who had thrown them at man, and who, though he had missed his shot that time, might not miss it the next? I think, if we, knowing nothing of either gunpowder, astronomy, or Christianity, saw an Armstrong bolt fall within five miles of London, we should be inclined to be very respectful to it indeed. So the aerolites (or glacial boulders, which looked like aerolites) were the children of Ouranos the heaven, and had souls in them. One of them became, by one of those strange transformations in which the logic of unreason indulges, the image of Diana of the Ephesians, which fell down from Jupiter; another was the Ancile, the holy shield which fell from the same place in the days of Numa Pompilius, and was the guardian genius of Rome; and several more became notable for ages.

Why not? The uneducated man, unacquainted alike with metaphysics and with biology, sees, like a child, a personality in every strange and sharply defined object. A cloud like an angel may be an angel; a bit of crooked root like a man may be a man turned into wood—perhaps to be turned back again of its

own will. An erratic block has arrived where it is by strange unknown means. Is not that an evidence of its personality? Either it has flown hither itself, or some one has thrown it. In the former case, it has life, and is proportionally formidable; in the latter, he who had thrown it is formidable.

I know two erratic blocks—I believe there are three—in Cornwall, porphyry, lying one on serpentine, one, I think, on slate, which (so I was always informed as a boy) were the stones which St. Kevern threw after St. Just, when the latter stole his host's chalice and paten, and ran away with them to the Land's End. Why not? Before we knew anything about the action of icebergs and glaciers—until the last eighty years—that was as good a story as any other; while how lifelike these boulders are, let a great poet testify; for the fact has not escaped the delicate eye of Wordsworth:

"As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
Couched on the bald top of an eminence,
Wonder to all who do the same espy,
By what means it could thither come, and
whence,
So that it seems a thing endued with
sense;
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a
shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun it-
self."

To the civilized poet, the fancy becomes a beautiful simile; to a savage poet, it would have become a material and a very formidable fact. He stands in the valley, and looks up at the boulder on the far-off fells. He is puzzled by it; he fears it. At last he makes up his mind. It is alive. As the shadows move over it he sees it move. May it not sleep there all day and prowl for prey all night? He had been always afraid of going up those fells; now he will never go. There is a monster there.

Childish enough, no doubt. But remember that the savage is always a child. So, indeed, are millions, as well clothed, housed, and policed as ourselves—children from the cradle to the grave. But of them I do not talk; because, happily for the world, their childishness is so overlaid by the result of other men's manhood, by an atmosphere of civilization and Christianity which they have

accepted at second-hand as the conclusions of minds wiser than their own, that they do all manner of reasonable things for bad reasons, or for no reason at all, save the passion of imitation. Not in them, but in the savage, can we see man as he is by nature, the puppet of his senses and his passions, the natural slave of his own fears.

But has the savage no other faculties, save his five senses and five passions? I do not say that. I should be most unphilosophical if I said it; for the history of mankind proves that he has infinitely more in him than that. Yes; but in him, that infinite more, which is not only the noblest part of humanity, but, it may be, humanity itself, is not to be counted as one of the roots of superstition. For in the savage man, in whom superstition certainly originates, that infinite more is still merely in him; inside him; a faculty; but not yet a fact. It has not come out of him into consciousness, purpose, and act, and is to be treated as non-existent: while what has come out, his passions and senses, is enough to explain all the vagaries of superstition; a *vera causa* for all its phenomena. And if we seem to have found a sufficient explanation already, it is unphilosophical to look further, at least till we have tried whether our explanation fits the facts.

Nevertheless, there is another faculty in the savage, to which I have already alluded, common to him and to at least the higher vertebrates—fancy: the power of reproducing internal images of external objects, whether in its waking form of physical memory (if indeed all memory be not physical) or in its sleeping form of dreaming. Upon this last, which has played so very important a part in superstition in all ages, I beg you to think a moment. Recollect your own dreams during childhood; and recollect again that the savage is always a child. Recollect how difficult it was for you in childhood, how difficult it must be always for the savage, to decide whether dreams are phantasms or realities. To the savage, I doubt not, the food he eats, the foes he grapples with, in dreams, are as real as any waking impressions. But, moreover, these dreams will be very often, as children's dreams are wont to be, of a painful and terrible kind. Per-

haps they will be always painful; perhaps his dull brain will never dream, save under the influence of indigestion, or hunger, or an uncomfortable attitude. And so, in addition to his waking experience of the terrors of nature, he will have a whole dream-experience beside, of a still more terrific kind. He walks by day past a black cavern mouth, and thinks, with a shudder—Something ugly may live in that ugly hole: what if it jumped out upon me? He broods over the thought with the stupid intensity of a narrow and unoccupied mind; and a few nights after, he has eaten—but let us draw a veil before the larder of a savage—his chin is pinned down on his chest, a slight congestion of the brain comes on; and behold, he finds himself again at that cavern's mouth, and something ugly does jump out upon him: and the cavern is a haunted spot henceforth, to him and to all his tribe. It is in vain that his family tell him that he has been lying asleep at home all the while. He has the evidence of his senses to prove the contrary. He must have got out of himself, and gone into the woods. When we remember that certain wise Greek philosophers could find no better explanation of dreaming than that the soul left the body and wandered free, we cannot condemn the savage for his theory.

Now, I submit that in these simple facts we have a group of "true causes" which are the roots of all the superstitions of the world.

And if any one shall complain that I am talking materialism, I shall answer that I am doing exactly the opposite. I am trying to eliminate and get rid of that which is material, animal, and base, in order that that which is truly spiritual may stand out, distinct and clear, in its divine and eternal beauty.

To explain, and at the same time, as I think, to verify my hypothesis, let me give you an example—fictitious, it is true, but probable fact nevertheless, because it is patched up of many fragments of actual fact: and let us see how, in following it out, we shall pass through almost every possible form of superstition.

Suppose a great hollow tree, in which the formidable wasps of the tropics have built for ages. The average savage hur-

ries past the spot in mere bodily fear; for if they come out against him, they will sting him to death; till at last there comes by a savage wiser than the rest, with more observation, reflection, imagination, independence of will—the genius of his tribe.

The awful shade of the great tree, added to his terror of the wasps, weighs on him, excites his dull brain. Perhaps, too, he has had a wife or a child stung to death by these same wasps. These wasps, so small, yet so wise, far wiser than he: they fly, and they sting. Ah, if he could fly and sting; how he would kill and eat, and live right merrily! They build great towns; they rob far and wide; they never quarrel with each other: they must have some one to teach them, to lead them—they must have a king. And so he gets the fancy of a Wasp-King—as the western Irish still believe in the Master Otter; as the Red men believe in the King of the Buffaloes, and find the bones of his ancestors in the mammoth remains of Big-bone Lick; as the Philistines of Ekron—to quote a notorious instance—actually worshipped Baalze-bub, lord of the flies.

If they have a king, he must be inside that tree, of course. If he (the savage) were a king, he would not work for his bread, but sit at home and make others feed him; and so no doubt, does the wasp-king.

And when he goes home, he will brood over this wonderful discovery of the wasp-king; till, like a child, he can think of nothing else. He will go to the tree, and watch for him to come out. The wasp will get accustomed to his motionless figure, and leave him unhurt; till the new fancy will raise in his mind that he is a favorite of this wasp-king: and at last he will find himself grovelling before the tree, saying, "Oh! great wasp-king, pity me, and tell your children not to sting me, and I will bring you honey, and fruit, and flowers to eat, and I will flatter you, and worship you, and you shall be my king."

And then he would gradually boast of his discovery—of the new mysterious bond between him and the wasp-king; and his tribe would believe him, and fear him; and fear him still more, when he began to say, as he surely would, not

merely, "I can ask the wasp-king, and he will tell his children not to sting you," but, "I can ask the wasp-king, and he will send his children, and sting you all to death." Vanity and ambition will have prompted the threat: but it will not be altogether a lie. The man will more than half believe his own words; he will quite believe them when he has repeated them a dozen times.

And so he will become a great man, and a king, under the protection of the king of the wasps; and he will become, and it may be his children after him, priests of the wasp-king, who will be their fetish, and the fetish of their tribe.

And they will prosper, under the protection of the wasp-king. The wasp will become their moral ideal, whose virtues they may copy. The new chief will preach to them wild, eloquent words. They must sting like wasps, revenge like wasps, hold all together like wasps, build like wasps, work hard like wasps, rob like wasps; then, like the wasps, they will be the terror of all around, and kill and eat all their enemies. Soon they will call themselves The Wasps. They will boast that their king's father or grandfather, and soon that the ancestor of the whole tribe, was an actual wasp; and the wasp will become at once their eponym hero, their deity, their ideal, their civilizer; who has taught them to build a kraal of huts, as he taught his children to build a hive.

Now, if there should come to any thinking man of this tribe, at this epoch, the new thought, Who made the world? he will be sorely puzzled. The conception of a world has never crossed his mind before. He never pictured to himself anything beyond the nearest ridge of mountains; and as for a Maker, that will be a greater puzzle still. What makers or builders more cunning than those wasps of whom his foolish head is full? Of course: he sees it now. A Wasp made the world; which to him entirely new guess might become an integral part of his tribe's creed. That would be their cosmogony. And if, a generation or two after, another savage genius should guess that the world was a globe hanging in the heavens, he would, if he had imagination enough to take the thought in at all, put it to himself in a form suited

to his previous knowledge and conceptions. It would seem to him that The Wasp flew about the skies with the world in his mouth, as he carries a blue-bottle fly; and that would be the astronomy of his tribe henceforth. Absurd enough; but (as every man who is acquainted with old mythical cosmogonies must know) no more absurd than twenty similar guesses on record. Try to imagine the gradual genesis of such myths as the Egyptian scarabeus and egg, or the Hindoo theory that the world stood on an elephant, the elephant on a tortoise, the tortoise on that infinite note of interrogation which, as some one expresses it, underlies all physical speculations; and judge: must they not have arisen in some such fashion as that which I have pointed out?

This, I say, would be the culminating point of the wasp-worship, which had sprung up out of bodily fear of being stung.

But times might come for it in which it would go through various changes, through which every superstition in the world, I suppose, has passed or will pass.

The wasp-men might be conquered, and possibly eaten, by a stronger tribe than themselves. What would be the result? They would fight valiantly at first, like wasps. But what if they began to fail? Was not the wasp-king angry with them? Had not he deserted them? He must be appeased; he must have his revenge. They would take a captive, and offer him to the wasps. So did a North American tribe, in their need, some forty years ago, when, because their maize crops failed, they roasted alive a captive girl, cut her to pieces, and sowed her with their corn. I would not tell the story (for the horror of it) did it not bear with such fearful force on my argument. What were those Red Men thinking of? What chain of misreasoning had they in their heads when they hit on that as a device for making the crops grow? Who can tell? Who can make the crooked straight, or number that which is wanting? As said Solomon of old, so must we—"The foolishness of fools is folly." One thing only we can say of them: that they were horribly afraid of famine, and took that means of ridding themselves of their fear.

But what if the wasp-tribe had no captives? They would offer slaves. What if the agony and death of slaves did not appease the wasps? They would offer their fairest, their dearest, their sons and their daughters, to the wasps; as the Carthaginians, in like strait, offered in one day two hundred noble boys to Moloch, the volcano-god whose worship they had brought out of Syria; whose original meaning they had probably forgotten; of whom they only knew that he was a dark and devouring being, who must be appeased with the burning bodies of their sons and daughters. And so the veil of fancy would be lifted again, and the whole superstition stand forth revealed as the mere offspring of bodily fear.

But more; the survivors of the conquest might, perhaps, escape, and carry their wasp-fetish into a new land. But if they became poor and weakly, their brains and imagination, degenerating with their bodies, would degrade their wasp-worship till they knew not what it meant. Away from the sacred tree, in a country the wasps of which were not so large or formidable, they would require a remembrancer of the wasp-king; and they would make one—a wasp of wood, or what not. After a while, according to that strange law of fancy, the root of all idolatry, which you may see at work in every child who plays with a doll, the symbol would become identified with the thing symbolized; they would invest the wooden wasp with all the terrible attributes which had belonged to the live wasps of the tree; and after a few centuries, when all remembrance of the tree, the wasp-prophet and chieftain, and his descent from the divine wasp—aye, even of their defeat and flight—had vanished from their songs and legends, they would be found bowing down in fear and trembling to a little ancient wooden wasp, which came from they knew not whence, and meant they knew not what, save that it was a very “old fetish,” a “great medicine,” or some such other formula for expressing their own ignorance and dread. Just so do the half-savage natives of Thibet, and the Irish-women of Kerry, by a strange coincidence—unless the ancient Irish were Buddhists like the Himalayans—tie just

the same scraps of rag on the bushes round just the same holy wells, as do the negroes of Central Africa upon their “Devil’s Trees;” they know not why, save that their ancestors did it, and it is a charm against ill-luck and danger.

And the sacred tree? That, too, might undergo a metamorphosis in the minds of men. The conquerors would see their aboriginal slaves of the old race still haunting the tree, making stealthy offerings to it by night; and they would ask the reason. But they would not be told. The secret would be guarded—such secrets were guarded, in Greece, in Italy, in mediæval France, by the superstitious awe, the cunning, even the hidden self-conceit, of the conquered race. Then the conquerors would wish to imitate their own slaves. They might be in the right. There might be something magical, uncanny, in the hollow tree, which might hurt them; might be jealous of them as intruders. They, too, would invest the place with sacred awe. If they were gloomy, like the Teutonic conquerors of Europe and the Arabian conquerors of the East, they would invest it with unseen terrors. They would say, like them, a devil lives in the tree. If they were of a sunny temper, like the Hellenes, they would invest it with unseen graces. What a noble tree! what a fair fountain hard by its roots! Surely some fair and graceful being must dwell therein, and come out to bathe by night in that clear wave. What meant the fruit, the flowers, the honey, which the slaves left there by night? Pure food for some pure nymph. The wasp-gods would be forgotten—probably smoked out as sacrilegious intruders. The lucky seer or poet who struck out the fancy would soon find imitators; and it would become, after a while, a common and popular superstition that Hamadryads haunted the hollow forest trees, Naiads the wells, and Oreads the lawns. Somewhat thus, I presume, did the more cheerful Hellenic myths displace the darker superstitions of the Pelasgi, and those rude Arcadian tribes who offered, even as late as the Roman Empire, human sacrifices to gods whose original names were forgotten.

But even the cultus of nymphs would be defiled after a while by a darker element. However fair, they might be can-

precious and revengeful, like other women. Why not? And soon, men going out into the forest would be missed for a while; they had eaten narcotic berries, got sunstrokes, wandered till they lost their wits. At all events, their wits were gone. Who had done it? Who but the nymphs? The men had seen something they should not have seen, done something they would not have done; and the nymphs had punished the unconscious rudeness by that frenzy. Fear, everywhere fear, of Nature—the spotted panther, as some one calls her, as fair as cruel, as playful as treacherous. Always fear of Nature, till a Divine light arise, and show men that they are not the puppets of Nature, but her lords; and that they are to fear God, and fear naught else.

And so ends my true myth of the wasp-tree. No, it need not end there; it may develop into a yet darker and more hideous form of superstition, which Europe has often seen, which is common now among the Negroes,* which, we may hope, will be soon exterminated.

This might happen. For it, or something like it, has happened too many times already.

That to the ancient women who still kept up the irrational remnant of the wasp-worship, beneath the sacred tree, other women might resort; not merely from curiosity, or an excited imagination, but from jealousy and revenge. Oppressed, as woman has always been under the reign of brute force; beaten, outraged, deserted, at best married against her will, she has too often gone for comfort and help—and those of the very darkest kind—to the works of darkness; and there never were wanting—there are not wanting, even now, in remote parts of these isles—wicked old women who would, by help of the old superstitions, do for her what she wished. Soon would follow mysterious deaths of rivals, of husbands, of babes; then rumors of dark rites connected with the sacred tree, with poison, with the wasp and his sting, with human sacrifices; lies mingled with truth, more and more confused and frantic, the

more they were misinvestigated by men mad with fear: till there would arise one of those witch-manias, which are too common still among the African Negroes, which were too common of old among the men of our race.

I say, among the men. To comprehend a witch-mania, you must look at it as (what the witch literature confesses it unblushingly to be) man's dread of Nature excited to its highest form, as dread of woman.

She is to the barbarous man—she should be more and more to the civilized man—not only the most beautiful and mysterious of all natural objects, if it be only as the author of his physical being. She is to the savage a miracle to be alternately adored and dreaded. He dreads her more delicate nervous organization, which often takes shapes to him demoniacal and miraculous; her quicker instincts, her readier wit, which seem to him to have in them somewhat prophetic and superhuman; which entangle him as in an invisible net, and rule him against his will. He dreads her very tongue, more crushing than his heaviest club, more keen than his poisoned arrows. He dreads those habits of secrecy and falsehood, the weapons of the weak, to which savage and degraded woman always has recourse. He dreads the very medicinal skill which she has learned to exercise, as nurse, comforter, and slave. He dreads those secret ceremonies, those mysterious initiations which no man may witness, which he has permitted to her in all ages, in so many—if not all—barbarous and semi-barbarous races, whether Negro, American, Syrian, Greek, or Roman, as a homage to the mysterious importance of her who brings him into the world. If she turn against him—she, with all her unknown powers, she who is the sharer of his deepest secrets, who prepares his very food day by day—what harm can she not, may she not do? And that she has good reason to turn against him, he knows too well. What deliverance is there from this mysterious house-fiend, save brute force? Terror, torture, murder, must be the order of the day. Woman must be crushed, at all price, by the blind fear of the man.

I shall say no more. I shall draw a veil, for very pity and shame, over the

* For an account of Sorcery and Fetichism among the African Negroes, see Burton's *Lake Regions of Central Africa*, vol. ii., pp. 341-360.

most important and most significant facts of this—the most hideous of all human follies. I have, I think, given you hints enough to show that it, like all other superstitions, is the child—the last born and the ugliest child—of blind dread of the unknown.

Macmillan's Magazine.

BAKER'S EXPLORATION OF THE NILE SOURCES.*

Who does not remember that, when the thrilling news ran through this country of the reappearance at Gondokoro of Speke and Grant, bringing with them, as the result of their bold East-African expedition, the solution of the great Nile mystery, it seemed an item of subordinate interest in this news that they had met at Gondokoro a certain Mr. Baker, who had gallantly gone so far up the Nile from the Mediterranean on the chance of falling in with them and being of use to them? We are much mistaken if it was not in consequence of the rush then made upon maps of Africa that people in general first learned what Gondokoro was—a trading station on the Nile in lat. $4^{\circ} 55'$ N., and the extreme point to which, by any ordinary means of boats or the like, the most persevering European travellers had yet penetrated in ascending the river. And who was Mr. Baker? He was by no means an unknown man in the geographical world. He had already distinguished himself as a sportsman and explorer in Ceylon, and was an old friend of Speke's. By the general public, however, he was now heard of for the first time. But the circumstances in which he was heard of were such as to invest his name all at once with real interest. It was not by mere accident that he had met Speke and Grant, but in pursuance of a definite plan. His being at Gondokoro at all when they arrived there was, in itself, a kind of feat. For though, as we have said, Gondokoro was not inaccessible, and had been reached

by Europeans before, Mr. Baker was the first *Englishman* that had pushed so far up the Nile. But a still stronger interest attached itself to Mr. Baker's name by what was announced almost simultaneously with the news of his receiving Speke and Grant at Gondokoro. It was announced that he did not consider his service then ended, but had resolved to remain in Africa, and undertake an independent exploration back into the region of the interior through which Speke and Grant had just made their way—the object of this exploration being to act on information which Speke and Grant had given him, and, if possible, to settle some important points respecting the Nile sources which they had been obliged to leave in doubt. When to all this was added the intelligence that Mrs. Baker was at Gondokoro with her husband, and that she was to be his companion through all the hardships and perils of the expedition he had undertaken, little wonder that, even amid the applause with which Speke and Grant were welcomed by their countrymen, there were heard incidental words in honor of the heroic traveller who had pledged himself to the completion of their great discovery.

Before any special recognition of his brave intention could have reached Mr. Baker, he had set about its fulfilment. On the 26th of March, 1863, or exactly a month after he had seen Speke and Grant safe on their way home, he and his little caravan of camels, donkeys, and native attendants had left Gondokoro on their reverse direction into the African interior. The conditions in which he made this start were the most desperate conceivable. The news which, in fact, did reach this country was that Mr. Baker's intended expedition had broken down at the outset, through the mutiny of his men and the hostility of the slave-traders. When the subsequent news came that his determination had overcome these difficulties, and that he had actually disappeared into the jaws of that African savagedom from which Speke and Grant had just escaped, those most interested in his success, and most able to judge of its probabilities, hardly knew what to think. Would he be swallowed up, or should he ever return to tell his tale? From time to time, during the years 1863

* *The Albert Nyanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources.* By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, M.A., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

and 1864, this question may have been discussed in particular circles. The Royal Geographical Society, at all events, had not forgotten the absent traveller. At a time when they did not know even that he was still alive, and much less with what results he would return, they awarded him the honor of their Victoria Gold Medal, in testimony of their appreciation of his former services in combination with this new attempt. Meanwhile, the non-geographical public, occupied with a thousand other things, had all but forgotten Mr. Baker. The solution of the great Nile mystery had had its day as a subject of mere gossip; Speke and Grant had worn their laurels, and had retired into more private life, leaving their books to tell the tale of their labors more gravely and more at length; and, these books having been widely read, other "sensations" were having their turn.

But the world was again to hear of Mr. Baker. On the 23d of March, 1865, or exactly two years after the date of his departure from Gondokoro, he and his devoted wife reappeared at that place—their wanderings happily finished, and with results far more momentous than could have been anticipated. The rumors of these results preceded them into Europe. On the 13th of November, Mr. Baker was present at the opening meeting of the Royal Geographical Society for the session of 1865-6, to hear his expedition made the chief topic in the annual address of the president, Sir Roderick Murchison, and to read a paper giving a summary account of the expedition in his own name. And now, in a work of two handsome volumes, dedicated to her Majesty, and with a title at once modestly and carefully chosen, and all needed illustrations, he puts his countrymen in possession of the more perfect and detailed account which they have been expecting.

If only from the admirable manner in which Mr. Baker tells his story, these two volumes would deserve a place of no ordinary mark in our total library of British books of Travel and Adventure. We remember nothing in the shape of a British book of travel more graphic, more lucid, more perfectly proportioned, or having more of that art which keeps a reader spell-bound from first to last, and

does not permit him to lay aside the book for a single available moment, or to think of anything else, till he has finished it. And yet, in Mr. Baker's case, it can hardly be called *art*. He has put no strain upon himself, and has nothing of the manner of a professional *littérateur*. He writes plainly, simply, straightforwardly, and sometimes roughly; and the unusually fascinating effect arises partly from the intense interest of the matter itself—the scenes, incidents, situations, and adventures, in ever-varying succession—and partly from the vividness with which the writer recollects and re-feels each scene and incident as he tells it, and the judicious self-denial with which he suppresses all that might be irrelevant or cumbersome to the reader in following the story connectedly and grasping it as a whole. In this respect Mr. Baker's volumes are in contrast with the works of some other eminent African travellers. Through some such works the reader has had to wade laboriously, almost irritated at finding that men who had been such heroes in action and in endurance were such inefficient penmen, and had to tell the story of their deeds in such a lumbering manner. Mr. Baker, on the other hand, can not only travel, but he can come back and write the story of his travels in a book fit to be a model of excellence in this kind of literature.

The admirable narrative, however, is but a happy accident, securing popular attention to one of the most daring and best-organized feats of enterprise of which there is record even in the annals of African exploration.

Mr. Baker, we learn, had been in Africa, engaged in preparations for his expedition, during two entire years before his meeting with Speke and Grant at Gondokoro—so that four years, and not two, are the measure of his recent labors. It was in March, 1861, that he set out from England, a private English gentleman, with a fixed idea in his mind, which actuated him not the less powerfully because he had not had the "presumption" to publish it. Government had sent out Speke and Grant on an expedition in search of the source of the Nile; and these travellers, having entered the African continent on its east side, *via* Zanzibar, were boring their

way, it was hoped, by that supposed shorter cut to the great river's origin. But why should not somebody attempt once more the direct ascent of the river up its entire course from the Mediterranean, so as perhaps to come upon Speke and Grant at or near its source, and be of assistance to them or partake in their labors? This is what Mr. Baker thought; and, being, as he tells us, of "somewhat tough constitution," already inured to a tropical climate, "in perfect independence," and with "both time and means" which he was prepared to devote "without limit" to any object that thoroughly interested him, he had appropriated the enterprise to himself. The risk would be his own, and, if he failed, why, except for one consideration, it would be of no great consequence! "Had I been alone," he says, "it would have been no hard lot to die upon the untrodden path before me; but there was one who, although my greatest comfort, was also my greatest care—one whose life yet dawned at so early an age that womanhood was still a future. I shuddered at the prospect for her, should she be left alone in savage lands at my death; and gladly would I have left her in the luxuries of home instead of exposing her to the miseries of Africa." The young wife, however, with a spirit to match her husband's, would not be persuaded, by any arguments he could use, to give up the resolution to accompany him; and on the 15th of April, 1861, they sailed up the Nile from Cairo. All this having been simply told in the first few pages of the first chapter, the rest of that chapter takes us rapidly, but with wonderful distinctness, over the two-and-twenty months which elapsed between the departure from Cairo and the arrival at Gondokoro. Two-and-twenty months nominally only of preliminaries to the main enterprise, but of preliminaries which would have had a great independent value even had the main enterprise not been afterwards prosecuted. It having occurred to Mr. Baker, for example, that much of his future success might depend on his acquiring such a knowledge of Arabic as would make him independent of interpreters, and that there were other respects in which he might qualify himself, what course of qualification does the reader think he devised? Nothing less

than a complete year of independent exertion devoted to the exploration of the great eastern affluents to the Nile from the mountains of Abyssinia—more especially the Atbara and the Bahr-el-Azrek or Blue Nile. He had sailed up the Nile in the ordinary way for twenty-six days, and had then, in order to avoid the great westward bend of the river above Korosko, made a fatiguing march of fifteen days across the Nubian desert, arriving at Berber in lat. $17^{\circ} 58'$, when this thought struck him. At Berber he made his plans; and from June, 1861, to June, 1862, he was engaged in learning his Arabic and at the same time mastering, by a series of laborious journeys, the whole system of those eastern tributaries to the Nile that reinforce it at this stage with the vast independent drainage of Abyssinia. "It is not my intention in the present work," he says, "to enter into the details of my first year's exploration on the Abyssinian frontier—that being so extensive and so completely isolated from the grand White Nile Expedition that an amalgamation of the two would create confusion." Accordingly, "reserving the exploration of the Abyssinian tributaries for a future publication," he gives only a brief summary of the results—a summary, however, which the reader does well to take along with him even in the present work. Then, dismissing his year on and about the Atbara, the Blue Nile, etc., as a mere episode or interlude, he brings us back, in June, 1862, to Khartoum, the capital of the Soudan provinces, and the junction of the Blue Nile with the White. At Khartoum we see him busy, for the next six months, in all sorts of arrangements for his farther expedition—collecting his escort, buying camels and donkeys, etc., etc.—and at the same time forming his impressions of the Turkish Government in those parts, and foreseeing the obstacles through which he would have to fight in advancing into the region which the far-ramified trade in slaves, encouraged by that Government, had prepossessed with a murderous fear of all strangers, and converted into a meshwork of mutually-suspicious tribes dehumanized and stupefied by every imaginable abomination. The knowledge which Mr. Baker thus acquired of the system

and methods of the slave-commerce of which Khartoum is the *dépôt* is succinctly conveyed to the reader, and explains much in the sequel. But, except to convey this important information, Mr. Baker does not think it necessary to detain the reader over his six months at Khartoum. He devotes far more space to the account of his voyage up the Nile from Khartoum to Gondokoro, which occupied him more than six weeks, or from December 18th, 1862, to February 2d, 1863. The dreariness and desolation of this voyage, as well as its difficulties, are described with peculiar impressiveness.

The incidents of the two months at Gondokoro (February 2d to March 26th, 1863) are related in two chapters. Chief of them was the sudden appearance of Speke and Grant—an event which, while it gave a joyful fulfilment to one of Mr. Baker's hopes from his expedition, necessarily gave a new determination to his remaining plans. It had not been permitted him, as he had flattered himself might be the case, to meet Speke and Grant, and join forces with them, at those mysterious Nile sources which were the object of their common search—his direct ascent to them fitting, at an opportune juncture, into their well-calculated flank approach. It had been given to his old friend Speke and that friend's comrade to be the first of civilized men to stand face to face with the great secret; and here they were returning to the world with the news of what they had done. Did nothing, then, remain for him? If at first he had doubts on this point, and supposed his African expedition might now end, they were soon removed. He had just congratulated Speke and Grant, he says, on the honor they had so nobly earned, when, "with characteristic candor and generosity," they gave him a map of their route, "showing that they had been unable to complete the actual exploration of the Nile, and that a most important portion still remained to be determined."

What Speke and Grant had done was substantially this: Turning northward, after their long and weary advance into the interior from the east coast, they had come at last upon the western shore of the great lake to which they gave the

name of Victoria Nyanza, and which they ascertained to be a vast reservoir of waters connected with the Nile. From the northern extremity of this lake they traced a river flowing northwards for a considerable distance; they again, after leaving it, came upon what was undoubtedly the same stream at a point called Karuma Falls, in lat. $2^{\circ} 17' N.$; at this point they crossed, and did not again see the Nile till they arrived in lat. $3^{\circ} 32' N.$ Beyond this last latitude all was clear; but the gap between the two points named was a serious one. The difference of latitude between Karuma Falls and the point at which Speke and Grant again saw the Nile, is $1^{\circ} 15'$, or nearly ninety miles; and what might be the behavior of the river between these two points? Was it, in fact, the same river which had been crossed at Karuma Falls that was again seen in lat. $3^{\circ} 32'$ —the same river unmodified by any agency in the interval more important than the casual reception of tributaries? There were certain circumstances which led Speke and Grant to question this, and to suspect a very singular behavior of the Nile between their observation of it at Karuma Falls and their re-observation of it in lat. $3^{\circ} 32'$. In the first place, whereas the course of the river from its exit from the Victoria Lake had been in the main northerly, it was seen at Karuma Falls taking a sudden bend due west. Then again they were distinctly informed by the natives of the country, and by Kamrasi, the King of Unyore, that this western course of the river was continued for several days' journey, and that then the river emptied itself into a great lake called Luta N'zige, which came far from the south—emptied itself into this lake near its northern end, and almost immediately came out again at the same end in a new stream which was navigable, and which flowed continuously north as the Nile. Here was a puzzle. Fain would Speke and Grant have solved the puzzle by following their Victoria Lake river—wholly their own property, as they might proudly consider it—from its exit from the Victoria Lake on to Karuma Falls—following it along its provoking bend to the west from these falls, and on, if it so happened, to the lake Luta N'zige, which was said to re-

ceive it. Fain would they have explored the shores of this great second lake, so as to study its importance in comparison with their own Victoria Lake; and fain would they have seen with their own eyes the strange phenomenon of their river debouching into this lake, and again almost immediately making its exit in a new northerly channel. They perceived what a defect the non-accomplishment of these things would leave to their scheme of the Nile sources, and they foresaw with what complacency "stay-at-home geographers" would ask why they had not made their work perfect by merely going to this place or that place. But when a country is blocked by swarming hosts of black fiends all at war with Kamrasi, it may be impossible even for a Speke and a Grant to take the route they would wish. All that they could do they did most honestly. They laid down in their map the second lake, Luta N'zige, in its probable position, according to the best information they had derived from the natives, and they represented their own Victoria Lake river, in accordance with that information, as both influent into this lake and effluent from it.

Such was the map which Speke and Grant placed in Mr. Baker's hands at Gondokoro, accompanied by various explanations, and with some useful suggestions written by Speke in Mr. Baker's journal. From this moment Mr. Baker had a clear conception of the work cut out for him. Speke and Grant had discovered the Victoria Lake, and made it their own; it remained for him to bestow his attention on the other and yet unvisited lake, and to determine, if possible, the exact functions of both lakes, severally or conjointly, as sources of the Nile.

Two whole years were consumed in this work. Two years! A very pretty picking, as the reader may conceive, out of any man's life, however they may be spent! Two years decomposed into moments may be defined generally as being, for each person, an infinite series of small advances through a medium of circumstances—the differences for different persons depending on the nature of the medium. When the medium consists of brutal negro savagery, morselled out into tribes and nations mutual-

ly suspicious and revengeful, saturated with fever and other pests of climate, and vitiated into double devilishness by the special influence of the slave-trade, it is hardly possible for most of us to realize what two years of life in such a medium may be. Yet this is the life of the African explorer, and it was at the price of two years of such a life that Mr. Baker did his splendid service to geography.

When he left Gondokoro, and made his first plunge into the country he had resolved to explore, it was an act of sheer audacity. He had then but seventeen rascals adhering to him out of his original full escort; and he knew that these had conspired to mutiny and desert him at a certain spot ahead. He was in the wake also of a large Turkish slave-trading party, with whom these rascals were in league, and who had sent him word that they would fire upon him if he followed in their route, and would raise the tribes against him. His sole trust was that, somehow or other, once he was fairly started, he should be able to bend both his own rascals and the Turkish slave-trading party to his will. How he succeeded is one of the most interesting stories of the book. Suffice it to say that, coming to a conference with the leader of the Turkish party, he persuaded that gentleman that it would be worth his while, in the most material sense, to be on good terms with him, and that thenceforth we see the Turks while pursuing their own ends as an independent party and often guilty of horrible atrocities on their march, yet utilized by him as his pioneers and instruments, checked by him in their atrocities, and coming gradually, whenever he is personally present, to recognize him as their master. This once understood, we are able the more easily to imagine his progress through the successive stages of his route. We see him halting here, or delayed there—the motley trading party of Turks and negroes sometimes close to his little party, and sometimes separated from it; and, whether on the halt or on the march, we have descriptions of the scenery passed through, accounts of striking natural phenomena, sketches of negro life and manners, recollections of days of sport among elephants, giraffes, and what not, and character-portraits

of eminent individual negroes with whom as kings or chiefs of their tribes Mr. Baker was brought into close contact. These descriptions are so lively, and Mr. Baker is so heartily English amid all his difficulties, and has such a relish for the fun of any oddity he encounters, that we accompany him with rare pleasure. We come to love, as he did himself, his pet little rifle "Fletcher," with which he had vowed never to part; and we listen, with glee not less than his own, to the scream on rare occasions of his bigger gun, "Baby," always effective, but of such dreadful rebound. Sometimes, as we have to stay with him in one place for weeks, we are beguiled amid the riches around us soliciting our observation—riches geological, botanical, zoölogical, and anthropological of the black type—into temporary oblivion of the purpose of our journey. But, again, this purpose, always stirring in the minds of the two human beings in whom we are chiefly interested—this speck of white motive-power through the dense negro medium—regains the ascendancy in us through sympathy. It is the lake Luta N'zige, and the basin of the Nile sources, that we are bound for; and every intermediate delay becomes more and more vexatious.

Mr. Baker had been obliged by the refractoriness of his men to begin by a *détour* to the east. This brought him at first into the valley of Illyria, and thence into the rich regions of Latooka—the finest country he has seen in Africa. Here he stayed a considerable time. The Latookas are a nation of negroes who go quite naked, with extraordinary helmets made of their own hair; but they are among the most favorable specimens of negro humanity, both for intelligence and industry. For this reason, and also because among them Mr. Baker had his first opportunity of studying intimately the negro character, he devotes a pretty large space to his account of them and their country. On the 2d of May, 1863, he left Latooka; and, having given his route thence its proper direction to the southwest, he arrived at Obbo—a country the general level of which is thirty-six hundred feet above the sea. It is also very fertile, though cattle cannot live in it, owing to the torment of a fly called

the *tsetsé*. The natives of Obbo are much inferior to those of Latooka; but Mr. Baker found among them a character of some comic interest in their old chief Katchiba, who has one hundred and sixteen children living, and unites the kingly functions with those of a sorcerer and rain-maker general to his subjects by means of a magic whistle. In Obbo Mr. Baker was delayed many months—rendered helpless by the death of all his transport animals, the difficulty of finding substitutes, and other causes. Worst of all, here his quinine was exhausted, so that the rest of his journey had to be performed in a state of failing health through the want of that essential drug. Not till January, 1864, was he able to resume his southward march, and then only with baggage reduced to the merest necessities. Crossing the Asua, an eastern tributary of the Nile, and pushing on through all sorts of obstacles caused by the unwillingness of the natives of those parts to guide a stranger to the territories of the great Kamrasi, he found himself at length (Jan. 23d) on the confines of the dominions of this dreaded African despot, at the very spot of his long-cherished dreams. He found himself, in fact, at those Karuma Falls, in lat. 2° 17', at which Speke and Grant had been obliged to leave the river which they had traced from the Victoria Nyanza.

Now it is that Mr. Baker's story reaches the climax of interest and that all his powers of perseverance, of resistance, and of stratagem, are called forth. Kamrasi, the great African despot of Unyoro, the dread of whom among the negro populations round had more than anything else impeded Mr. Baker's advance so far—this magnificent personage of Central Africa (not an unimposing looking specimen of negro majesty, either, in physical appearance), whom history will represent as sitting squat at the entrance to the Nile basin and daring all white approach to the mystic sources—this Kamrasi, we are sorry to say, turns out, in Mr. Baker's experience of him, the most arrant swindler, beggar, and poltroon that ever had the name of a king, and the corresponding power of inflicting misery even among the poor Africans. Never was such a collapse. For a while, indeed,

Kamrasi skulks from observation, palming off a bolder brother of his as the real Kamrasi, but taking reckoning of all the presents intended for him, and opposing and harassing the strangers through his convenient brother. How Mr. Baker, enfeebled with fever, so as sometimes to be unable to walk, and with his wife also for a time prostrate and at death's door, contrived, in spite of this brute in power, to achieve the object of his enterprise, can be adequately gathered only from his own narrative. While as yet the real Kamrasi was not seen, and only the sham Kamrasi had come to the front, these objects were substantially achieved. The direct way down the river from the Karuma Falls being debarred, Mr. Baker, after crossing the river at these falls, persisted in a route taking him in a southerly direction to 'Mrooli, Kamrasi's capital, and thence again in a southwest direction for eighteen days' journey, through a park-like country, so as ultimately (March 14th, 1864) to reach the great lake of his search at a place called Vacovia. Here is his description of the first sight of the lake, and of his sensations on reaching it :

"*The 14th March*—The sun had not risen when I was spurring my ox after the guide, who, having been promised a double handful of beads on arrival at the lake, had caught the enthusiasm of the moment. The day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me ! There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay far beneath the grand expanse of water—a boundless sea horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

"It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward of all our labor—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile ! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery ; but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery when so many greater than I

had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about fifteen hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon these welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind ; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings ; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake 'the Albert Nyanza.'

"We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife in extreme weakness tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain above the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach : I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile."

It was not enough, however, to have merely found the lake, and to have given it that name of "Albert Nyanza" by which it will henceforth be fittingly known, in association with Speke and Grant's twin-lake, the Victoria Nyanza, pre-discovered more to the south and east. Various important matters had to be determined to make Mr. Baker's discovery complete. Some idea had to be formed of the extent of the new Albert Lake, and its importance, in respect of extent, relative to the Victoria Lake. Then the lake must not be left till it had been determined beyond doubt that the river of Speke and Grant left behind at the Karuma Falls, did actually, as was alleged, empty itself into it near its northern end, and till the alleged exit again of another river from the lake in the same neighborhood, flowing north and forming the true White Nile, had been distinctly investigated.

As regards the southern stretch of the Albert Lake from the point at which he had struck it, Mr. Baker was obliged to be content with the unanimous reports of

the natives—which were to the effect that the lake came so far from the south that its extreme limits in that direction were unknown, but were probably not less southerly than the southern shores of the Victoria Nyanza itself. But, where he stood, he could himself appreciate the vast breadth of the lake, with its distant mountain barrier on the opposite shore, down which he could see, with the aid of the glass, the threads of several great waterfalls. Then, starting from Vacovia, he sailed northwards on the lake in canoes, skirting its eastern shore for thirteen days, and experiencing its sea-like tempestuousness at certain times of the day—observing also that the lake gradually narrowed as he sailed north, till, at a place called Magungo, where his voyage stopped, its breadth seemed about sixteen or twenty miles. This Magungo was an important spot in respect of the two remaining verifications he was anxious to accomplish—that of the alleged reception by the lake of the river coming from Karuma Falls, and that of the alleged exit of the other northerly river forming the continuous White Nile. The latter verification was the easier. Ascending an eminence near Magungo, he saw the lake bending away at its northern extremity towards the west, beyond his power of following it to its end in that direction. But at its most northerly point, about eighteen miles distant from where he stood, he discerned a distinct gap, opening to his view, due north and northeast, a dead flat country, through which he could watch for miles the course of a great river flowing steadily north, and made definite to the eye as a broad persistent track of bright green reeds. It was as if the great Albert Lake ceased at this point to be a lake, and ended in a long river-like tail, or continuation, due north. In short, what he saw was the exit from Albert Nyanza of the great river flowing thence to the Mediterranean continuously as the Nile. The natives told him that canoes from the lake could navigate the river for a great way without coming upon cataracts, but that the current was so strong that the re-ascent to the lake could not be made without many rowers. Mr. Baker was prepared to test this for himself by actually sailing to the exit and going down

the river. But the natives positively refused to take him thither, explaining that the hostility of the Madi and Koshi, two nations that commanded the Nile at and after its exit from the lake, made the attempt impossible. Forced to be satisfied, in the mean time, therefore, with his ocular inspection of the Nile's actual exit from the Albert Lake at a point north of Magungo, he turned his attention to the other matter requiring verification—to wit, the alleged reception by the Albert Lake of Speke's Victoria River, last seen at the Karuma Falls. He had, in fact, stopped at Magungo because he was assured that a broad channel of water which there sluggishly joined the lake was the embouchure of this very river. Appearances were against the truth of this supposition. The channel of water into which his boat had turned was about half a mile broad, but it had no current, was choked with reeds, and looked more like a dead marshy arm of the lake than the embouchure of the powerful river which had been seen at Karuma boiling and tearing along its rocky course. In order to settle the question for himself, Mr. Baker ascended the channel—and with a superb result. After a while he became convinced by the sight of floating herbage that there *was* a current in the seemingly dead river, and lo! at length, pre-announced by a sound heard far off, the sight of the whole mass of waters precipitated towards him in a fall of one hundred and twenty feet of perpendicular height through a rocky gorge or cleft, not more than fifty yards wide. After the sight of this fall (called by Mr. Baker the Murchison Falls) there was no longer any doubt that the sluggish reedy channel at Magungo on the Albert Lake *was* the embouchure into that lake of the river which Speke and Grant traced to Karuma Falls from the Victoria Nyanza. The two great lakes *were* connected by this river, and such phenomena of the river as the Karuma Falls and Murchison Falls were significant of the fact that the level of the Victoria Nyanza was much higher than that of the Albert Nyanza. The course of Speke and Grant's river from Karuma to its embouchure in the Albert Lake was calculated at about eighty miles, and Mr. Baker's ascent

from the lake to the Murchison Falls accounted for about a third of this course. At the Murchison Falls he had to leave the navigation of the river, and resume his more toilsome journeying by land.

It was now April, 1864, and Mr. Baker, having accomplished all he expected to accomplish, would have been glad to start on his return route. But it is not so easy a matter to leave a Central African kingdom as it is to leave London from the Paddington terminus. For seven weary months more Mr. Baker had opportunities of studying the character of Kamrasi, and the state of Kamrasi's kingdom of Unyoro. During a portion of this period he was in such hard case, through Kamrasi's schemes for his detention, as to be in danger of actual starvation; and one of the most ludicrously-pathetic passages of the book is his account of the unutterable longing which then seized him for the enjoyment once more of an English beefsteak, and its accompaniment of pale ale, before he died. At length, Kamrasi is made to change his tactics, and to cultivate the alliance of his white visitor. But what is Mr. Baker's astonishment on discovering that till now, though the real Kamrasi has seen *him*, he has never seen the real Kamrasi! The convenient brother had personated his majesty in the previous interviews—the real Kamrasi managing from the back ground. Now, however, the real Kamrasi turns out far worse than his substitute. It is in vain that Mr. Baker, informed of the deception that has been played off upon him, puts on, by way of last resource, in his interview with the real Kamrasi, a full-dress Highland suit, with kilt and sporan complete, which he had reserved, in faith of its overawing effect, for whatever crucial emergency might betide him in Central Africa. The savage monarch was a little awed, certainly, but recovered himself, and proceeded to beg and to lie with hardly less pertinacity than if his visitor had met him in an ordinary English costume. Again and again Mr. Baker saw Kamrasi, and, the more he saw of him, the more he was disgusted. Not only was this great African despot the most insatiable of beggars, he proved himself the most pusillanimous of cowards. The hostile tribes round had invaded his king-

dom, and the only thought of the great man was how he might run away and hide in safety till the invasion had blown over. By no effort of Kamrasi, but chiefly in consequence of the presence in Kamrasi's territory of the Turkish trading party that had pioneered the way for our traveller, it did blow over; after which, this Turkish trading party having collected their ivory, and being ready to start on their return to Gondokoro, Mr. Baker—whose proceedings had been for a long while independent of theirs—was free to accompany them. It was with a glad heart that he did so. The date was November, 1864. When he last saw Kamrasi, his majesty was still begging—begging for this and that, and, above all things, for Mr. Baker's little Fletcher rifle, which was almost the last piece of property he had left. It is a comfort to think that Mr. Baker not only refused this gift, but was frank enough to impart to his mendicant majesty before he left him the wretched estimate of his character which he had been obliged to form, and which it would be his duty to communicate to Europe.

The return to Gondokoro occupied four months, or from November, 1864, to March, 1865. The only incident in it which it is necessary to note here is the coming upon the Nile in the country of the Madi. Mr. Baker, who had seen the Nile flowing so distinctly out of the Albert Nyanza, was, of course, exceedingly anxious for his next sight of the great river in its course to the Mediterranean from that lake; and this was how he was gratified:

"We shortly ascended a rocky mountain by a stony and difficult pass, and upon arrival at the summit, about eight hundred feet above the Nile, which lay in front at about two miles' distance, we halted to enjoy the magnificent view. 'Hurrah for the old Nile!' I exclaimed, as I revelled in the scene before me: here it was, fresh from its great parent, the Albert Lake, in all the grandeur of Africa's mightiest river. From our elevated point we looked down upon a broad sheet of unbroken water, winding through marshy ground, flowing from W.S.W. The actual breadth of clear water, independent of the marsh and reedy banks, was about four hundred yards, but, as usual in the deep and flat portions of the White Nile, the great extent of reeds growing in deep water rendered any estimate of the positive width extremely vague. We could

discern the course of this great river for about twenty miles, and distinctly trace the line of mountains on the west bank that we had seen at about sixty miles' distance when on the route from Karuma to Shoon—the commencement of this chain we had seen when at Magungo, forming the Koshi frontier of the Nile. The country opposite to the point on which we now stood was Koshi, which, forming the west bank of the Nile, extended the entire way to the Albert Lake. The country that we occupied was Madi, which extended as the east bank of the Nile to the angle of the Victoria Nile (or Somerset) junction opposite Magungo. These two countries, Koshi and Madi, we had seen from Magungo when we had viewed the exit of the Nile from the lake, as though a tail-like continuation of the water, until lost in the distance of the interminable valley of high reeds. Having, from Magungo, in lat. $2^{\circ} 16'$, looked upon the course of the river far to the north, from the high pass, our present point, in lat. $3^{\circ} 24' N.$, we now comprised an extensive view of the river to the south; the extremities of the limits of view from north and south would almost meet, and leave a mere trifle of a few miles not actually inspected."

From this point to Gondokoro, Mr. Baker's route lay actually along the course of the Nile the whole way. Arrived at Gondokoro on the 23d of March, 1865, he could look back on his two year's expedition as a *fait accompli*. Preceded into Europe by the fame of his discoveries, he came, by due stages, into that part of Europe where the cordial welcome of his countrymen awaited him, but where it is doubtful whether he enjoyed this welcome most, or the accessibility of the beefsteaks and pale ale for which he had longed when starving in Unyoro.

The leading *geographical* conclusions from Mr. Baker's book, we may say, by way of summary, arrange themselves under two heads:

1. *As to the origin of the Nile.* On this point we have already indicated Mr. Baker's conclusions; but they may be here resumed and generalized. The Nile, he concludes—that great river which flows continuously north, under the name of the White Nile, or the Nile *par excellence*—originates distinctly from the great Central African lake, Albert Nyanza, at its northern extremity. It is from this great lake, or fresh-water sea—covering an area, as Sir Roderick Murchison has calculated, as large as that of Scotland, and describable as a vast reservoir of all

the waters collected from a rainy region of mountain ranges so high that the level of the lake itself is twenty - four hundred and forty-eight feet above that of the ocean—it is from this lake that that river which men in all generations have looked at and wondered at as the Nubian and Egyptian Nile, undoubtedly issues. If it is asked, beyond this, what is the true source of the Nile, the answer must dissipate itself up the thousand streams and cataracts, known and unknown, which feed this lake on all sides. To pass the lake, and fasten on any one stream flowing into it, as the ultimate source of the Nile, is impossible. No one fountain-head, as in the case of other rivers, can be ascended to. The sources may be innumerable, but the lake itself is the collective reservoir in which all are aggregated and confounded. The only question at present is, whether one particular stream flowing into the lake may not, from its importance, be voted to be the prior Nile, by way of honorary distinction, and be designated by the name. This is the river which Speke and Grant traced from the other great lake, the Victoria Nyanza, as far as the Karuma Falls, and which, according to their information, subsequently verified by Mr. Baker, does discharge itself into the Albert Nyanza, at a point not far distant from the outflow from that lake of the Nile universally so called. Is this influent to the Albert Nyanza entitled, rather than any other influent, known or unknown, to retain and carry back with it into the country through which it flows the illustrious name given to the lake's great effluent? On this point nothing can be more magnanimous than the verdict of Mr. Baker. All through his volumes he is most generous and chivalrous in his recognition of the achievements of Speke and Grant, accounting it his own chief honor to have succeeded them, and verified their theory. Nor even in the matter of the name now to be given to their river flowing from the Victoria Lake, will he be a party to the slightest diminution of the popular fame of his friends. Although Speke himself, in the map which he gave to Mr. Baker at Gondokoro, had named this river "the Somerset"—thus hesitating, on account of its reported loss of its identity in

an intermediate lake, to call it the Nile—Mr. Baker, in *his* map, prefixed to his present volumes, designates the river by the alternative names of “the Somerset” or “Victoria Nile.” He does this on the ground that the river is certainly a source of the Nile, and a source of preëminent importance, inasmuch as it delivers into the Albert Lake the outflow from that other vast and independent lake which Speke and Grant had discovered. In truth, however, the permanent fame of Speke and Grant rests on their discovery of the Victoria Lake, and on their having brought home such additional information as enabled them to propound, for the first time, the true theory that the Nile is derived from the enormous mass of water accumulated in vast lake-reservoirs of a high level, bosomed amid the mountain ranges of an equatorial region where the annual rainfall is enormous. Mr. Baker, by his discovery of the Albert Lake, and his observations in connection with it, has verified this theory, and enabled us to express it more exactly and definitely. There are, we now know, at least two great lake-reservoirs in Central Africa, collecting its waters at a high level. With one of these, the Albert Nyanza, the Nile is connected *immediately*; for the very river which has borne the name of the Nile from time immemorial may be seen flowing out of it at a great gap in its northern end. So vast is this lake-reservoir that it must be fed, not from one, but a thousand sources—rivers, cataracts, etc.—from the higher levels all round its shores. Through one such river, however, falling into it sleepily and with scarcely a current, not far from the gap of the Nile's outflow, it receives the spare waters of another lake-reservoir, of superficial extent hardly less than its own. This is the Victoria Nyanza, lying more to the north and east, and at a much higher elevation—its level being more than a thousand feet above that of the Albert Nyanza. As this Victoria Lake yields, through an interconnecting river, all its spare waters towards the supply of the Albert Nyanza, whence the Nile comes, there *is* a connection between the Nile and the Victoria Nyanza. But it is an *ultimate* connection only—a connection *through* the Albert Nyanza.

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Whether this ultimate connection should be signalized by carrying back the name “Nile” through the Albert Lake, and affixing it also to the collateral river that brings to that lake, *vid* the Murchison Falls and the Karuma Falls, the contribution from the Victoria Lake, is a question of geographical etiquette.

2. *As to the cause of the annual inundation of Egypt by the Nile.* It is here that those preliminary explorations of Mr. Baker among the Abyssinian tributaries to the Nile, the details of which he has yet to publish, are of interest even in his present work. Mighty river as the main or White Nile is, and proceeding as it does from so vast a lake-reservoir, the evaporation and absorption to which it is subject in its long course towards the Mediterranean would work a huge diminution in its volume but for the reinforcement it receives from tributaries. Indeed, it is at points in its upper course that the Nile proper is to be seen in its full bulk. Were the Nile left to itself, no increases of its upper stream by periodical increases of rainfall in the mountainous region whence it is derived—though there are such increases of rainfall, showing themselves in the rise of the level of the lake-reservoirs—would suffice for the production of that phenomenon which the ancients reckoned among the wonders of the world, the annual inundation of the Nile. The agency mainly concerned in this effect is that of the great Abyssinian tributaries—the Atbara, the Blue Nile, etc.—comparatively poor streams, or mere water-tracks and chains of pools, at certain seasons of the year, but regularly, at other seasons, swollen into brimming floods by the rainfall in the Abyssinian highlands. It is the regularity of this immense influx from the east into the White Nile that produces the beneficial phenomenon to which Egypt owes its existence. The observations adduced by Mr. Baker in support of this view are extremely interesting. He notes particularly the coincidence of the phenomenon of the Nile's rising with the rainy season in Abyssinia, rather than with the somewhat different rainy season known in the equatorial region of the Nile's sources.

Mr. Baker's book contains a great deal of matter possessing an interest quite

separable from that which is purely or specially geographical. We can but glance at two of these more general bearings of a book so rich both in facts and in suggestions.

The volumes both actually propound, and, to a still greater extent, imply and suggest, some curious speculations as to the anthropology of Africa. Mr. Baker has evidently a kindly feeling for the negro; and, whenever he comes either on an individual negro exhibiting in any conspicuous degree any of the qualities that rank high in our reckoning of character, or on a tribe of negroes of any considerable bravery in fight or skill in handicraft, he takes pleasure in bringing the fact prominently forward. As evidently, however, his general estimate of negro humanity in its native state is the lowest possible. A lusty and exuberant brutality—an animalism so robust as to prove that the fate of the negro race can never be that of the American Indians, but must be one of more weight and persistence in the modern world—this is the best of what he found. Though he, doubtless, suppresses much that would have been too revolting for the British reader, the general effect of his pictures of native life in Central Africa may be summed up by saying that they leave the impression that, if by any means all the offscourings of British or any other European society—all the convicts, all the pickpockets, all the prize-fighters, all the billiard-sharpers, all the ticket-of-leave men—could be transported up the Nile, and set down to shift for themselves in the basin of the Nile sources, they would be kings and priests among the native populations there, and a haven of intelligence and comparative righteousness. In respect of religion, Mr. Baker reports that the universal state of the native negro mind is one of unmitigated and obstinate secularism. God, the soul, immortality, are ideas that seem never to have dawned upon it. "It apprehends no further than this world." Nor, has it, as such extreme secularism of mood might hastily be expected to have, any historical sense, any memory of the secular past related to itself. The great king Kamrasi could tell nothing of his own ancestry two generations back,

nothing of the history of his nation. All this has been told, in substance, before; and the usual theory in explanation has been that the negro in his African home is Man in his low stage of development—Man in the Fetichistic stage, as respects religious ideas, and exhibiting, intellectually and morally, all the moral correspondences to that stage of religion. Mr. Baker, however, inclines to a hypothesis which, while it would accredit the negro with a higher physical respectability, would remove him from ourselves by a more abrupt interval. He inclines to the hypothesis that negro humanity is an older organism than the European or Asiatic humanity which we account normal, or, if not an older organism, at least a distinct organism—a separate spurt of creation in peculiar physical conditions, though not so different from other or later spurts as to be irreconcilable with them. And, curiously enough, this view of negro anthropology fits in—though it is by no means necessary that it should—with certain views which Sir Roderick Murchison, partly in consequence of the information derived from Speke's book and this book by Mr. Baker, has been led to propound respecting African geology. Sir Roderick Murchison has for some time been of opinion that "from the absence of all marine deposits of the tertiary and detrital age, it is to be inferred that Central Africa has not been submerged in any of those geological epochs during which we have such visible and clear proof of great subsidences, elevations, and denudations in other quarters of the globe." He has also been of opinion that it is still more out of the question "to seek in the existence of former glaciers" an excavative power sufficient to produce such vast depressions as the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza. Hence he concludes that "the discoveries of Mr. Baker, which show that the deep and vast lake of Albert Nyanza lies in a hollow subtended by hills and mountains of hornblendic gneiss, quartz, and porphyry, are an admirable datum" for geologists who may be inclined to argue that the peculiar structure of Central Africa must be referred to some remote primitive agency.

Less dubious than Mr. Baker's views

concerning native negro anthropology are his views on a political question of more immediate practical importance—the question of the duty of the civilized world, and of Britain in particular, as respects the present custody and stewardship of the negro. Those negro populations of the Nile and its sources which Mr. Baker visited, are, at present—so far as they are under any stewardship at all—under that of the Egyptian Government, a branch of that Turkish power which grasps also so many of the fairer lands of the East. The Egyptian Government is the agency at present deputed by the sufferance of Europe to manage the negro savagery accessible from the Nile; and only by the permission or assent of this agency can the haunts of this savagery be reached. According to Mr. Baker, this state of things is a monstrosity and a crime. The Egyptian Government have done nothing for interior Africa, do nothing at this moment for interior Africa, but infiltrate into it the virus of the slave trade. If Africa is ever to be made a partaker in the civilization of the world, the beginning of the work must be the abolition of the slave trade; and, so long as the Egyptian Government sits at the gate, this is impossible. Sooner or later the Nile negroes must be under another stewardship than that of the Egyptian Government, or of any Turks whatsoever. In this we cordially agree with Mr. Baker. Not the least merit of his book, to our mind, is, that it is likely to give a powerful specific stimulus to two convictions already making way in the British mind, but the furtherance of which is most desirable—the conviction, in the first place, that the Turkish dominion, wherever it exists, is an anachronism, and that all attempts to bolster it up are bad policy; and the conviction, in the second place, that our great national doctrine of non-interference, though kept in honor of late by the hosannas of public meetings, and perhaps provisionally useful for many practical purposes, is essentially a doctrine so base, so inconsistent with either the sound instinctive sense or the proper scientific theory of human duty, that the soul of Britain cannot long rest in it and live.

COUNT VON BISMARCK.

For some time past the eyes of all Europe seem to have been turned upon Count Bismarck as the foremost man of Prussia and the leading statesman of Germany. In the present bloody conflict on the Continent, the hand of Count Bismarck has been widely felt, directing and wielding powerful armaments with colossal energy and forecast. Henceforth he will have a large chapter in German history. The important results to all Europe now at issue in the quarrel of the rival powers, render the chief directing statesman in Prussia a centre of interest. Bismarck is no ordinary man, and plays no common part in the affairs of Europe. Self-contained, strong-willed, determined even to obstinacy, he is not careful to conceal his sentiments, nor slow to support his words by trial of strength. An elaborate comparison was made the other day between Count Bismarck and Count Cavour; Bismarck has, indeed, been called the Cavour of Prussia, but in objects and policy there is a complete difference. The resemblance exists chiefly between the personal qualities which the two men brought to their work—the same fixed resolve, the same steady perseverance, the same self-devotion—but it fails altogether when we consider their aims, and the forces on which they relied. "Count Cavour," says a contemporary, "called Italy to political life after an entombment of centuries; Count Bismarck would strike down all northern Germany in order to build up and aggrandize his own government, which he places before all other considerations. As the portrait of so remarkable a man cannot fail of being an object of general interest, we have had it carefully engraved from a photograph obtained in London as a guarantee of its accuracy. We call to mind no face or portrait among the living or the dead, which reveals the whole character of the man in the lineaments of his face as this of Count Bismarck. It is almost a biography in itself, which a scrutinizing eye can easily read. It will be sufficient to offer the following brief sketch:

Otho, Count Von Bismarck, was born in 1814, at Brandenburg, in the castle of Schönhausen, on the Elbe, about the time

of the downfall of Napoleon I., at the great and decisive battle of Waterloo, which gave rest to Europe for forty years. His early life was passed amid the localities made memorable by some of the most striking incidents in the "Thirty Years' War." The family of Count Bismarck claims lineal descent from one of the ancient chiefs of a powerful Slavonic tribe. He attended the college at Berlin, and subsequently went to Göttingen, the National University of Brunswick, Mecklenburg, Nassau, and Hanover. Göttingen is a famous place for fighting; duels take place often. The students are more self-willed and daring than any students to be found in Germany or elsewhere. It has been found necessary to erect a prison specially for the confinement of the reckless scholars, who are liable to ten days' incarceration on the sentence of the Prorector and Senatus Academicus. There is a story still told at Göttingen of the manner in which young Bismarck conducted himself in his days of pupilage. Being invited to a ball, he ordered a new pair of boots; but on the day before the ball took place he received notice that his boots would not be ready. Instead of submitting to his fate, going to the ball in old boots, or staying away altogether, Bismarck went down to the shoemaker, taking with him two enormous and ferocious dogs, which he assured the unfortunate Crispin should inevitably tear him to pieces if the boots were not ready by the following morning. Not satisfied with this threat, he hired a man who paraded the two dogs before the shoemaker all through the day, and occasionally reminded the luckless man of his perplexing predicament—"Unfortunate shoemaker! thou art doomed to death by the dogs unless the boots be finished." With a sigh, the poor shoemaker told his wife he must work all night, and so Bismarck obtained his boots in time for the dance.

This anecdote of Bismarck, now that he occupies so distinguished a place in the State, is related with great gusto by the students of Göttingen, among whom the memory of Bismarck's college days is warmly cherished.

At the age of twenty-one, Bismarck—having taken degrees both at Berlin and

Göttingen—entered the army, and served in the infantry.

After the usual term of service, Bismarck entered on diplomatic life, and a characteristic anecdote is related of his first essay in patronage. He had been promised some assistance by a minister of state, upon whom he waited by appointment, and by whom he was kept waiting for an hour and a half. When the minister appeared, the young man responded to his inquiry as to what he required by saying: "One hour and a half ago I wanted an audience; now I decline it." He did not forget the insult thus offered to his dignity; but when, by other channels he had risen to power, and the minister who had intentionally or unintentionally wounded his honor was himself in a subordinate position, he readily forgave the old grudge, and took no advantage of their altered circumstances.

M. Von Bismarck, was made member of the Diet of Saxony in 1846, and of the general Diet in the following year. The singular vivacity of his language, and his irrepressible tendency to start some bold and audacious paradox, which he then maintained with remarkable vigor and ability, quickly fixed the attention of political people. One of the theories which he expounded in this fashion was to the effect that large cities were centres of all that was mischievous and wrong—that they were obnoxious in the highest degree to the general welfare of nations, and ought to be destroyed as hotbeds of evil principles. The Revolution of 1848 had the effect of completely confirming M. Bismarck in his absolute tendencies. The King had attentively watched the career of the young statesman whose political views were so eminently acceptable to him, and in 1851 M. Bismarck was invited to enter the diplomatic service. His talents were, it would appear, quite understood from the first; for soon afterward the post of Prussian representative in Frankfort was vacant; it was certain that difficult and delicate questions would then require to be discussed and settled, and Bismarck was appointed. Whether anything occurred here to wound his susceptibilities or irritate his dogmatic and overbearing temper, cannot be actually ascertained; but, undoubted-

ly, from that period may be dated his constant manifestations of enmity toward Austria. He never lost any opportunity of declaring, in season and out of season, that Austria was not only the hereditary foe of Prussia, but was a common source of danger to Germany, and disquiet and uneasiness to the whole of Europe. Though, in point of fact, Austria always has been, and in the nature of things always must be, a conservative power rather than otherwise, sluggish in commencing war, and more often condemned to defend herself than to attack others, by continual reiterations these accusations received a certain amount of credit. The Prussian Liberals did, indeed, dislike M. Bismarck, but not with that bitterness with which a man is said to regard the enemies in his own household. At any rate, they detested Austria more; and when, in 1862, M. Bismarck was sent to Vienna, and contributed largely to the exclusion of Austria from the Zollverein, organizing a systematic opposition to Count Rechberg and all propositions which emanated from him, the hatred of Liberal and Constitutional principles which has always distinguished the Prussian Minister was apparently forgiven, if not forgotten. It will be remembered that in 1858 a remarkable brochure appeared, entitled, *La Prusse et la Question Italienne*, in which an alliance of Prussia, Russia, and France was advocated as the sure means of establishing a German unity which should be at once safe and honorable. Of course, it was to be under the guardian care of Prussia. There is hardly any doubt that M. Bismarck, if he did not actually write this pamphlet, inspired it, and superintended its introduction into the world; and this fact gives a light whereby to read its character, for it would seem that he is not only despotic in theory and daring in action, but that, contrary to the generally accepted idea, he has patience and can "bide his time."

In 1859 M. Bismarck was sent as ambassador to St. Petersburg, and remained for three years at the Court of the Czar. Whatever influence he may have acquired there will probably remain barren, except under certain circumstances which are not very likely to arise. When M. Bismarck left St. Petersburg, he was, for about six months, ambassador at

Paris, and was summoned thence to Berlin to officiate in the double capacity of Minister of Foreign Affairs and Master of the King's Household. This was in 1862. At this time Prussia was a prey to internal conflict, carried on, however, with a phlegmatic calm and cumbrous slowness which were both incomprehensible and vexatious to English politicians. The Lower Chamber steadily and resolutely resisted the military reorganization, which tended to weaken the landwehr as much as it would strengthen the standing army. That in this matter the members were guided by a wise instinct, is shown by the reluctance of the landwehr to commence hostilities in the present unjust quarrel, whereas M. Bismarck's strength lies in the readiness of professional soldiers to engage in any quarrel. The Budget was then condemned by an immense majority, but the Upper House approved it, and the session was abruptly closed by Royal mandate. Mr. Bismarck continued in power, and his administration was distinguished by extreme rigor toward the press. In 1863 an address was presented by the Deputies to the King, in which the Minister was straightly charged with having violated the Constitution.

Soon after the Polish Revolution broke out, and contributed not a little to the difficulties of the Government. A secret treaty was concluded with Russia on the 8th of February, in 1863, and as soon as the Chamber was cognizant of the fact, a vote of censure was passed against the Ministry. M. Bismarck was nothing daunted thereby, and his conduct at that time may indicate what we are to expect of him generally. He became more than ever inflexible and headstrong. His apparent success in the Danish question did not, however, materially alter the hostile attitude of the Liberal party toward him, and in June, 1865, a storm broke in which constitutional rights and principles were effectually trampled on by the audacious Minister. It would appear that his abilities are by no means unappreciated at the Tuileries, since, when he left the Embassy at Paris, his Imperial Majesty conferred on him the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor. Count Bismarck has been not inaptly named by his disaffected countrymen, *Der Maan von*

Blut und Eisen, (the man of blood and iron.) His portrait shows it. A large head, capacious forehead, firm, resolute mouth, and soldierlike bearing. Brilliant and singularly restless eyes rather take from the otherwise thoroughly German character of his features.

POETRY.

FIRST LOVE.

TURNING over papers—
Dead-leaf drift of years—
In the midst a letter
Stain'd and dim with tears!

Face of any dead one
Scarce had moved me so :
There my First Love lying,
Buried long ago.

Darling love of boyhood,
What glad hours we knew—
Tears so sweet in shedding,
Vows that were so true!

Dear face round and dimpled,
Voice of chirping bird,
Hardly then, for heart-throb,
Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,
Know her kind as fair,
Was in joy to revel,
Was to walk on air.

Happy, happy love-time,
Over-budded spring,
Never came the summer
With its blossoming.

WILLIAM SAWYER.

—*Shilling Magazine*.

[ENGLAND has lost much in the death of Keble, author of the *Christian Year*, etc. The following lines, by Rev. J. Gregory Smith, were sent to us by a friend in England:]

JOHN KEBLE, DIED MAUNDAY THURSDAY, 1866.

In slow procession, one by one,
The mourners to thy grave are gone,
Bearing their chaplets. I the last
Here on thy mound my offering cast;
Nor, slight and simple though it be,
Is it for that disdained by thee.
Lowly, methinks, may be the line
Which speaks of lowliness like thine.
For thou wert lowly. Though thy place,
So far as eye of man may trace,
Where mortal gaze enraptured feints,
Is high among the highest saints;
Though it was thine undazed to climb
The cloud-girt peaks of song sublime,
Yet thou wert lowly, as the flower
That folds itself when tempests lower.

I may not call thee Friend. My hand
Met thine but once. Yet they who stand
Remotest hail and bless the star
Which guides them onward from afar.
Let thousand others, as they may,
Extol the glory of its ray;
I here the while on bended knee
Give thanks for what it is to me.
In youth, beside the cloistered walls
Where the gay sunlight softened falls;
In manhood, where sweet nameless rills
Wander among the western hills;
In work or rest, in joy or woe,
In peril from the viewless foe,
The heavenly music of thy lay
Wove its bright spell around my way.

O! Poet, whose seraphic lyre
Ne'er quivered to a base desire,
Nor to the wild discordant cry
Of passion's frantic ecstasy,
But ever shed abroad a sense
Of truth and peace and innocence,
Training the restless heart to twine
Its tendrils round the life divine;
O! Sage, whose wisdom calm and clear
Whispered to all who paused to hear,
"On through the glimmering twilight gray,
Onward, where duty points the way;"
Still to thy Church and country true,
Nor veering as the breezes blew;
By patience schooled to lead—for they
Can best command, who best obey;

O! Christian, not austere good,
Nor soured by pharisaic mood;
Stern to thyself, to others mild,
With children sportive as a child;
Abhorring sin, yet not the less
Compassionating sin's distress;
Taught by the Cross, what wonders lie
In love's mysterious harmony;
The May-thorn dons her bridal wreath,
May-winds their freshening odors breathe;
Thrilled with new life all things upraise
Their swelling symphony of praise;
We miss the voice from which to learn
How blest to welcome spring's return;
But who shall say what strains arise
Amid the choirs of Paradise?

TEDSTONE DELAMERE.

I. G. S.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep
My little lambs are folded like the flocks;
From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks

Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep
 Their solitary watch on tower and steep ;
 Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,
 And through the opening door that Time unlocks
 Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.
 To-morrow ! the mysterious, unknown guest,
 Who cries aloud : " Remember Barmecide,
 And tremble to be happy with the rest."
 And I make answer : " I am satisfied ;
 I dare not ask ; I know not what is best ;
 God hath already said what shall betide."

—H. W. Longfellow.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

Royal Truths. By HENRY WARD BEECHER. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1866. Mr. Beecher, in the preface, gives an amusing account of the history of this little work. On a visit to England, he was complimented for the work. He denied ever having written such a book. But upon the production of the work he had to father it. "The book is therefore mine, and not mine. I furnished the contents, but neither selected them, nor gave them a name." It appears some admirer had taken down from week to week extracts from his sermons, and had them published there under this title, and many editions of it had at that time been circulated.

The work is of the same general character of some which have originated on this side of the water. Very few preachers can bear such a process. The beauty or tone of many of these thoughts can be fully appreciated only when read or heard in their connection. Still there are many brilliant and striking passages in the book.

Spare Hours. By JOHN BROWN, M.D. Second series. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. This volume embraces fifteen sketches of various persons and subjects, among them John Leech and Thackeray. The book is a scholarly performance, and will interest the reader.

Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by many hundred engravings on wood, by Lossing & Barrett, from sketches by the author and others. Vol. 1. Philadelphia: George W. Childs, publisher. 1866. pp. 608. In the preparation and publication of this most interesting historic volume of the great war of the age, Mr. Lossing is justly entitled to the thanks and gratitude of his countrymen and of future historians. Few men have the literary and artistic ability, talents, industry, research, and indomitable perseverance to perform such a work as this. Mr. Lossing has thus erected a historic monument for himself, enduring as marble, and as lasting as the memorial records of the terrible war in which this country has been engaged. Mr. Lossing's accuracy and fidelity in the detail of all important and material facts, so needful to the reader and to the future historian, will render this volume of sterling value as a great storehouse of facts. The numerous portraits, and other artistic sketches, add very much to the interest and value of the book. The young men and young

women of the rising generation should read and study this book, and enrich their minds with its treasures. It should find a place in every village library in the land. Mr. Childs has added fresh honor to his publishing house by this attractive volume. For sale by Joseph Wilson, general agent, No. 21 John-street, New-York.

A Biographical Sketch of the Class of 1826, Yale College. Compiled at the request of the Committee. By REV. SELDEN HAINES. Rome, N. Y. 1866. pp. 100. Mr. Haines deserves the thanks of all his class-mates who survive, for the admirable manner in which he has performed this biographical labor of love. Within one hundred pages he has arranged one hundred biographical sketches—brief, clear, condensed, personal—of parents, wives, children, professions in life, births, deaths, achievements in public life, in the pulpit, at the bar, on the bench, and in the medical profession and as authors. The biography of a hundred educated men, in a hundred pages, with all the influence which they have exerted on the community and the country for the forty years since the class graduated at Yale College, possesses a rare interest to all who knew them, and especially to us of the next class. The venerable ex-president Day, who conferred the degrees on this class, still survives, and was present at the recent commencement, and entered on his ninety-fourth year a few days since, as he informed us.

The Albert Nyansa. Great Basin of the Nile and Exploration of the Nile Sources. By SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, A.M., F.R.G.S., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. With Maps, Illustrations, and Portraits, 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. New York: Harper & Brothers. In its combination of the characteristics that make a good book of travels we have no hesitation in pronouncing Mr. Baker's the best that for some years has come into our hands. He has travelled in unknown countries ; he has made great discoveries which both gratify the curiosity and solve the problems of centuries ; he has undergone greater hardships and met with more exciting adventures than any previous African traveller, Bruce perhaps excepted ; the romance of his own adventures is enhanced by the companionship of a brave-hearted wife ; and he has told his story with consummate literary art. His book is as interesting as *Herodotus*, as exciting as a sensation novel, and as skilfully, if not as eloquently, written as *Macaulay's Essays*. The materials are admirably worked up ; the journal is sparingly quoted, and the more important incidents are told with an effect that is quite dramatic. At the same time the reader cannot for a moment doubt that he is reading the narrative of a manly, straightforward, and honest explorer, whose estimate of his competitors in discovery is as generous as the account of his own achievements is modest. With the characteristic pluck and pertinacity of Englishmen, the great African mystery has been persistently attacked, and, within a few years, extorted. All that now remains is to perfect the detail of the great geographical facts established. To our own countrymen the honor of the discovery belongs ; and

we are justly proud of their achievements. No people, no literature, in the history of the world, can, within the same space of time, boast such contributions to geographical knowledge, as the works of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, and Baker. Nor should we omit the illustrious President of the Geographical Society, whose sagacious scientific hypotheses have contributed as much to African discovery as the actual travels of any one of its explorers. Each claims his own share of the glory, and it is no more necessary to institute invidious comparison than, happily, it is to decide rival claims, or appease personal jealousies. It is enough to say that Livingstone has achieved the unique enterprise of crossing equatorial Africa, and of exploring the great Zambesi and the Shire, south of the Nile sources; and that he has been anticipated in the discovery of the latter only because he could not do every thing at once. He conjectured their locality and general nature, and intended to put his conjecture to a positive test. Burton also surmised the existence of the great equatorial lakes whence the Nile springs, and began the search for them. Speke and Grant discovered the Victoria Nyanza, the highest source or reservoir of the Nile, and Baker has discovered the Albert Nyanza, in which vast body of water all the separate sources of the Nile are gathered, and from which they issue in the mighty volume of the White Nile.

It is not our purpose to give a *précis* of Mr. Baker's fascinating narrative; this would be scarcely fair to the author, whose book claims the perusal of every one for whom heroic enterprise and thrilling adventure have any claim; nor would it be fair to the reader inasmuch as it might blunt the edge of his curiosity, while it could not fully satisfy it. We will refer our readers to the volumes themselves, confident that their perusal will amply justify the eulogy upon them that we feel constrained to pronounce.

Mr. Baker is not like Dr. Livingstone, a missionary, nor is he like Burton, Speke, and Grant, a soldier. He is a private gentleman, apparently of ample means, who prefers the excitement and enterprise of African travel, that he may do his part in fulfilling "those duties by which the earth's history is carried on," to the enjoyment of clubs and Parliamentary honors, and country life at home. He does not formally describe his personal qualifications as an African explorer, but his book abundantly indicates them; these are so many and so great that he must be a kind of admirable Crichton among travellers. In the first place he is physically strong, so that he can stretch a refractory Arab senseless with as much ease and skill as Tom Sayers could have shown; and survive as many African fevers as Dr. Livingstone, although without quinine for months. He possesses undaunted courage; with imperturbable calmness he waits the charge of an infuriated elephant, or the spring of a tiger, when his only chances for life are the certainty of his aim and the infallibility of his rifle; trusting to his tact and pluck, and to what may turn up, he follows an inimical trading party into the desert, although they have sworn to murder him, and although he knows that his own men have conspired to desert him and to aid them. He quells

a mutiny by his fist, rolling the leader over in a heap, and resists an attack of armed Arabs by thrusting his umbrella down the throat of one of them. He is, moreover, very determined; no danger nor difficulty can divert him from his purpose; his enthusiasm is fired by it, and his patience waits upon his enthusiasm. His resolute will, combined with his inflexible justice, gave him an extraordinary ascendancy over the Arabs, so that friends and foes came to regard him as a kind of demi-god. He is, moreover, a man fertile in resources, a self-helping man, ready to do himself every thing that others will not do for him; and unflinching in the ingenuity with which he can overcome difficulties. He is a sportsman of the first water—hippopotami, crocodiles, elephants, hartebeestes, nothing comes him amiss; he speaks of his rifles as if they were his children, and very affectionately they served him. He had moreover, the advantage of singleness of council; his noble wife, in every way as brave and patient and wise as himself, being his only European companion. Her companionship gives a touch of beautiful romance and tenderness to the narrative. In more than one crisis Mrs. Baker's womanly tact saved the expedition. When we add to all this a very high degree of literary art—simplicity and beauty of language, power, reticence, and suggestiveness of descriptions, with a dramatic skill of so putting things that they produce the effect of a tableau or of a surprise, as the case may be—we get the conception of a heaven-born traveller—*nascitur non fit*—born not only to supply the materials of books, but to write them.

To Speke and Grant the honor of discovering the sources of the Nile belongs. Starting from Zanzibar 7° S. latitude, and proceeding N.W., they discovered the Victoria Nyanza, stretching from 2° S. latitude to the equator, and from 32° to 35° E. longitude. This is the eastern side of the great basin of the Nile sources. Out of the north end of this lake the White Nile issues. It was traced by Speke in a N.W. direction to the Karuma Falls, 2° 15' north of the equator, where it made a sudden bend to the west; but hostilities among the tribes prevented him from tracing it further. He was told by the natives, of a little lake, the Luta Nzigé, to the west, into which the river ran; he was compelled, however, to proceed north, and struck the Nile again at Miani's tree, 3° 32'; the farthest point south reached by the Venetian whose name it bears, four hundred and fifty miles from the Victoria Nyanza, and sixty or seventy miles from Gondokoro. At Gondokoro he met Mr. and Mrs. Baker on their way to his assistance; a very graphic account of the interview is given by Mr. Baker. Captain Speke told Mr. Baker what he had done, and what remained to be done, generously gave him maps, and all the instruction and assistance that he could. Mr. Baker proceeded to the Karuma Falls, thence in a southwesterly direction until he came upon the Albert Nyanza at Vacovia, in latitude 1° N.; he found that instead of a "little lake" it was far larger than the Victoria, and probably the largest lake in the world. He ascertained that it extended from 3° N. latitude to 2° S. latitude, between which it was well known to the natives; that in the south it then turned to

the west, and its further extent was unknown. Its breadth at Vacovia was sixty or seventy miles. From Vacovia Mr. Baker coasted northward in canoes for thirteen days until he reached Magungo, the mouth of the river which Speke had traced from the Victoria Lake to the Karuma Falls; the continuity of which he verified by ascending it as far as the falls; from Magungo he clearly saw the exit of the entire volume of the Nile at the northern end of the lake. He thus demonstrated that the Victoria Nyanza discovered by Speke, was a high reservoir on the eastern side of the Nile Basin; that the river which flowed from it—the Victoria Nile or Somerset river—flowed into the Albert Nyanza, to which it falls, by a succession of cataracts, many hundreds of feet, and that the Albert Nyanza was therefore the grand reservoir into which all the waters which form the White Nile proper were collected—many affluents, doubtless, contributing to it; some of them probably of equal volume with the Victoria Nile. It receives, in fact, the drainage of the entire country. In every particular, therefore, Mr. Baker emphatically corroborates Captain Speke—Mr. Baker simply continuing and completing Captain Speke's discovery. The actual basin of the Nile thus determined, is included between 22° and 39° E. longitude, and from 3° S. to 18° N. latitude; the Nile receiving the entire drainage of the whole of this vast region. "The rivers are constant throughout the year, and the Albert Lake continues at a high level, affording a steady volume of water to the Nile." The annual overflow of the Nile is caused, not by any fluctuation in the White Nile as it emerges from Albert Nyanza, but in its great affluents, the Blue Nile, which joins the White Nile at Khartoum, and the Atbara, which joins it a few miles farther north. These are two mountain streams having their rise in the mountains of Abyssinia; they are suddenly flooded by periodical rains which fall in June, and raise the volume of the Nile so as to cause the inundation in Lower Egypt. It is remarkable that Ptolemy describes the Nile as having its sources in two great lakes which receive the snows of the Ethiopian mountains, and that there are many ancient maps upon which these two lakes are marked; of course in very erroneous latitudes. Probably a general trade between Central Africa and Zanzibar had given rise to this impression, which is thus proved to have been accurate in its general facts, but erroneous in its details.

For the romantic detail of personal adventure we must refer our readers to this most fascinating book. Mr. Baker also touches on many matters of great importance, which we cannot discuss—on the probability of commerce with Central Africa, on its accursed slave trade, and the means of suppressing it; on missions, their failure and their probabilities; on the inferiority of the Negro race, which Mr. Baker maintains; on the pre-Adamite antiquity of both the geological formations and the inhabitants of Central Africa; and on other questions upon which his observations throw a very interesting and important light. Mr. Baker has completed the solution of the greatest geographical mystery of the last two thousand years; his name and that of his heroic wife will be imperishably associated with the

sources of the Nile; and his book will in future ages be read, as we now read *Herodotus*—a classic in literature, a romance in adventure, and a high authority in geographical history.—*British Quarterly*.

The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart, including numerous original and unpublished documents. By ELIZABETH COOPER. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. The history of Arabella Stuart is one of those tragedies of real life which fiction can only feebly counterfeit. Miss Cooper, therefore, is infinitely more pathetic than Mr. G. P. R. James; and would be more pathetic than she is, were not her narrative somewhat overlaid with documents and broken with episodes. Documentary evidence is indispensable to the writer of history as distinguished from historical romance; and ordinary students of history are under great obligations to writers like Miss Cooper for printing the documents upon which history is based; but the artistic effect would be greater if they were relegated to the Appendix, and if the biographer would simply and in a straightforward way tell the story and leave off when it is told. Monographs like this have a very great value if conscientiously done. They are episodes worth narrating at full length, which the proportions of history do not permit to be so narrated. They furnish reading which may compete with the encroaching novel, and instruct while they interest. Every such work ought, therefore, to be heartily welcomed to our homes. Arabella Stuart was the representative of the younger branch of the family of Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., just as James I. of England was the representative of the elder branch. Her maternal grandmother was the famous "Bess of Hardwick," the founder of the fortunes of the Devonshire family. Arabella was by many regarded as the heiress to the throne, and excited in the jealous heart of Elizabeth the suspicions attaching to all who had, or seemed to have, a personal interest in the succession; hence her clandestine attempt to marry William Seymour, son of Lord Beauchamp, and grandson of the unhappy Katherine Grey; hence Elizabeth's outburst of rage thereat, and her despotic imprisonment of the unhappy pair. On the accession of James I. she was restored to Court favor, which continued until her secret marriage with Seymour in 1610, whereupon the husband and wife were both imprisoned by the ruthless and— we must say—brutal pedant and tyrant. An attempt to escape proved a failure; and, after five years' imprisonment, she died of a broken heart. Miss Cooper devotes three chapters to the similar history of Katherine Grey, the most tragic and pathetic part of the book. One's very blood boils at the lawless cruelty of both Elizabeth and James; and we heartily accord with Miss Cooper's verdict in her comparison of those "good old times" with our own. Our shame for the nobles and judges and people of England, and especially for the obsequious Bishop of Durham, Arabella's jailer, equals our indignation of the cold-blooded tyranny of the monarch.

Miss Cooper has bestowed great labor and much patient research upon her work. Her investigations make it a new and valuable contribution to

history. It has the interest of Miss Strickland's biographies without the discolorment of her prejudices.—*British Quarterly*.

Twelve Months with Frederica Bremer in Sweden. By MARGARET HOWITT. Published by Jackson & Walford, London. Another of this gifted family has come before the public, to render homage to the revered friend with whom she spent nearly the last months of a very valuable life. Miss Howitt's mother, known all over the world as "Mary Howitt," has prefaced these interesting volumes. She says: "Miss Bremer's home-life appeared to her young inmate as singularly perfect, in so far that it has governed by one prevailing sentiment, that of 'undeviating love, every action, important or trivial; all her intercourse with others, from the crowned head to the poor orphan of the streets was in this divine spirit.' We are able to bear testimony—were testimony needed—to the truth of this, as when Frederica Bremer was last in England, she passed sometime beneath our roof, making sunshine wherever she went, by the unflagging cheerfulness of her disposition, gathering the young around her, sympathizing in their feelings and amusements. Ministering to the enjoyment of the old, she had the happy faculty, while maintaining her own individuality, of so mingling herself with others that her superiority was never oppressive. She was known to the world, but was loved and honored by her country, where her earnestness as a reformer and philanthropist were even more highly valued than her mere authorship. She was emphatically a woman for women, the helper of her own sex where they especially required help, and the women of Sweden owe her a large debt of gratitude.

One of the chief merits of these volumes is their integrity. This journal would not have been published, we are assured, during Miss Bremer's life; but now "the sacredness and solemnity of death" having separated the past from the present, the familiar and affectionate intercourse of a whole year, and the tender friendship which continued between the two to the last, has rendered it rather a duty than otherwise for her to contribute her share towards a more full biography, and to do honor to some of those admirable men and women of Sweden, who have made, and are making, that northern land, both philanthropically and intellectually, great. We believe the writer of this book is the youngest of the Howitt family, and we congratulate her on having planted her first step so firmly on the literary ladder where her honored parents still enjoy a highest place."—*Art Journal*.

Garibaldi at Home: Notes of a Visit to Caprera. By Sir C. E. MACGREGOR, Bart. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866. A short time since some English admirers of Garibaldi sent him a yacht, and Sir Charles MacGregor carried to the General certain addresses which were to accompany the present. He went across France and Piedmont to Caprera, spent a few days with Garibaldi—part of the time being occupied with a cruise in the yacht—and returned to England by the way he went. Of the great Italian's hospitality and kindness Sir Charles writes warmly, and it is

almost impossible to read without some pleasure any account of Garibaldi, his family, and his island home. We cannot fail to gain some glimpses of the simple greatness and self-sacrifices which have excited the wonder and love of the world. But it must be said that there are very few. The author tells us that Garibaldi expressed his preference of Scott's novels to those of Dumas—that he thought cotton might be successfully grown in Sardinia—and that he recommended Sir Charles to read Tasso. We learn little else of the hero. What his host "might have" said on matters of political importance, the author remarks mysteriously, but no doubt properly, it would be wrong to divulge. But whether Garibaldi said anything on such topics is discreetly left uncertain. Notwithstanding this reticence a volume of three hundred pages has been constructed. It is a triumph of book-making. By anybody who cares to know what were the reflections of the author as he travelled, or what he conceives to be the tenets of the Waldenses, the book may be found interesting. To those who do not care to know the former, and would not trust the latter, we cannot recommend it, although its absurdity both in matter and style makes it almost amusing.—*British Quarterly*.

The Resources and Prospects of America. Ascertained during a Visit to the States in the Autumn of 1865. By Sir S. MORTON PETO, Bart., M.P. London and New-York: Strahan & Co. Sir Morton Peto has written a very useful and compendious book on the resources and prospects of the United States of America. It does not affect to be profound, and leaves untouched many of the deeper problems which yet remain for solution; but it may be fairly said to represent the views of an intelligent practical politician, well acquainted with the springs of national wealth, as to the present state and future prospects of that country with regard to its material well-being. A most friendly tone pervades the book, as is most meet when writing of a country allied to us by so many ties; but still Sir Morton does not hesitate to point out the wasteful misapplication of the remarkable skill and enterprise of the American people, which is caused by the protective policy to which they cling with such fond ignorance. Probably no errors in policy can stop the progress of the United States, but it is certainly somewhat mortifying to the friends of popular government to see so well-educated a people conducting their affairs on the basis of theories which have become exploded fallacies; and it is not a little perplexing to find in the *New-York Tribune*, and other honest and able journals, arguments in favor of protection which have been refuted by both reasoning and result.

It is no uncommon thing in life to find men very proud of the supposed possession of some endowment in which they are really very deficient, while, on the other hand, they are comparatively modest and insensible to their true merits. As with men, so it sometimes seems to be with nations; for we learn from Sir Morton's book that the Americans are only anxious to magnify the importance of their manufactures, while they are less sensible of that wonderful command of the great necessities of life which

constitutes their glory and strength. Hence in official documents they "pile up" the list of their manufactured articles until it reaches the annual value of four hundred million pounds, by including not only the beer they brew, and the boots and shoes that they make and wear, but even the fish that are caught in their rivers and seas. By the European standard indeed this enormous amount would be reduced to about forty million pounds, which Sir Morton Peto thinks would include all the textile fabrics usually classed by us as manufactures. This may seem a matter of little consequence, but it appears to be one means by which this usually acute people persuade themselves of the duty of "protecting" their manufactures, and supporting a sickly growth of occupations which are unable to endure the free winds of healthy competition.

The American people are happily so rich both in opportunities and the capacity to use them, that they can afford, without much suffering, to make many errors in their progress to economic truth. That the great truths of which Cobden and Bright, the warmest friends of the United States, have here been the champions, can remain long unlearned by so intelligent a nation, it is almost impossible to believe. In addition to its full description of the resources of the people and country, Sir Morton's book has the merit of pointing out with great force and clearness the way in which these resources should be used to produce the greatest and most beneficial results.—*British Quarterly*.

The Crown of Wild Olives. Three Lectures on Work, Traffic, and War. By JOHN RUSKIN, M.A. London: Smith, Elder & Co. New-York: John Wiley & Son. We must, we suppose, accept Mr. Ruskin's rare eloquence, his superb rhetoric, his magnificent pictures, and his separated bits of fine moral teaching and impulse, and disregard his wild political economy and his paradoxical social ethics. The little volume before us is occupied with the latter. It professes to lay down great principles of work, of commerce, and of war; and Mr. Ruskin propounds them with the fervor of an old Hebrew prophet, and sometimes with almost the shriek of a Solomon Eagle. We confess ourselves utterly unable to determine what Mr. Ruskin would have us to do. We have a general impression that he regards society as given up to false principles and bad practices, and that his Utopia is the exact reverse of everything that is; but then he descends to no particulars, formulates no decalogue, helps neither our repentance nor our reformation, by any specific teachings. Some things are said which charm us by their beauty, and some which amaze us by their extravagance—such as that all the wars and woes of Europe are owing to the selfishness and thoughtlessness of women, and that if every lady would but wear black while war was raging, with "no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, no evasion into prettiness," no war would last a week; especially if, "instead of unroofing peasants' houses, and ravaging peasants' fields, it merely broke the china upon their own drawing-room tables." But then we feel sure that Mr. Ruskin does not mean this; that it is merely an extreme case of that popular exaggeration to which all

rhetoricians, and all successful lecturers, especially, must have recourse. We can, however, find no other meaning, and therefore, in sheer despair we give up Mr. Ruskin's chapters and delight ourselves in his paragraphs. We puzzle over his sermons as mystical riddles, or else abjure them as impracticable extravagances, and betake ourselves to his sentences, regretting that eloquence so grand, and moral feeling so noble, should be expended upon paradoxes so wild. We wonder what the manufacturers of Bradford would understand by his declamation about traffic, and what the cadets of Woolwich would think of his wild talk about war. For the life of us we cannot make out his meaning. He seems to mean not one but many things, some of them contradictory. His lectures, indeed, are a promiscuous assemblage of grand sentiments, wild paradoxes, and indiscriminate abuse. It is, therefore, impossible to deal with them critically. And yet no one can read them without being charmed by their beauty, moved by their earnestness, and made better by their goodness. Every page teems with golden sentences and high aspirations. There are passages in this little volume almost ethereal in their beauty and sublimity in their goodness. The book will be read with delight; and it will suggest meanings of great and precious worth, even although its theories excite our laughter, and at the same time move our pity to arrest it.—*British Quarterly*.

The Dove in the Eagle's Nest: By the author of the *Heir of Redclyffe*. London: Macmillan & Co. The authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, has deserted our English homes and country sides, our village tattle and clerical friendships, "our noble liturgy," and "venerable church," and has floated up the stream of time until she has reached the dividing line between the Middle Ages and Modern History. She helps us to climb the steep ascent to the robber's fortress, and makes us familiar with the blood feuds and barbarism of his wild eyrie, with the magnificence of Maximilian's imperial train, and with the pompous amenities and proud independence of burgher life, then first successfully contending with hereditary and elective despotisms. Savage indeed is the Schloss Adlerstein, but suiting well its rugged inmates—hardly distinguishable from the swine in their court-yard, or the wolves that howl round their desolate crags—living on the proceeds of plunder and cruelty, and yet proud of their hereditary nobility, and looking down with superb disdain on the wealthiest, wisest, and perhaps noblest men, then living on the earth. Into this eagle's eyrie, this wolf's den, out of a species of animal compassion for a dying daughter on the part of the Baron, a burgher maiden, a sweet pure, dove-like creature, is inveigled; and we presume the moral of the tale, if it have one, may be found in our Saviour's words, "Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth." The story shows "how awful goodness is, and in herself, how lovely." Christina Sorrel does not slay her adversaries with the point of an invincible lance, nor does she transform them from eagles into doves; but one by one the evils and the evildoers disappear before her. We will not spoil the reader's pleasure in

the volumes, by saying how she becomes eventually the Frau Freiherrinn Von Adlerstein, the widowed mother of two noble sons, whose profound affection for each other, intense enthusiasm for her, and remarkable diversity of character, create the principal charms of the narrative. We can scarcely overpraise the wonderful pathos and thrilling interest attached to many of the scenes. If the authoress here and there verges on the sensational, such as at the moment when Christina resolves to spare the life of Sir Kasimir at the imminent risk of the lives of her new-born infants, or when young Eberhard saves the life of the Emperor Maximilian, by an almost preternatural bravery: still, the circumstances of the times, so admirably depicted, are a sufficient vindication of these and other scenes. We are not brought actually face to face, except on rare occasions, with the terrible suffering, injustice and wrong, of which we hear the echoes; we have not presented to us the attraction of a love-story, yet there is an affluence of love, ever flowing from the Dove in the Eagle's Nest. There is none of the sentimentality of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, there is no preaching, no advocacy of peculiar views of church polity, dogmatic faith, or household management. No Nemesis pursues, as in *The Clever Woman of the Family*, the strong-minded, well-meaning girl, who has mistaken her vocation; but Christina shines like the moon with a reflected glory, transforming the rude armor of these belted knights into helmets and corsets of silver, and the unclean bastions of the robbers' schloss into a palace of alabaster, and in that blessed light the dews fall on the crags, and they are clothed with vineyards and waving corn; and even still, so we are told, the light of that love may show how the debatable Ford has become the highway of the nations, and the consecrated resting place for domestic affection and wise, well-directed energies. We think the authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* has surpassed her previous efforts in this illuminated chronicle of the olden time.

Leighton Court; a Country-House Story. By HENRY KINGSLEY. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. Mr. Kingsley's novels are characterized more by vigor and smartness than by congruity and subtlety. They are bold, dashing creations, very cleverly delineating and describing men, women, and things; but they are crowded and feverish, and a little "loud." Mr. Kingsley is so far like his brother, that he aims, by careful and vivid word-painting, to make his readers familiar with the Devonshire landscapes, amid which his scenes are laid. He has, moreover, a robust sympathy with horses and dogs and field sports. His characters, therefore, are anything but of the poetical or sentimental sort—the Countess of Southmolton, friend and disciple of Hannah More, being the only example of still life in *Leighton Court*. She, however, is very admirably done. Laura, the heroine, is brought up according to the straightest Hannah Moreism: but at length openly revolts, and would rather hunt with her father than "be good" with her grandmother. Her mother, Lady Emily Seckerton, is a clever worldly woman, drawn from life. The villain, Sir Harry Poynts, is a somewhat

incongruous villain, explicable only by his madness. Lord Hattersleigh is one of those wise gabies one never meets with in real life. Robert Poynts, the hero, presents himself as a disguised groom, and as such wins Laura's heart: he is great in field sports and muscular accomplishments. The moral of the whole is that there are in both men and women, strong physical instincts which Hannah More did not recognize, and for which her regime is utterly insufficient, the effect whereof is very likely to be falling in love with a superb groom as Laura did. The story is full of improbabilities, but it is told skilfully, and is fresh, dashing, and interesting.

Felix Holt, the Radical. By GEORGE ELIOT. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Son. 1866. New-York: Harper & Brothers. George Eliot has placed herself at the head of all our female novelists, if not at the head of English fiction, and that in virtue of profound and truthful conception, of transcendent tragic power with its obverse of genuine humor, and of almost perfect executive art. What Shakespeare is among dramatists, that George Eliot is, or bids fair to be, among novelists. If we think of the characteristics of Fielding, Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens, to say nothing of female novelists, like Miss Austen and Mrs. Gaskell, we shall feel that, while George Eliot is not inferior to any one of them in truthfulness, vividness, and perfect literary art, she successfully rules a world of tragic passions which they scarcely dealt with, and for the counterpart of which we must go to Lear and Hamlet. Her beauty of style, delicacy of touch, and exquisite finish of portraiture, are equal to anything in the literature of fiction; while her most tragic passions are exhibited with a broad harmony of character and color that only Goethe or Shakespeare displays. From the very heart of human nature, alike in its quietest and in its wildest moods, she looks outward. Without violence or spasms, and with composed masterful strength, she exhibits almost all the moods of human passion from the tragic sorrow of Hetty, or the massive reposeful strength of Adam Bede, to the sharp and inexhaustible art of Mrs. Poynts. And her genius is seen as much in its lightest touches as in its most elaborate figures, in the balance and finish of her thoughts as in their conception—it can do nothing imperfectly. We must, however, reserve our general characterizations of her great genius to a future, and we hope an early, occasion, and simply welcome now her new work, which in various fertility and power will sustain, if it do not enhance, the reputation won by *Adam Bede*. It is a grand work of art, as simple as it is great—a work full of grand imaginative conceptions, the naturalness of which may for a moment make us forget their greatness.

Felix Holt owes nothing of its charm to the intricacy, ingenuity, and stimulating power of its plot. The story is improbable, and, in parts, extremely awkward. But the people that live and move in these pages are as real and interesting as George Eliot's creations always are. The honest, enthusiastic hero of the book; his poor weak-headed old mother; the member of the Independent Meeting in Malthouse Yard; the proud Mr.

Transome; sweet, beautiful Esther Lyon—we seem to know them all as well as though they had been neighbors of ours for the last twenty years. They are all very well worth knowing too. George Eliot never exhausts her genius upon the chief figure in her books. The drawing of the secondary characters is as pure and true, the coloring as sober and thoughtful as the drawing and coloring of the hero and heroine. It is worth watching the means by which she produces her effects. Take the Independent minister—the Rev. Rufus Lyon—the story about him, so far as it properly comes into *Felix Holt*—amounts to nothing; his challenging of the Rector to a public discussion of the claims of the Establishment and Nonconformity, is ridiculous; and yet, by innumerable slight touches, he is made to be a man whom many will love and all will respect. No doubt the effect, in this case, is produced partly by the romantic history of his relations to Annette, which lies in the background and changes the whole aspect of his common place and obscure life; but there is a most patient and painstaking effort to complete every character in its minutest details, and where another author would trust to a few rough, strong lines to indicate and to identify one of the minor actors, George Eliot works away quietly, and gives us a perfect picture. There is all the difference between Miss Braddon's stories, infinitely clever as some of them are, and George Eliot's, that there is between the "scenery" at Drury and one of Linnell's pictures. There is a certain something in the moral feeling of some parts of the story that we could wish other than it is—a falling below that high inspiration of pure thought and sympathy which is the characteristic of the noblest genius. The great lessons that George Eliot would teach and the tragedy of life that she would delineate, do not require a certain tinge and suggestiveness that are found in almost all her books.

Felix Holt is much more than a novel; it is a thoughtful study of a noble and heroic life. The genius which gave us *Adam Bede* is still unquenched, and we may hope that it will surprise and delight the world with further proofs of its power.

La Révolution. PAR EDGAR QUINET. Paris: Librairie Internationale. 1865. No book has, for many years, produced a more profound sensation in the political world in France, than that now before us. It has not only excited the most legitimate admiration, but has also given rise to vehement discussions. The author is one of the most famous writers of the day; he has published works on philosophy, history, and politics. In religion, he first held, vaguely, the views of humanitarianism combined with pantheism; but he appears to have almost abandoned these, and is tending now to a theism more and more respectful to Christianity, but implacable towards Catholicism. In politics, M. Edgar Quinet belongs to the advanced liberal party, but he has no tinge of socialism. He is, at present, a voluntary exile, for although the laws of proscription, under which he suffered after the events of December, have been revoked, he is not willing to return to his country until true liberty be restored

there. M. Quinet is gifted with a most superb imagination, which often envelopes his thoughts as with a brilliant cloud. In his new book this cloud is dispersed, and it is with complete clearness and with masculine energy of style that he has given us a general estimate of our great Revolution. It is easy to perceive that he writes under the sinister light of the events of December, 1851, which he has never forgotten. It is not merely that he does not take the part of this *dénouement* of the revolutionary drama, he also seeks for its cause in the history of the Revolution itself, and finds it in the fatal theory of *public safety*, which played so important a part in that great hurricane. The convention wished to lay an arbitrary foundation for liberty, and the issue of its attempts was the "Terror." It proceeded by *coups-d'état*, and the natural consequence of this policy was the *coups-d'état* of the 18th *brumaire*, by which General Bonaparte followed his own method of ending the Revolution by confining the overflowing torrents within narrow banks which might moderate and limit its course. M. Quinet has shown himself justly severe to all the heroes of the days of terror; he has administered well-merited castigation to Robespierre, St. Just, and all the proconsuls who shed human blood under the direction of the committee of public safety. He denies that crime saved France, and affirms that, on the contrary, it ruined for a long time the cause of the Revolution. These opinions being new, on the part of a leader of the democratic party, are, as it were, written with a pen of iron, and all the defenders of *la Montagne* have, accordingly, crimsoned with rage. A very sharp controversy has been carried on through the press, and all the friends of the good Robespierre have exclaimed in chorus against this severe judge of the Revolution. We can thus see how the passions that belong to the old republicanism have been fermenting in the hearts of men, and how little adapted is a *régime* of public safety like that by which France is ruled, to turn the mind from these miserable theories. M. Quinet, unfortunately, leads us to suppose that there is, at least, one tyrannical measure of which he would approve—that which should condemn and banish Catholicism—the main obstacle to the foundation of liberty. He deprecates such an inference, and an explanation of his views is to appear in the next edition, which will remove all misunderstandings. We await this explanation with impatience, for if this stigma be removed from the book, we shall characterize it as one of the most eloquent works ever inspired by the love of liberty.

SCIENCE.

The Deluge Scientifically Explained.—Colonel Sir Henry James, of the Royal Engineers, Chief of the Ordnance Survey, in the outline of a "Theory of Geology," communicated to the *Athenæum*, ascribes important results to the change in the position of the axis of the earth's rotation, or, as he terms it, evagation of the poles. "If," says Sir Henry James, "the earth were of uniform density, the poles would traverse the

circle of evagation in three hundred days, and if the density increases from the surface toward the centre, in about three hundred and twenty days. These are mathematical truths. The poles, therefore, would reach their furthest distance from their original positions, and produce the greatest effects, at the end of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty days. Among the many effects which would result from an evagation of the poles, I stated that great debacles, or displacement, with more or less violence, of the waters of the seas would be produced, the continents overflowed, and nearly every living creature destroyed. Now it is a very remarkable fact, if we merely regard it as one of those curious accidental agreements we sometimes meet with, that the above-named periods agree as near as possible, if not precisely, with the period of the greatest elevation of the waters, and with the whole period of the Deluge described in the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis. "In the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the seventeenth day of the second month, were all the fountains of the great deep broken up," and the "waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth," "and the mountains were covered," "and all flesh died that moved upon the earth, both of fowl, and of cattle, and of beast, and of every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth, and every man." "And the waters prevailed upon the earth one hundred and fifty days," "and the waters returned from off the earth continually, and after the end of the one hundred and fifty days the waters were abated." Josephus says "The water did but just begin to abate after one hundred and fifty days, it then ceasing to subside for a little while."—Ant. chap. 3. "In the six hundred and first year, in the first month, the first day of the month, the waters were dried up from off the earth." Allowing twenty-nine days to February, this would make the whole period of the Deluge exactly three hundred and twenty days."

Henry Hallam at the British Association.—Though habitually grave, the pleasant smile best became his features, and I do not think he was often guilty of audible laughter. The only occasion on which I can remember his giving way to so undignified a propensity was on a visit of the British Association to Lord Dudley's works at Dudley, from which a section of some score of members had to return on a wretchedly wet night, in the submarine hold of a huge barge illuminated by half a dozen "tallow," to their long-expectant lodgings. Of this memorable voyage Edward Forbes wrote an amusing metrical account. To beguile the time, a mock meeting of the Association was got up, and so exceedingly humorous was the discussion, that the gravity of Hallam, who took an amusing part in it, was fairly overcome, and he joined in the loud chorus of cachinnation extorted from the audience by the diversion of the hour. He generally enjoyed these annual parliaments of science, and enjoyed them much; and it was truly a treat to see the philosophic historian quite at home in all sorts of recreative excursions, or, especially, trudging in the train of a geological exploration with a hatchet and hammer and in a workmanlike costume, as if he had been a Sedgwick, Buckland, or Murchison. He might almost have been a

"Red Lion."—*Men I Have Known*. By William Jordan. Routledge & Sons.

Malayo-Polynesian Philology.—The eminent philologist, Mr. H. N. Van der Tuuk, has lately added to the list of his numerous publications the Toba text of the Contest of Datu Dalu and Sang Maima, edited from a manuscript. A German missionary, of the name of Augustus Schreiber, has published, in the German language, a compendium of the etymology of the Batta language (Toba dialect). It is translated from a dictate of Mr. Van der Tuuk, who has already published a reading book and dictionary of the Batta language, and a part of the grammar of the same language for the use of the Dutch. We hope soon to be able to announce the publication of a Malayo-English grammar by the same distinguished scholar.

South African Philology.—We are informed that the first part of Zulu Kafir Traditions and Tales, to which reference has been made in the tenth number of our "Record," will soon appear, under the editorship of the Rev. Dr. Calloway, of Spring Vale, Natal. We have received Zulu Kafir Translations of the Te Deum, of Dr. Watts' Catechism, and of the Canticles and Collects. Messrs. Trübner & Co. have these translations in stock, and will soon have a supply of the Zulu Kafir Traditions also.

Perpetual Calendar.—Mr. J. Bond, one of the Keepers of the Public Records, has invented a Perpetual Calendar. It consists of two cards, one having the circle of the months; the other rotates in the centre, and on it are the seven dominical letters, A, G, F, E, D, C, B, fixed to their respective days of the week, according to the table given in the Act of Parliament 24 Geo. II., c. 23, and the Book of Common Prayer. This Perpetual Calendar will be useful to persons who have to deal with imperfectly-dated papers. If the day of the week, the day of the month, and some approximate date of any event are stated, the exact year can be fixed with certainty. To historical and general readers it will be satisfactory to have the power which is given by the Perpetual Calendar of easily fixing the day of the week to the date of any event; and, as a perpetual calendar, it is obviously useful to persons requiring an almanac for constant reference.—*Athenæum*.

In an address to the students attending his Sanskrit class at the Imperial Library in Paris, Professor J. Oppert, well known through his researches on the Assyrian Cuneiform Inscriptions, controverts the views, held by many students of comparative philology, concerning certain "Aryan" ideas pervading the whole of the so-called Indo-Germanic races. Such as "*esprit aryén*," he holds has no more real existence than the much-vaunted "*idée sémitique*," or Semitic monotheism: nor do, in his opinion, the Aryan and the Semitic races differ from one another in a physiological point of view, or have been subject each to different influences of climate or locality. On the other hand, he attributes to Semitic action a very considerable portion of the elements of which more especially the Greek race is composed. As he promises more fully to develop his ideas on this head in a larger work on the origin of the Greek and Latin races, it will be sufficient for us here to have drawn attention

to his very interesting and suggestive "discourse." We would only hope that, after declaiming against those who would ascribe to Aryan elements too prominent a share in the conformation of the character of the Indo-European nations, he may not be led by any Semitic predilections of his to fall into an opposite error.

British Association for the Advancement of Science.—The meeting for 1866, at Nottingham, commences on the 22d August, under the presidency of W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., etc., who will deliver the opening address in the theatre.

It is stated the French Government contemplate sending a scientific expedition to Armenia. The venerable M. Dulaurier has been offered the command of the expedition, and it is said he will accept it despite his great age, delicate health, and weak eyes, and, I may add, despite the fact that this distant and perilous voyage cost Schultz and Honmaire de Hell their lives. The expedition will be absent a year, and after exploring Russian, Turkish, and Persian Armenia, will repair to Jerusalem to study the numerous interesting *msa.* contained in St. James' Convent.

VARIETIES.

Mary Chaworth, Byron's Early Love.—There is a monumental figure in the church at Colwick, representing Mary Chaworth. At its base is the following inscription:

To the Memory of
MARY ANN MUSTERS,
Died 6th February, 1882. Aged 47.

For her who sleeps beneath this holy place,
This marble speaks our grief, but points to this—
Faith in God's mercies, through a Saviour's grace,
To wake in regions of eternal bliss.

Mary Ann Musters was the only daughter and heiress of George Chaworth, Esq., of Annesley, in the county of Nottingham, and wife of John Musters, Esq., of Colwick, in the said county, by whom this monument was erected.

This epitaph was written by Thomas Wrightson Vaughan, who married one of Mr. Musters's sisters. A friend, who lived long in the immediate neighborhood of Jack Musters, sent me this startling account of his wife; but for the truth of the assertions contained in it of course I do not vouch: "Bowed down by care and neglect, I have often seen Mary Chaworth—the scion of a time-honored race—kneeling in the ancestral pew in the old village church, casting her sorrows and her burden on her Saviour. And who can venture to say that there were not times in that holy place wherein were the marble effigies of the bold ancestors of him whose first and only love she had ever been, when her fancy wandered to the old hearth, an antique rectory at Annesley, well-nigh as desolate now as her own heart, and thought that, had her lot been linked with his, their destiny might not, as now, have ended—the one in madness, both in misery?" Moore visited Colwick about this time, when collecting materials for a "Memoir of Byron." He saw Mrs. Musters, and tells how "she cried" as he sang one of his lyrics. The husband was absent at the time. The neglect no doubt refers

to certain notorious irregularities of her husband. Her health was long broken down, and her death was hastened by the alarm on the house being attacked (in her husband's absence) by the Nottingham mob, during the Reform excitement of 1831.—*Recollections of the Hon. Granley Berkeley.*

British and Foreign Bible Society.—The following is the address of the Prince of Wales, on laying the foundation stone of the new house of the British and Foreign Bible Society, at Blackfriars, on the 11th of June, in the presence of the Archbishop of York, the Lord Mayor, Lord Shaftesbury, president of the Society, and a large assembly of the friends of the institution: "My Lord Archbishop, my Lords, and Gentlemen—I have to thank you for the very interesting address in which you so ably set forth the objects of this noble institution. It is now sixty-three years since Mr. Wilberforce, the father of the eminent prelate who now occupies so prominent a place in the Church of England, met with a few friends, by candle-light, in a small room in a dingy counting-house, and resolved upon the establishment of the Bible Society. Contrast with this obscure beginning the scene of this day, which, not only in England and in our Colonies, but in the United States of America, and in every nation in Europe, will awaken the keenest interest. Such a reward of perseverance is always a gratifying spectacle, much more so when the work which it commemorates is one in which all Christians can take part, and when the object is that of enabling every man in his own tongue to read the wonderful works of God. I have a hereditary claim to be here upon this occasion. My grandfather, the Duke of Kent, as you have reminded me, warmly advocated the claims of this society; and it is gratifying to me to reflect that the two modern versions of the Scriptures more widely circulated than any others—the German and the English—were both in their origin connected with my family. The translation of Martin Luther was executed under the protection of the Elector of Saxony, the collateral ancestor of my lamented father; while that of William Tyndall, the foundation of the present authorized English version, was introduced with the sanction of the Royal predecessor of my mother, the Queen, who first desired that the Bible 'should have free course through all Christendom, but especially in his own realm.' It is my hope and trust that, under the Divine guidance, the wider diffusion and a deeper study of the Scriptures will, in this as in every age, be at once the surest guarantee of the progress and liberty of mankind, and the means of multiplying in the purest form the consolations of our holy religion."

Mrs. Livingstone, the African Missionary's Wife.—In Dr. Livingstone's account of his second Zambesi journey of exploration, he thus refers, with touching pathos, to the great sorrow of his life. She died at Shupanga, on the Zambesi, April 27th, 1862: "A coffin was made during the night, a grave was dug next day, under the branches of the great baobab tree, and, with sympathizing hearts, the little band of his countrymen assisted the bereaved husband in burying his dead. At his request, the Rev. James Stew-

art read the burial service; and the seamen kindly volunteered to mount guard for some nights at the spot where her body rests in hope. Those who are not aware how this brave, good English wife made a delightful home at Kolenberg, one thousand miles inland from the cape, and as the daughter of Moffat and a Christian lady, exercised most beneficial influence over the rude tribes of the interior, may wonder that she should have braved the dangers and toils of this down-trodden land. She knew them all, and, in the disinterested and dutiful attempt to renew her labors, was called to her rest instead. '*Fiat Domine voluntas tua.*'"

Progress of Popular Literature.—In the preface to the first edition of Miss Edgeworth's *Popular Tales*, the following passages occur, which are worthy of attention as illustrating the wonderful progress in popular literature and in national education: "Burke supposes that there are eighty thousand readers in Great Britain, nearly one hundredth part of its inhabitants! Out of these we may calculate that ten thousand are nobility, clergy, or gentlemen of the learned professions. Of seventy thousand readers which remain, there are many who might be amused and instructed by books which were not professedly adapted to the classes that have been enumerated. With this view the following volumes have been composed. The title of *Popular Tales* has been chosen, not as a presumptuous and premature claim to popularity, but from the wish that they may be current beyond circles which are sometimes exclusively considered as polite. The art of printing has opened to all classes of people various new channels of entertainment and information. Among the ancients, wisdom required austere manners and a length of beard to command attention; but in our days, instruction, in the dress of innocent amusement, is not denied admittance among the wise and good of all ranks. It is therefore hoped that a succession of stories, adapted to different ages, sexes, and situations in life, will not be rejected by the public, unless they offend against morality, tire by their sameness, or disgust by their imitation of other writers."

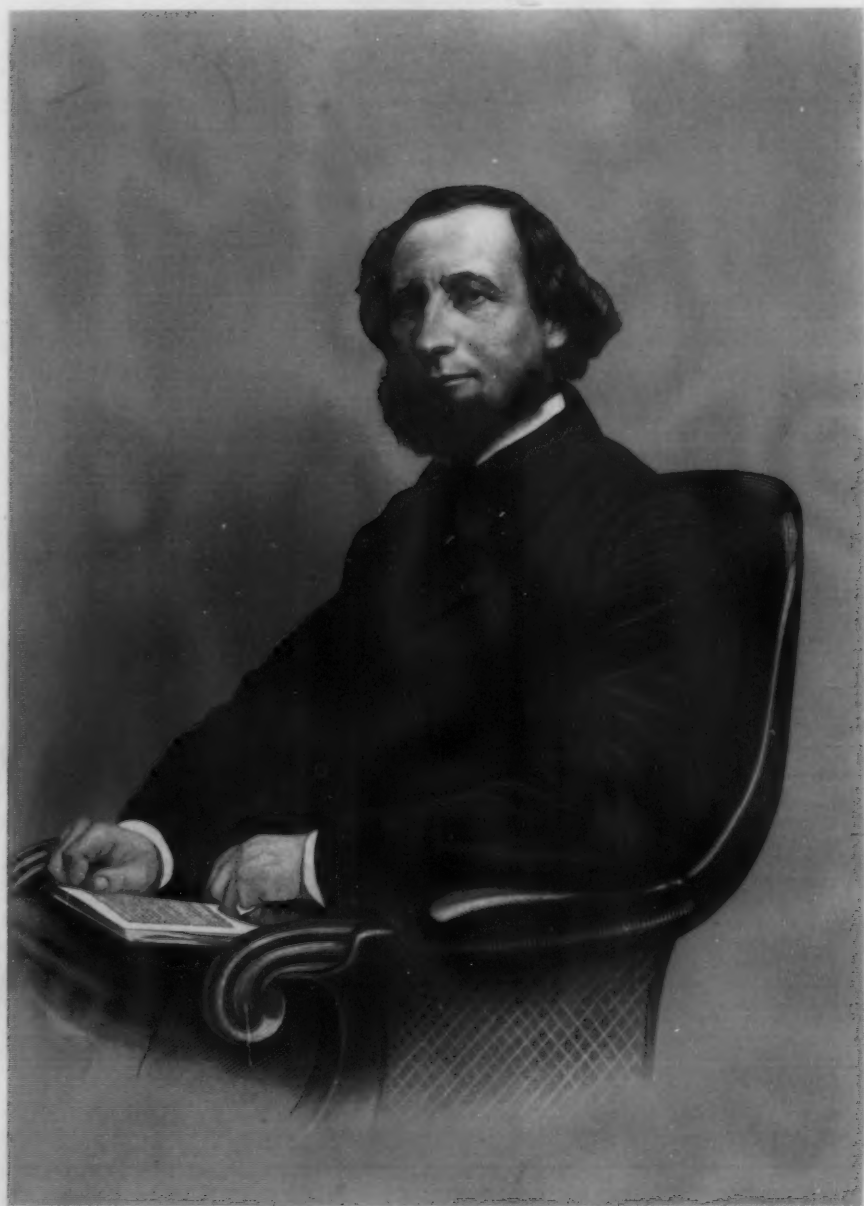
The Scotch at Home.—Edinburgh numbers 1530 one-roomed houses, of which 825 contain each six inmates and under, while no one of the remaining 705 contains less than that number of occupants. In Glasgow the state of things is still worse; for there the number of one-roomed houses is 2212, of which number 1253 shelter seven human creatures, while each of the other 959 dwellings has more than seven inmates. There are in Scotland no fewer than 7964 houses—if they can be called houses—without windows! and 226,723 houses of only one apartment; proving that nearly one million of the people of Scotland, or nearly one third of the entire population, are living in houses—places improperly so called—in which neither the comforts nor decencies of life can be secured, and which are thus totally unfit for human habitation. What wonder that working men like to spend as much of their leisure as possible in public houses, and as little of it as possible in their homes!—*Rev. Dr. Begg.*

M. Victor Hugo's publishers. MM. Lacroix & Verboeckhoven, retire from trade the 1st July with filled pockets; it is said they have cleared, from the more recent works of M. Victor Hugo alone, no less than \$360,000. M. Poupart Davyl, the printer, has purchased their good-will and contracts with authors. He is already in negotiation with M. Victor Hugo for a novel in ten volumes, just completed, and entitled *Ninety-Three*. M. Hugo asks \$100,000 for it. Do you remember the laugh excellent Mr. G. P. Putnam raised when, among various particulars of his experience as a publisher, he told how a young fellow wished \$1000 for a poem in a few stanzas? MM. Firmin Didot & Co. complain this week of young authors' wild hopes. They frequently receive stories which are worth at most \$10, and for which the authors ask \$4000 by return mail.

The Iliad of Homer and the Rámáyana.—In a recently published book, Mr. James Hutchinson, of Cape Town, Cape of Good Hope, points out remarkable resemblances in the *Iliad* of Homer and the *Rámáyana* of Valmiki. He contends that the rape of Helen and the siege of Troy are really but the carrying off of Sitá and the capture of Lanka done into Greek verse. He goes further and asserts his conviction that Homer not only worshipped the same deities as the Hindus, but was himself a Hindu.

Ascents of Mont Blanc.—From the year 1786 to the end of 1865 the total number of all the ascensions of Mont Blanc was 293, of which 187 were carried out by Englishmen, 39 by Frenchmen and Savoyards, 21 by Americans, 19 by Germans, and 9 by Swiss. The first ascension took place in 1786, by Jacob Balmat and Dr. Piccard; the second and third by H. B. de Saussure. Marie Paradis, of Chamouny, was the first female ascender, in 1809; Mlle. Henrietta d'Angleville the second, in 1838. In the year 1865 Mount Blanc was climbed by 35 persons, among whom were four ladies.—*Bulletin de la Société de Géographie de Paris.*

Printers' Mistakes.—During the Mexican war one of the English newspapers hurriedly announced an important item of news from Mexico, that General Pillow and thirty-seven of his men had been lost in a bottle (battle). Some other paper informed the public, not long ago, that a man in a brown surtont was yesterday brought before the court, on a charge of stealing a small ox (box) from a lady's work-bag. The stolen property was found in his waistcoat pocket. A rat (raft), says another paper, descending the river, came in contact with a steamboat, and so serious was the injury to the boat that great exertions were necessary to save it. An English paper once stated that the Russian General Bakhoffsky was found dead with a long word (sword) in his mouth. It was perhaps the same paper that, in giving a description of a battle between the Poles and the Russians, said that the conflict was dreadful, and that the enemy was repulsed with great laughter (slaughter). Again, a gentleman was recently brought up to answer the charge of having eaten (beaten) a stage driver for demanding more than his fare.



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